THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Vol. 193. No. 7. Published Weekly at Philadelphia. Entered as Second-Class Matter, November 18, 1879, at the Post Office at Philadelphia, Under the Act of March 3, 1879.

An Illustrated Weekly
Founded A° D° 1728 [illegible] Franklin

AUGUST 14, 1920

5c. The Copy
10c. in Canada

Stewart Edward White — Edward H. Smith — Gerald Mygatt — Hal G. Evarts
Frederick Orin Bartlett — Harrison Rhodes — Alonzo E. Taylor — Will Irwin

Copyright, 1920. The House of Kuppenheimer.

Kuppenheimer

GOOD CLOTHES

Good appearance—no matter where you are. Clothes that fit and make you "look fit"—in cool, breezy Air-O-Weave fabrics. Right style—sincere quality—economy.

The HOUSE *of* KUPPENHEIMER · *Chicago*

Saving by Spending

THOSE common-sense people who have acquired the habit of saving by rational spending are pretty likely to be owners of Ingersolls. Often an Ingersoll is their only watch; sometimes they own an Ingersoll to save wear and tear and upkeep expense on a high-priced watch; but in any case, they have bought it because it has meant a definite saving of money.

Yankee (Plain Dial) $2.50
Tax Included

The lowest-priced Ingersoll. Made to fulfill the Ingersoll principle of "the lowest-priced reliable watch." Direct descendant of the original Ingersoll. Sturdy, accurate, reliable, good-looking—the watch for men and boys who want time-keeping service at lowest price.

Because of present-day costs and the diminished purchasing power of the 1920 dollar, $2.50 is the lowest price at which the famous Ingersoll quality can be maintained.

Yankee Radiolite $3.50
Tax Included

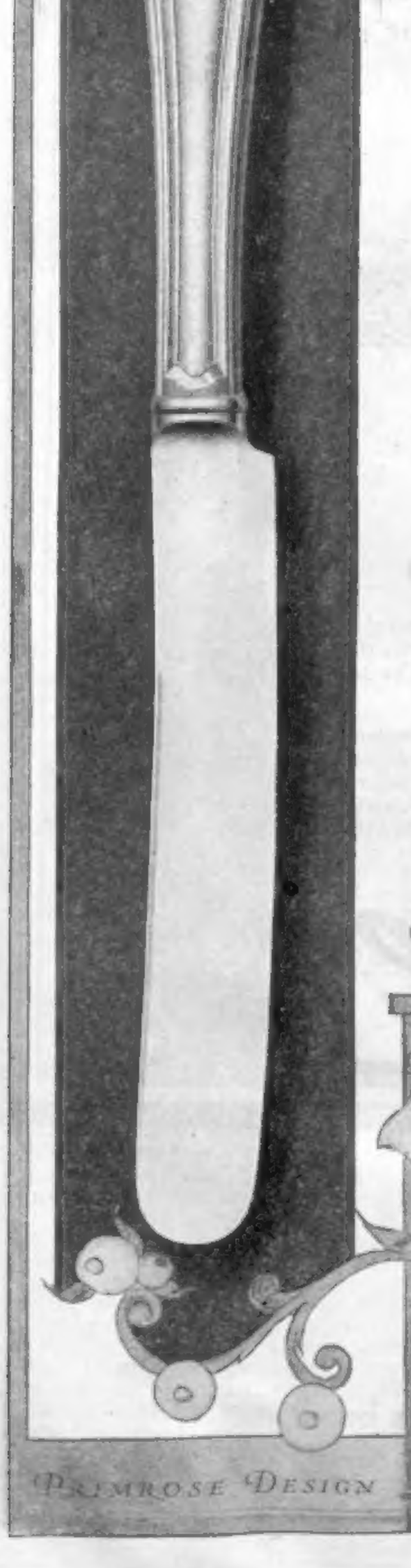
The lowest-priced Radiolite. All the value of the Yankee *plus* the ability to tell you the time in the dark—at a dollar extra. The 24-hour-a-day watch.

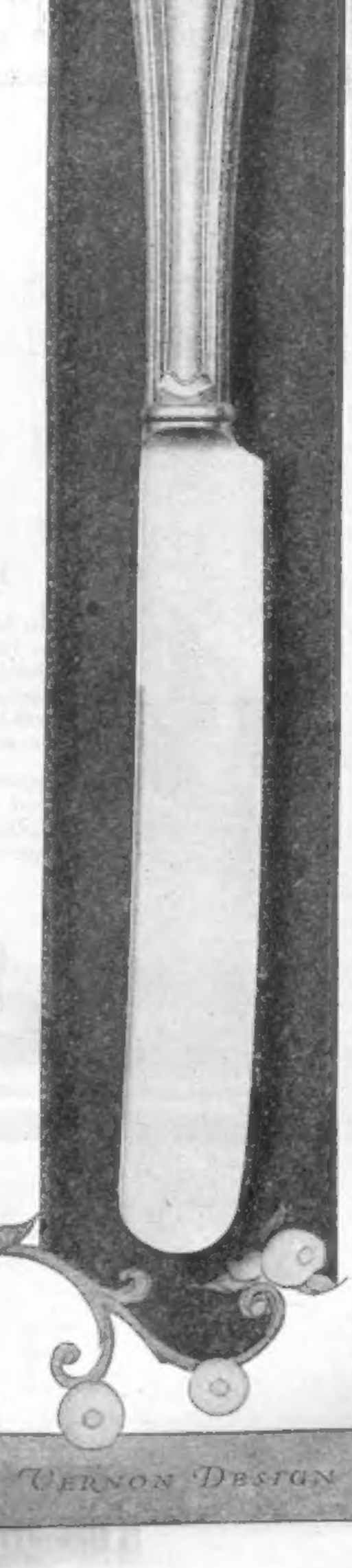
For night watchmen, policemen, hunters, fishermen, milk wagon drivers, mothers for use in the nursery or sickroom, soldiers, sailors, farmers, miners, photographers, motorists, and so on—and for everyone to put under the pillow at night.

Ingersoll

The Low-priced Watch

ONEIDA COMMUNITY PAR PLATE





It is astonishing how much one can get for very little money even in these days—if one just knows where to look for *money's worth.*

In *Silverware,* for instance, a modest expenditure will buy an entirely new table service of PAR PLATE—made by the *Oneida Community,* guaranteed for 10 years' service, and 100 *per cent value.*

This good old-fashioned A1 plate is named "PAR PLATE" by *Oneida Community* because it gives such fine money's worth.

Nor do you find anywhere else such beautiful patterns.

PAR PLATE patterns are designed by the same artists who created the exquisite COMMUNITY PLATE patterns; which everyone concedes to be the finest silverware of the day.

Ask one of the leading merchants of your city to show you PAR PLATE—a full table outfit, perhaps—or maybe some of the special pieces for dainty service of *Salads, Desserts* and the like.

They cost very little, indeed; and every penny gives you money's worth—100 *per cent value.*

Regular Price, $1.75 the Set of Six

ONEIDA COMMUNITY, Ltd., Oneida, N. Y.

PRIMROSE DESIGN

VERNON DESIGN

Published Weekly

The Curtis Publishing Company

Cyrus H. K. Curtis, President
C. H. Ludington, Vice-President and Treasurer
P. S. Collins, General Business Manager
Walter D. Fuller, Secretary
William Boyd, Advertising Director

Independence Square, Philadelphia

London: 6, Henrietta Street
Covent Garden, W. C.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Founded A°D° 1728 *by* Benj. Franklin

Copyright, 1920, by the Curtis Publishing Company in the United States and Great Britain

George Horace Lorimer
EDITOR

Churchill Williams, F. S. Bigelow,
A. W. Neall, Arthur McKeogh,
E. Dinsmore,
Associate Editors

Entered as Second-Class Matter, November 18, 1879, at the Post Office at Philadelphia, Under the Act of March 3, 1879
Additional Entry as Second-Class Matter at Columbus, Ohio

Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post-Office Department, Ottawa, Canada

Volume 193 | 5c. THE COPY 10c. in Canada | PHILADELPHIA, PA., AUGUST 14, 1920 | $2.50 THE YEAR by Subscription | Number 7

THE CONFLICT BETWEEN CITY AND COUNTRY IN EUROPE

By Alonzo Englebert Taylor

THE war has created new problems. But more than that, it has enlarged the volume and accelerated the flow of old problems. One of these is the economic problem of the relation of city to country. The rural unrest that has recently become pronounced in our country may be said to date back to the close of the period that may be termed the expansile age of American agriculture. The disorganization that has proceeded from the war has intensified a situation that had for a decade engrossed the attention of careful thinkers. The rural unrest in Europe is much more profound than in the United States; and though the conditions are quite different a survey of the situation abroad may serve to enlighten opinion in this country.

PHOTOS. BY JOHN H. HOMAN

Rumanian Women Dig the Potatoes Except on Large Estates, Where There is Machinery. Above—A Peasant Home Near the Danube River. The Carved-Out Wooden Trough at the Left is Used as Both Washtub and Cooking Utensil

Agriculture before the war in Continental Europe—by which is meant Europe outside of the United Kingdom and Russia—differed from that of the United States in three important particulars:

The criterion of efficiency in agriculture in this country was output per man; in Europe output per unit of land. In Western Europe, where agricultural practice was intensive and highly organized, the peasant strove to produce the maximal crop of grain, potatoes, fodder roots, sugar beets or what not per acre. The concentration of population was such that every field was cultivated like a garden and every garden like a hothouse. Equipment had been developed in the direction of minuteness, and the hand was both hand and machine. Large machinery was not applied in this type of farming. Artificial fertilizers were extensively employed and rotation of crops so practiced as to waste little sunshine: Machinery here was labor-saving, there crop-saving. The war experiences with tractors have made little impression on Europe. In Central and Eastern Europe agriculture was still of a feudalistic type. The efficiency of operations was in proportion to the size and organization of the holdings, since large holdings meant effective machinery, expert management and adequate banking facilities. In some countries of small holdings, as in Germany, the peasants attempted through coöperation to secure for the small landholder the benefits of the large estate. Despite the greater intensiveness of agricultural science in Western Europe, farming as practiced in the United States was a more forceful occupation than in Europe, because the viewpoint of the *entrepreneur* was conscious in the American farmer, which was not the case in Europe.

The American was much more mobile in his relation to his occupation. The European peasant regarded himself as a part of the land. The validity of this statement is not impaired by the fact that extensive emigration had occurred from agricultural areas. Russian agricultural laborers made seasonal migrations to Germany, just as lumbermen in the Northwest migrated in summer to the harvest fields, and mill hands to the cotton fields in our Southern States. But the Russian laborer remained a farm worker in a sense that was not true of the harvest hand or cotton picker. In Western Europe in particular, where small holdings have long been the rule and where family proprietorship has become firmly established, the peasant was almost immobile. It did not occur to a Pomeranian goose herder to go to Berlin and work in a foundry, nor did it enter the head of a peasant on the hills of the Marne to go to Paris and work in an automobile plant. But an American farm hand found it natural to leave the farm and seek work in a shipyard, an automobile plant or a factory for making telephones or cash registers. This situation held for both sexes; the lure of the city was much stronger to the American country girl than was the case in Europe, where the country girl rarely went to the city except to enter domestic service. This immobility of the European peasant means stability in agriculture; the mobility of the American farmer tends to instability in agriculture.

The definition of rural life was much more complex in this country than in Europe, and upon a higher plane. The American farmer demanded for his family home and social standards as well as remunerative conditions in his calling. The family of the farmer required improved roads, automobiles, modern sanitation, good schools, labor-saving equipment in the home, electric current for light and power, modern heating and the various items in the up-to-date standard of living. These things weighed so strongly in the mind of the American rural classes that unless the desired social standards were attained and maintained the family turned against farming, even though it were remunerative. The social life of the European peasant had long ago crystallized into social strata. In contrast with the development of rural life in this country during the last thirty years, the home life of the European peasant had remained practically unchanged. Of rural sanitation, labor-saving equipment in the home,

PHOTO. BY JOHN E. MCMAHON

On a Serbian Farm. Above—Corn as Far as the Eye Can Reach on a 1200-Acre American Patch

improvement in schools, and the introduction into country life of the standard of living of the city, little was to be observed. The French peasants wish the destroyed villages to be restored exactly as they were; there is no call for straight and wider streets, sanitary sewerage, electric lighting or labor-saving machinery. It is going too far to say that the peasants of Europe stand in their home lives where they stood one or two generations ago; but contrasted with advances in this country, the standard of living in rural Europe has been practically stationary. When one studies the governmental reports on farm life in this country, contrasts our conditions with the circumstances abroad and compares the field work done by women in Europe with the activities of women on farms in this country, one obtains a measure of the present elevation of rural life here. Drudgery for woman exists on the American farm even to-day, since the country lags behind the city in improvements. But we have no conditions, even among recent immigrants, that are comparable in servitude to the common plane of country life in Europe.

A Free Market Demanded

THE attitude of the farmer to his business, however, was identical with the attitude of the peasant to his business. Each was fundamentally capitalistic and individualistic, and each judged his operation by the buying power of his produce. No American farmer could be more jealous of the prerogative of a free market than is a peasant of Europe. Whether he lived under absolute monarchy, constitutional monarchy or republic, the peasant of Europe resented governmental interference in his affairs. The largest landholder remained an individualist and the coöperative association of small landholders did not lose the individualistic characteristics. In Europe as in America the agrarian classes regarded the distributive trades with suspicion and distrust and even with frank enmity. Regarding labor unions as representatives of the urban viewpoint, the peasants have always opposed the political and industrial program of socialism.

The difference between the European peasant and the American farmer is not openly manifested until the moment arrives where remuneration falls to the plane of positive disappointment. When this point is reached the mobile American feels tempted, and is fully prepared, to leave the farm; the immobile European peasant may be tempted to emigrate, but he is little tempted to leave the country for the city and enter upon industry. Such a thing as happened in this country in the last years, when tens of thousands of negroes left the Southern fields to travel hundreds of miles to Northern cities to work in industrial plants of which they had not the faintest conception, could not occur in a European country. It may be said that these negroes were colonized by employment agencies, but such a colonization of French peasants by employment agencies is unthinkable. When the American farmer finds the environment of rural life too irksome and unremunerative he tends to break away and enter different surroundings and occupations. When the European peasant finds his existence irksome and unremunerative he tends to make the best of the situation by contracting his life and adapting himself to the situation. He does not rebel until his individuality as a peasant is attacked by force.

The agrarian classes of Europe, from the squires of the most extensive estates to the peasants of the smallest holdings, have the family idea in their occupation. They have inherited land and intend to live upon it and then transmit it to the next generation, whom they also expect to live upon it. To rent the farm and to live in the village on tenant rentals would be regarded as strange by the average European landholder. He does not conduct a system of bookkeeping for the year or for a decade; his bookkeeping is for a generation. The farmer in the United States regards himself as day laborer or as *entrepreneur*. If a day laborer, he will leave as soon as he finds elsewhere conditions more agreeable and remunerative. If an *entrepreneur*, he finds nothing strange in the idea of retiring upon a competence as the reward of success or going into another business.

Land values in the United States were practically doubled from 1900 to 1910; and in this increase of values lay practically all the remuneration of agriculture for that period.

If the land in 1910 had possessed only the sales value of the land in 1900, the operations of agriculture during that decade would have been made at a loss. The census of the present year will probably again indicate a doubling in the value of agricultural property in the country, but in this case the doubling will represent in part a fictitious increase through inflation, with depreciation of the buying power of the currency.

No such phenomenon of increase in the value of agricultural property in Europe has occurred, and it does not enter into the bookkeeping of the peasant in the same way. Perhaps we could sum the whole thing up by saying that the European peasant regards agriculture as an inherited profession while the American farmer regards it as a business by election. In different families and in different sections of the different countries these two viewpoints are more or less pronounced. But they correspond to fair characterizations of the social views of the agricultural classes in the two continents. The importance of the difference lies not only in the varying reactions under normal circumstances but especially in behavior under abnormal circumstances such as the present.

The Farmer as a Consumer

THE present situation in the United States runs to the effect that the farming communities believe that the conditions in agricultural practice are such as to force the remuneration below the figure required to maintain the standard of living desired and leave a predicated capitalistic reward to the enterprise of the farmer. The farmer feels that transportation is not only ineffective and exorbitant but that the limitations of transportation are frequently employed against him, with the result of inefficiency in the marketing of his products, attended by waste and lowered prices. He believes that the distributive trades are not only inefficient and wasteful and

(Continued on Page 110)

THE DRIVE INDUSTRY

ITS BILLION-DOLLAR PACE MAKES THE DRIVEN BALK

By James H. Collins

THE dominie had been in Washington since April, doing his part in war work. Now the leaves were turning, and the black fall of 1917 was taking shape. War began to frighten the dominie by its magnitude. There was military disaster on the Eastern Front, with the Italians in retreat—but that was in Europe and the dominie left it to the military leaders. What worried him more was the approaching $35,000,000 drive for one of the auxiliary war organizations. Out of his own experience in raising money for churches and charities the dominie felt competent to give an opinion on that.

"Goodness gracious!" he protested. "Just a few months ago they raised $5,000,000. Where has it gone? I don't believe they can collect any such sum. If they do, the churches and charities of this country will be starved out of existence. Their sources of contributions will be dried up for years to come."

Innocent dominie! Nobody was more active than himself as a worker when the campaign started, and $50,000,000 was raised in less than ten days.

The dominie didn't know that a new industry had been born—that of the money-raising drive, which was to continue long after the armistice, and become a form of higher finance which is distinctly with us yet.

You are probably all too familiar with the development of this industry the past three years. Your pocketbook or checking account tells the story. You have seen the drive develop in patriotism, and run to the pestiferous. You know all about it as one of the driven.

Up to the time we entered the war the largest national project for raising money had been a pension fund for clergymen, with $4,000,000 as its objective. Nearly five years was spent in planning and preparations for this drive, and a year allowed for putting it through. Skeptics declared the scheme preposterous. Prophets predicted that it would fail. Nobody really knew whether it would be successful or not. When contributions exceeded the huge amount sought, everybody was astonished.

Mass Production in Money-Raising

SINCE then, however, money-raising drives for millions have multiplied, until every city, town and even country crossroads has had its campaigns for war funds, charities, churches, educational institutions, relief work, social projects and other causes. The billion-dollar steel trust was a world marvel of high finance twenty years ago. But the drive is highest finance.

It is estimated that the aggregate amount of money raised for innumerable causes the past year would comfortably float the steel corporation of 1900, for it exceeds $1,000,000,000, as nearly as figures can be secured, and maybe runs to $1,500,000,000.

Figures are elusive. The writer has spent many hours, and made inquiries in many channels, to obtain statistics showing the amounts collected in money-raising campaigns since the armistice, and also figures of such contributions before the war. As with many other vital activities, this seems to be a field that the statisticians have overlooked altogether. Nothing but fragments and estimates are obtainable.

Some months ago a New York investigator prepared an inquiry blank and began mailing it to the promoters of every money-raising drive he could get wind of. Newspapers all over the country were watched for such activities. He exhibited a pile of blanks that had been filled out and returned to him. There were several hundred of them. He said his returns were by no means complete—there might be several hundred more drives going on, large and small, national and local, of which he had not heard. His information was still to be tabulated, but the aggregate ran into hundreds of millions.

The first blank on top of the pile carried the name of a church organization that would not be at all familiar to the general public. This organization was raising funds locally, in a group of Middle Western states. The question "What amount of money is asked for?" was answered succinctly in figures: $75,000,000.

Just like that!

Other institutions asked for sums from $100,000 up to tens of millions. The millions predominated. Every fourth or fifth report modestly descended into fractions—halves of millions and quarters of millions, but rarely tenths. Anything under $100,000 was exceptional, the trifling needs of some local institution—but trifling only by contrast.

As will be seen later, this industry is one running on mass production like our factories, and raising anything under $100,000 is as expensive as building a single automobile.

(Continued on Page 54)

A Recent Salvation Army Drive in Philadelphia. Above—Touring for the Red Cross Christmas Roll Call

JULIE

By FREDERICK ORIN BARTLETT

ILLUSTRATED BY CLARENCE F. UNDERWOOD

He Played the Violin With Rather Unusual Ability and Fell Into the Habit of Coming to the Flat for Duets

ONE of the first important things Jimmy Story had in mind to do after receiving his discharge from the Army and securing his old position in the New York office of Dexter & Son was to ask Julie Norton to marry him. It was something he had planned privately for over a year, conditional only upon the somewhat doubtful gamble, as it seemed in the Argonne, that he got back home at all. If he did not—why, that settled this and many other personal problems effectively and finally.

But he did get back, a little leaner than when he left, but hard as nails and feeling like a fighting cock. There were tiny lines round the corners of his blue eyes, his big mouth was perhaps a trifle more tense, and he wore his sandy hair clipped short in military fashion; but otherwise he was to all appearances the same impulsive, good-natured, well-meaning young American he had always been.

Julie, as a matter of fact, showed more the effects of war than he did. He found her looking older and with much of the bright color that had always distinguished her cheeks gone. Her eyes, too, had become serious. She had been working too hard, as he discovered later. A depleted office force had given her an opportunity, and she had improved it to such advantage that she was now practically manager of the uptown branch of the real-estate company with which she had started her business career. In addition to this she had brought on from home her younger sister, Edith, who was studying music, and the two were maintaining a flat. This was another responsibility, even though Edith looked after the housekeeping.

Perhaps the contrast between the younger sister and herself was unfair to Julie. Edith was not yet twenty and had always lived at home in the quiet country town which Julie left four years earlier. New York was fresh to her. So, too, was life. She had enough talent to make her work in music stimulating, and enough energy to make her routine tasks light. When Story first met her all he could think of was fresh red-tinted Mayflowers hidden under wet leaves. In five minutes he was laughing with her as unconsciously as though they had been brought up together. She was ready to laugh at anything—at Julie, at him, at herself.

She even laughed in her music, and played for his amusement the lighter operas with a brilliant capriciousness that made his eyes dance. And she had not been in the city three months before she had at least a half dozen young fellows—all introduced by Ned Foster, a fellow townsman attending Columbia—at her beck and call.

This was another feature that worried Julie.

"It's absurd," she complained to Jimmy. "I wish they'd let her alone."

"You can't expect it," he answered. "But that isn't anything to worry about."

"You know nothing about it," she declared.

Also she worried about Jimmy. There was no mistaking from the first day he came back the light in his eyes. It might have been there before he left if she had given it half a chance. But she did not—quite deliberately she did not, though her hand trembled when she bade him Godspeed and she returned to her lonely room and cried until nothing but dry, gulping sobs came. After that, however, she was quite herself. She knew better than he what was good for her and what was good for him. Yet she was no older in years. They were both twenty-three. But a woman alone in New York learns a great many things a man does not learn. She is thrown back upon herself for protection until she becomes very self-centered and reliant.

It may be that it was part of Nature's plan to make a woman dependent. God knows they need some sort of inducement to place themselves so completely in the hands of most men. And love is easily born out of a need for protection. If Jimmy had met her during her first year—but unfortunately he did not. It was not until the second year, and she had by then won several victories which left her with a realization of her own strength. In the two years he had been away she had won many, many more.

Single-handed and alone she had come into this big, grim city of men, and fought her way to success in spite of the handicap of petticoats. To-day she stood securely on her own two pretty feet. She was beholden to no man. Having nothing to ask, she had nothing to give. Not being a suppliant, she was not ready for sacrifices.

Her position allowed her to look at the facts of marriage unsentimentally. It demanded too much of a woman. Even a man like Jimmy would demand too much of a woman. She was not sure, too, that he would not give too much. Such a relationship upset all normal balances. It seemed a much more reasonable course for them both to go on as they were, mutually helpful up to a certain point, and each responsible to himself alone. There was a good deal to be had out of life in that fashion—more than Jimmy realized. He was idealizing her and idealizing life too much. Actually he had seen less of women than she had seen of men. He did not understand her as well as she understood him.

Even if she was at times flattered by the whole-souled romanticism with which he surrounded her she did not make the mistake of valuing it for more than it was worth. He was a vigorous-bodied young man of twenty-three, just back from the wars. It was a perfectly natural reaction.

He had spoken of how he had dreamed about her over there. With her cheeks warming she did not doubt that. He was dreaming about her now. So he might indefinitely if he did not see too much of her. And so he might really be receiving the best of her. As long as he did not burden her with anything more she could not become in any way a burden to him.

Jimmy needed all his strength. He had a longer way to go in the business world than she. She envied him his opportunities in this direction. If she held her present ground she would be lucky—lucky in a good many ways. Out of her present income she could live comfortably and in thirty years save enough to assure her a competence. She would be only fifty-three then. However, she never dwelt very long on that prospect.

The pity was that some way could not be devised of making Jimmy see these things before he went so far as to force her to hurt him by an open break. To the best of her ability she tried to do this. She neither wished to hurt him nor to alter their present agreeable relationship. For one thing, he had proved himself very useful since his return in helping her with Edith. He was like a brother in the family. Not only did he help in keeping in place the young cubs from the university, who were becoming weekly more and more of a plague, but he himself was a source of considerable wholesome entertainment to Edith. Julie liked the friendly spirit which had developed so rapidly between the girl and Jimmy. It was good for both of them. It had a tendency to relieve Jimmy of his seriousness and to give balance to Edith. But it amused her to see the sober regard Edith had for Jimmy's judgment where her own opinions were laughed aside.

In some matters he went to a good deal of trouble—as in the case of young Scarti, who seemed to be detaching himself somewhat ominously from the group about Edith. Julie had not liked the fellow from the start, though it was difficult for her to say why. He played the violin with rather unusual ability and fell into the habit of coming to the flat for duets. With his chalk-white face, black hair and eyes dominating a fragile body, he made a striking appearance and when playing swept everyone into hectic emotionalism.

"I wouldn't see too much of him, Edith," Julie had warned.

"He plays wonderfully," replied the girl through half-closed eyes.

Then Jimmy looked him up. As a result of what he learned he did not go to Edith but to Scarti; and that was the last of the duets. Somehow Edith understood that this was well.

Yet it was not often that Jimmy butted in like this. He had too much respect for Edith's own judgment. Beneath the gayety and pretty light-heartedness of nineteen he watched an astonishingly level-headed young woman reveal herself. She was one of the very few with whom he cared to talk over his war experiences, because she did not force him to visualize over again those ghastly days. She was interested not in a description of the bloody details but in what those tense hours had taught him. He tried to tell her, though it was not easy because he had come back more with what he called "hunches" than any carefully thought-out philosophy.

One of these was that all by himself an individual did not count for very much. He had seen certain men blotted out like ants beneath an iron heel without affecting in the slightest the world about them. They were, and then they were not—and that was all there was to it. He had seen other men—sometimes little men who apparently did not amount to very much—who when they were gone left a hole as wide as a barn door. That was because they had become so much a part of the lives of others. That was the important thing—not what you counted to yourself but what you counted to others. It was possible for a man, if he was big enough, to include in his life his messmates, his regiment, his army division, his nation and finally, like Jesus, a world. All this he could do without ribbons or medals or rank. It was only necessary for a fellow to play the game unselfishly and for all there was in him.

"And," he concluded to her one evening as they sat alone while Julie was busy in the next room with work she had brought home, "it isn't just an army game. It's a plain everyday game like we play here in New York."

"Yes, Jimmy," she answered thoughtfully. "But I wonder how many play it that way."

"Julie, Do You Love Me?" She Did Not Answer, But Shifted Her Gaze to the Door as Though Seeking Escape

"A lot more than you think," he declared.

Then without being asked she went to the piano and for a few moments fooled round with the keys and then said over again to him in music the same things he had been saying. And more. A great many truths too intangible for his clumsy wording she phrased in her subtler language.

"It's like that?" she asked in a low voice when she finished.

"Yes," he breathed. "Only—please go on."

As she went on and on he leaned back in his chair and listened and marveled. He was conscious of her as in a golden mist. Her heavy brown hair, her tender white neck, the fine lines of her young figure, the beautiful arms and fingers which were more a part of her soul than her body seemed to express her thoughts through still another medium. He had never seen her like this before; never felt her like this before. He did not dare question himself or seek an explanation. But when her fingers paused on the final notes and she sat on there in silence he sprang to his feet. Then he heard a voice from the next room.

"What was that you were playing?" asked Julie.

Edith, startled, glanced up at the man, and for a flash their eyes met. Then the girl turned away.

"Just something to Jimmy," she answered.

Julie came to the door and Edith sprang up, ran to her side and kissed her quite unexpectedly.

"If you'll excuse me," she smiled at Jimmy Story, "I think I'll retire."

Then she vanished, leaving the two alone.

Jimmy always had difficulty in explaining to himself the remainder of that evening. He was confused from the start. It was as though there were two of him and two of Julie. There was the Julie who had gone, and the Julie who a bit wearily sank into a chair opposite him; there was he who a moment ago had thrilled like a boy of twenty, and he who was now trying hard to get back to sober reality. Yet he was not finding that easy. His blood was still running hot and fast—the blood of youth. And youth is impatient, daring, insistent—else it would not be youth.

With Julie before him all his old dreams of her came back—the half-formed, stifled dreams that were his before he left; all the sharp impulses which had stirred him as he bade her good-by; and then the dreams of her over there which had become part of the very core of him. It is not so much what a man does in such intense days as those which counts afterward; it is what he thinks and dreams. And all those thoughts and dreams were what this younger girl had brought back to him—had made a living reality to him, though in a curiously detached form. She had stripped them of personality—had interpreted them as the dreams of youth and life and love.

Yes, it was of love she had sung, but only of love as love. If for a dizzy second he had seen her white neck while she sang—that was for a second only. She was a daring sprite, but after all only a sprite. She had taught him a tune and left him to sing it.

(Continued on Page 98)

THE STARTER

By Gerald Mygatt

ILLUSTRATED BY CLARK FAY

"Your Work is Not So Invaluable That Your Leaving Would Paralyze the Establishment at Any Time," His Employer Drawled

IF ANY zealous ouija board had told an all too credulous world in the early days of the winter of 1920 that Angela Jardis, the tiniest, bluest-eyed, most golden-haired débutante in Montclair, New Jersey, was destined to bring about a solution of the labor problem through the utterance of one short syllable from her little red lips, even the most ardent ouija enthusiast could only have smiled. It would merely have demonstrated to the faithful that spirits must frolic occasionally just as humans do, and that all work and no play would make one's great-great-grandfather a very dull old boy.

Angela herself would have laughed most of all. She would have laughed because she was convinced that she hadn't a serious thought in her curly yellow head. Practically the only thing she knew about labor was that maids and chauffeurs and people like that were getting heaps more money than they used to get, which everybody, except perhaps the maids and chauffeurs themselves, agreed was a perfect shame. As for the labor problem in its larger sense—merciful heavens, even her father was stumped at that, and if he couldn't hope to understand it, as he said he couldn't, how could she even begin to? Angela confined her real expertness on labor to being able to tell handmade lace from machine-made a full ballroom length away.

In fact, any number of things interested Angela considerably more than the high cost of living and its attendant troubles. These ranged upward from static things, which engaged her attention in a reflectively mild degree. She had had the smallest foot at school; she was too little to wear misses' sizes, which was very inconvenient but rather romantic; she had been invited to parties at more colleges than any girl of her acquaintance except Beth Holden, who was twenty-four, and Angela's list already included Yale, Princeton, Williams, West Point, Annapolis, Wesleyan, Dartmouth, Cornell and Michigan. They ranged from things such as this to matters of real and vital importance, such as the circumstance that she could skate better than any other girl in town, could play tennis like a boy, drive a car like an aviator and dance like a gale-driven puff of thistledown. In other words, Angela Jardis, considering her training, schooling and environment, was an exceedingly normal girl of nineteen.

The facts that Angela was easier to look at than most other girls of nineteen, and more entertaining to talk with than a good many, have very little to do with the case in hand. Angela, in all truth, was a little peach. But she might have been a lemon of most violently citrous type. She might have dyed her rippling blond hair bright green and her nose lavender for all it would have mattered to Robert Carnon. Because Bob Carnon was in love with her, heels over head in love with her; and he had been since the time years and years ago when Angela had first stuck out her tongue at him in Sunday school.

Bob Carnon and Angela had grown up together. At each homecoming from Lawrenceville he had seemed about four inches taller and four inches huskier round the chest, and she had had to raise her chin higher and higher to look up at him, until now he towered over her so that when they skated or danced together, which they did every time he could manage it, the gang called them Mutt and Jeff. Football at Princeton had toughened him and rounded him out; two years in the 308th Infantry had chiseled and hardened him; a year in a city office had matured him. When Robert Carnon went over Saturday afternoons to coach football practice at the high school he little dreamed that every boy on the field was covertly looking at him with something akin to awe.

It never occurred to him, because it naturally wouldn't, but there was another reason too. Bob Carnon was experiencing to the full the peculiar humiliation which every outdoor man suffers when first he tackles an indoor job. Bob couldn't exactly figure it out, but it was there. He felt somehow as if he were less of a man than he had been. Part of this was physical—Bob knew that six days a week over a desk was making him soft, substituting weight for beef, flabbiness for hardness—but there was something else far more intangible. A slightly dogged, puzzled, baffled expression flickered constantly in his eyes, as if he were continually asking some question of himself which neither he nor anyone else could answer. If you don't know precisely what that expression is take any active-minded, active-bodied college or high-school boy you know who is trying to learn to like an indoor job, and some time when he is off his guard just watch his eyes.

Bob Took the Paper and Scowled. "The Super Wants to See Me," He Said

Everybody in Montclair—that is, everybody who was anybody—knew perfectly well that it was only a matter of time before Bob Carnon and little Angela Jardis would actually be engaged, if they weren't already. They both denied it now, denied it hotly; but Montclair merely looked wise. Naturally, neither Bob nor Angela would want to announce anything until he had established himself a little more thoroughly in business. The boy had been working only a year, but it was a splendid firm—they manufactured something or other—and Bob naturally had wonderful prospects. He was learning the office end of the work, and he had always made good.

This brings us directly to the one syllable from Angela's little red lips that was fated to affect the entire labor situation.

It was a night early in April of the year 1920. The boy and the girl were sitting in the mystic darkness of the flower-filled, steam-warmed conservatory of the Jardis home—Angela's father had spent thousands on that conservatory—with the moonlight flooding down through the glass roof as if it had been June. Everything was quiet and blossom sweet and very beautiful, and suddenly, scarcely knowing why, except that he just couldn't hold it in any longer, Bob Carnon asked his question. For a long time Angela sat still. Then speaking so softly that he could hardly hear her she articulated one word.

Angela said "No."

Bob Carnon's jaw dropped.

"Did you say no?" he finally managed to stammer. "Please don't kid me, Angel. I—you just don't know how much I love you."

Angela turned impulsive and took his two big hands in hers. He saw that there were tears in her eyes.

"I'm not kidding you, dear," she said. "You know I care about you—I care about you more than I do about anybody else in the world. I can't imagine loving anybody but you, Bob. I've always felt that way. But it isn't that. It's—oh, I don't know what it is! I can't tell you. I don't know."

She smiled piteously. He had her hands now and was stroking them.

"If you love me——" he started to say, and checked the sentence hopefully.

"I do, dear," said Angela, "and yet I don't. I can't understand it—and"—she dropped her eyes—"I've thought about it a lot too." She fell silent and he did not interrupt her. Presently she spoke again. "I mustn't hurt you," she murmured half to herself.

He laughed uneasily.

"Hurt away, little Angel. You can't hurt. If there's anything you can tell me just tell it—because you've got to love me right, dear."

Angela tried to smile.

"Well," she began, "maybe it's this way—though I'm not sure. You see I've always looked up to you, Bob—made a sort of hero out of you—at Lawrenceville and at Princeton and when you made the football team and in the Army. It was wonderful, Bob. And then—well this last year!"—her voice trailed away to nothing. "Oh, I don't know," she finally said, her eyes seeking his miserably.

"Do you mean," he ventured gently, "that I've stopped being a hero?"

"Oh, no!" she assured him. "It's just—oh, I don't know—you're sort of different, Bob. Sort of—oh, all

unsettled and mixed up And—and so am I, that's all. I just don't understand it."

"Well, I do," broke in the boy sharply, turning abruptly toward her. "I'll tell you just what it is, Angel, and you tell me if I'm wrong. It's me. It's this darn job thing, this working in an office, bending over a desk, adding up figures and copying them down—and letters, letters, letters. I know!"

He straightened to his feet and began pacing up and down in front of her.

"I know!" he reiterated. "It's trying to play a game that no live, honest-to-goodness, red-blooded man was made to play. Office work. A lot of dapper little runts with mahogany-colored, cloth-topped shoes and slicked-back hair that think going up in an elevator and calling the stenographer 'Dolly' and shooting pool at the noon hour and being given the title of assistant billing clerk is big stuff. They like it, those birds do—and they're the guys I'm competing with—got to compete with." He paused. "Why am I competing with 'em? Because I want a job that will let me get married same as they do. Wait a minute," he commanded as Angela made as if to speak.

"It's a swell job, an office job is, Angel—and if you don't believe it just take a look some time. A fellow comes out of college or out of the Army and the whole world's in front of him. Yes it is, like fun! What's there to do? What? Why, get a job in an office and learn the business from the ground up. It doesn't matter whether you want to learn the business or not—you've got to—some business. They don't pay you much, because a million or so young fellows are just standing round crazy for your job. You don't know, Angel, but it's so. And what do they tell you? They tell you that after twenty years, provided you do your work all right, you'll be assistant to the boss.

"What I want to know is, who wants to be assistant to the boss—or even the boss himself? If ever I was sorry for a man it's Mr. Opdyke. Lord knows, I don't want his job! Nine to five-thirty every working day of his life—worried to death—grouchy—unhealthy—stomach on him as big as a house—that's a great goal to hold out to a man. But I fall for it just the same. Why do I? Same reason that every other man in this town does, and in every town like it. It's the thing to do. It's—it's polite."

Angela was staring at him.

"I suppose you think I'm raving, Angel," he went on, "but believe me, I'm not. If I've thought it over once I've thought it over a thousand times. I know perfectly well what will happen. I'll hate my job for the next five years just as every other live man hates clerking. Then I'll begin to get accustomed to it, hardened to it—broken in, they call it. And then when they give me a little responsibility I'll be so tickled that I'll really kid myself into thinking I like it—and then I'll be what they call making good.

"But just because I'm changed do you think the thing itself will be any more worth liking? You bet it won't! I know what's the matter all right, Angel. When a fellow hates his job he hates himself, and when a fellow hates himself—no matter how much he tries to hide it and lie about it and smile about it—he isn't good for much. I get you perfectly well, kiddie. You can't fall in love with a worm. I'm a worm."

"Bob, dear, don't talk that way," protested Angela, holding out her hands beseechingly. "You're not a worm—you're not. You mustn't talk that way. Come here—please—sit down again."

"No," said the boy, "I won't. I want to get this off my chest. Angel, you've got to understand, because it's why both of us are feeling queer. Oh, it isn't as if I hadn't thought it out! Down at college and in the Army we used to talk about it a lot—what we were going to do and everything. And we all said the last thing we'd ever do would be to go into an office. We swore to it. And now look at 'em—Len Stephens, Harrison Thomas, Jack Thornton, Rube Adams—all of 'em. Where are they now? Working in offices. Why? Lord knows! Nothing else to do."

He paused, wiping his forehead with his handkerchief.

"The man I envy," he said soberly, "is the man who's doing a real man's job. Take this young carpenter guy that's been working on your roof—Eddie O'Hara—buddy of mine, you might say—line sergeant, he was, in the 308th. Look at him—healthy, full of pep, tickled to death with life, married, making twice as much money as I am and proud of himself. Do you know"—he faced the girl with a growing smile—"what would you say, Angel, if I started in as a carpenter? That's a real man's job—you're making something—you use your muscles as well as your brain. Would you marry me, Angel, if I wore overalls and carried a box of tools? I'd certainly feel like more of a man than I do now, and you'd feel it too."

"Bob," said Angela, wide-eyed, "you know you couldn't do that. It's—why, people—why, you just couldn't! Don't be silly!"

"No, I couldn't," the boy remarked slowly. "I suppose I couldn't. But gee, I envy Eddie O'Hara!"

Angela Jardis was still looking at him bewilderedly.

"Don't worry, dear," he whispered, bending over her tenderly. "It's coming out all right. You just keep on

(Continued on Page 70)

Bob Carmon Asked His Question. For a Long Time Angela Sat Still. Then Speaking So Softly That He Could Hardly Hear Her She Articulated One Word. Angela Said "No"

DIAMONDS FLUSH

By Edward H. Smith

ILLUSTRATED BY M. L. BLUMENTHAL

AFTER wild battles, deep wassail, interminable marches, great Alexander came at last to the valley of diamonds. The youth who had stood victorious at Issus and Arbela, before Halicarnassus and Tyre, in Nineveh and Persepolis, the conqueror of half the world, gazed, awed, into this gorge whose depths no eye could penetrate, whose poisoned soil no foot but his had trod.

Serpents the like of which man had not seen coiled in the impenetrable bottom of the place guarding the great hoard of gems which formed its floor. To look upon these vipers was death. The very jewels were lethal, for the snakes cut themselves on the sharp points of the crystals as they glided about and soaked them with venomous blood.

But he who had sabered the knot at Gordium and was descended from the slayer of Medusa was not to be foiled by adders. Alexander ordered a mirror of polished iron to be placed where the serpents dwelt. They gazed therein and were frozen dead with fright at sight of their own abominations. Still the bottom of the abyss was inaccessible to men. But Alexander called the wise to counsel and finally solved the problem by throwing pieces of flesh into the pit. These the great raptorial birds of this hidden valley of Ind brought up from the deeps, with the diamonds clinging thereunto.

I cannot, it is true, stand responsible for the accuracy of this account. It smacks saltily of Sindbad the Sailor on his seventh voyage. Dim memories of East Indian yarns of similar import invade my thought. Yet I find the tale set forth in all seriousness in one of those apocryphal works of Aristotle which bulk considerably in Arabic letters, and I notice that most compilers of the ana of gems like to quote this glittering romance. But I do not repeat it for its truth—but for its diamonds. It serves our purpose. We may neglect the verities and proceed at once to the moral or morals.

The Stampede to Buy Gems

THE diamonds which Alexander got from the snakes—or the conquered Hindus—were among the earliest brought west to Europe, though the tradition of this queen of gems was old when Hellas was young. It was only natural for romances to spring up about these fabulous stones. They were so rare in the western world that to procure a store of them was an adventure fit for an emperor—for an Alexander. Centuries later the Romans considered the diamond the exclusive gem of kings. It was supposed to ward off disease and disaster. It was an antidote for poisons and turned green in their presence. Even as late as the sixteenth century the diamond was pounded to a powder and given a pope in an electuary to cure him of an obscure ailment. It could never be determined whether the dose or the disease killed His Holiness.

The world and the diamond have changed. To-day American hands are flush with diamonds. Every betrothed girl must have her solitaire. Every wife of moderate circumstances has her store of these gleaming stones. The horny fingers of workmen shimmer as they pull the levers and set the brakes of industry. More gems were bought and sold in America last year than graced all the treasuries of Europe in the Renaissance. The jewel traffic has made enormous ascents in the last few years in this country and elsewhere. There has been a veritable stampede to put the high earnings and large savings of the war period into precious stones. The result is that everywhere in this fat land the quite lowly now display such diamonds as beggar the ring wherewith Raleigh cut on a window pane his famous message to Queen Elizabeth:

"Fain would I climb,
yet fear I to fall."

But this is only one of the results of the craze. The most obvious consequence of the rush to buy is the increased price. Diamonds and other gems have risen to undreamed-of market heights, and the end of the ascent is not yet in sight. Again, the greatly augmented value of precious stones and jewelry in general and the ready market for such articles, dictated by the demand, have encouraged an unprecedented growth in the stealage of gems and a general and alarming increase in the number of all types of crimes directed at jewelry. Wherever there is value, there stalks the criminal. He has haunted the path of the diamond down all the days of history.

The criminal who operates against jewels is a particularly elusive and intrusive gentleman. He belongs, first of all, to the aloof strata of his world; he is a member of the *haute pègre*. He deals in the most valuable of properties and the smallest. His ways of disposal are the easiest; his quarry is frequently most carelessly handled by its owners. But, more than that, the jewel robber or thief is and always has been among the most resourceful and daring of all criminals against property. Countless romances have been spun about his life and deeds. Countless inventions have been tried against him, with innumerable recorded failures. Numberless frauds and fancies have been current about him. Love laughs at locksmiths, says the saw. The love of the jewel thief for other people's gems certainly laughs at them.

One recalls the startling and rather amusing adventure of the late Duke of Brunswick, the last of the family to sit on the throne. When this prince was deposed in 1830 he fled to Paris with the royal treasury's stock of gems. In Paris he established himself in a great house in the Beaujon quarter and there stored his marvelous collection, said to have been worth about $3,000,000—a huge value for those days, three generations gone. The house in which the duke dwelt was one of those massive medieval places with enormously thick walls, iron gates and abundant locks and bolts. Inside this quasi fortress he had built a great iron safe. The safe was near the head of the master's bed, hidden by heavy draperies, so that no chance intruder into the house might possibly guess its location.

The Duke's Treasures

IN THIS place were hidden away some very fine diamonds, pearls, rubies and emeralds, much gold plate and various heirlooms and antiquities. They never saw the daylight, so careful was the deposed duke of his treasures.

Occasionally, when this burnt-out voluptuary appeared in public, painted and wigged, he wore one or two of his precious ornaments. Otherwise the public never caught sight of the valuables. Nevertheless, every criminal in Europe knew about the hoard and frequent abortive attempts were made to raid it. The duke got the idea that constant plots against his jewels were in progress and he took the most involved, almost absurd precautions to foil his tormentors.

The door of the great safe was wired electrically, to the best ability of the electricians of that day, about 1860. The inner door was, moreover, fitted with a device which controlled the triggers of several pistols and scattershots, which were rigged inside the safe and aimed to kill anyone who might tamper with the inner lock. No one but the duke had a key or knew how to open the safe without setting off the alarms and discharging the masked batteries. These precautions defeated several attempts to get at the gems on the part of burglars who had forced entrances and thieves who had got into the house by chicane.

In 1863, however, the duke employed an English valet named Shaw. This man had come to him in the regular way, through an employment agent. Moreover, Shaw carried the highest references from families of distinction in England and France. These the duke inspected with great care before he took Shaw into his service. He did not know, to be sure, that the character references were forged and the employment agent a blind set up by the thieves' gang to which Shaw belonged.

The Tales One Sees in the Newspapers of Deep Subtleties and Marvelous Devices Used by Diamond Smugglers are Lamentably False

Once in the house and in the confidence of the duke, Shaw watched his chances for a coup. He observed the goings and comings of the prince with great care and slyly watched his princely master whenever that suspicious individual went to the safe. Shaw discovered the secrets of the wiring and the deadly firearms. He learned a good many other details which seemed only to make his task the harder. But he waited and watched. One day the duke was summoned to a function and had to dress in more haste than he liked. He opened the safe to take out some of his ornaments and, careless for the single occasion, did not wait to lock the inside door of his safe, contenting himself with locking the fore door. Shaw saw this and sprang at the chance. He had previously waxed the keyhole of the outer door, got an impression and made a proper skeleton key. With this he speedily opened the door. Since the

inner defense was out of the way, he calmly helped himself to most of the best jewels and walked quietly out of the house and away.

But the thieves made a mistake in the writing of an anonymous letter. Shaw was easily caught and forced to restore the stolen baubles. He turned out to be an English rogue of international experience and a practiced hand at just such crimes. The emphatic justice of France dealt him twenty years at forced labor.

So the best of defenses failed in that day, and they fail still on occasion, through factors which are present in almost all important jewel robberies. It is for their appearance in this case that I cite it. We will examine these matters presently.

Just now it is interesting to note how the diamond and its sister jewels have come up in the American world. First a few facts to make clear the meaning of figures to follow:

Every Betrothed Girl Must Have Her Solitaire

The world's diamonds are now produced almost exclusively in South Africa. To-day not less than ninety-five per cent and perhaps ninety-seven per cent of all these stones are mined either in those states which were British before the war or in the former German colony of Southwest Africa. A few stones come from Minas Geraes and Bahia, in Brazil. Still fewer are found in the United States, where, however, the undeveloped Arkansas fields may sometime be important.

The famous Indian mines are closed and such stones as come from the great sources of all the diamonds of antiquity, from the land of Golconda and the mythical valley of Alexander, are old stones sold by native princes. South Africa and the De Beers syndicate, which operates all of the principal mines in the Dark Continent, control the output to-day.

Prosperity Celebrated With Diamonds

FROM South Africa the diamonds are taken, in the rough, to London, whence they are distributed for cutting to Amsterdam and Antwerp, the centers of the art and industry of the lapidary. True, a considerable business in gem cutting grew up in New York in the course of the late war and many jewels are still cut in our metropolis. Had the war lasted longer Antwerp might have been pretty well ruined as a gem center. As it is, the great Belgian port is recovering its importance in this industry and Amsterdam is busier than ever. Probably three-quarters of the world's diamonds are prepared for wearing in these two European cities.

Thus, the bulk of diamonds worn in America are imported from Holland and Belgium in the state officially called "cut but unset." Many of our diamonds are, to be sure, bought in the Paris and London markets, and uncut gems are now imported. We speak, however, of the principal flow of gems.

These jewels, or more than ninety-five per cent of them, enter the country through the port of New York and are there appraised for duty by the government experts. This appraisal is of the wholesale foreign value, which is naturally very much lower than the final price paid for these ornaments in America. Nevertheless, the government figures give a sure index to the mounting price of stones and the demand for them.

Let us go back to the year before the war and compare the statistics. For the fiscal year ending June 30, 1914, the importations of uncut diamonds were valued at $3,151,633 and the cut stones at $17,795,090, a total of about $21,000,000. In 1915, owing to war conditions, the importations of uncut stones rose and those of cut stones declined to about half, the figures being $3,358,180 and $8,452,117, a total of less than $12,000,000. By 1916 foreign gem cutters began to rush to this country, the only major nation on earth which was not then so torn by war as to ruin the diamond trade. Consequently $11,444,129 worth of uncut stones was brought in. But the war had by that time also made American pocketbooks overfull, and the demand for diamonds was also reflected in the cut stones, of which about $20,000,000 worth was imported, making the total for the year nearly $31,500,000. In the year ending June 30, 1917, the imports increased only moderately, about $500,000 in uncut and $1,000,000 in cut stones over 1916, or a total of less than $33,000,000. The end of the fiscal year in 1918, after we had been a year in the war, showed another fluctuation.

Nearly $13,000,000 worth of uncut diamonds was imported in that period, while the value of the cut stones decreased to only $14,000,000.

But then the war was at an end. The sea routes were open once more; the American people were in a position to let loose their stored-up prosperity.

The result is shown by the importations of diamonds for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1919. In that year rough gems valued at $15,594,795 were imported and cut diamonds assessed at $29,140,182, a total of nearly $45,000,000 and the greatest diamond year recorded up to that time.

But the current year will far outstrip 1919. The government figures compiled to April 1, 1920, over a period of nine months, show that the importations of rough stones were $14,523,760, and of cut gems $59,448,947. Carrying this ratio out for the remaining three months of the year we may expect to find that our people have caused the bringing in of nearly $80,000,000 in cut and $20,000,000 in uncut stones, an enormous total of more than twice any previous record.

The importations for these nine months of 1919-20 were 168,131 carats of uncut and 391,448 carats of cut stones. In other words, we shall have imported about 750,000 carats of diamonds, valued at the customhouse at $100,000,000. It is not difficult to compute the carat value of stones at import valuation. However, it should be remembered that in addition to uncut stones these figures include a quantity of lower-grade stones and diamonds for industrial purposes.

The Costliest of Stones

THE great increase for the last year is not altogether reckonable in enlarged quantities. About two-thirds of the increase may be ascribed to larger imports; the other one-third is due to risen prices.

In the same period the importations of pearls have also increased markedly and their prices have advanced with startling rapidity, but not to keep pace with diamonds. Emeralds also have been in greater demand than ever and their prices have gone up and up until they have finally distanced the ruby. The emerald is to-day the costliest of all stones, if it be of fine color and good size. This position of empery among gems it has taken from the ruby mainly because the spinel ruby and the synthetic ruby have undermined the value and the appreciation of this once costliest of jewels.

Something of the sort has operated in the case of pearls. It is a fact not often mentioned by jewelers that the world production of genuine Oriental pearls has never reached a valuation of $10,000,000 a year at the source. Last year the total fisheries did not exceed $6,000,000 in value. Yet the demand in the Occident, especially in America, has consistently been so great that many Indian princes have found it profitable to disperse their collections. Some additional millions in pearls have annually come into the market from this source, but India's collections are not inexhaustible, and with the small yield of the fisheries any risen demand for pearls ought to send the market sky-high. The fact is that pearls have risen about 150 per cent in value in the last seven or eight years. In the same period diamonds have gone up 200 to 250 per cent.

(Continued on Page 77)

The Raffles Type of Jewel Robber Comes in for Much Written and Spoken Attention

DOG TOWN

By HAL G. EVARTS

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES LIVINGSTON BULL

The Pirate of the Air Was Upon Him With a Rise of Wings

THE man and the girl rode along the lip of the mesa. North of them the foothills rolled away to the main bulk of the range. The man pointed to the town spread out on the flat below them. "There's a city that is practically undiscovered and entirely unmapped," he said, "but it shelters more races than Denver."

"It must be a humdrum existence," the girl observed. "What do the inhabitants find to break the monotony?"

"A thousand things a day," he stated. "There's a greater diversity of experience to be found in that little baked town on the flats than in any city you ever visited in your life. If they only published a Dog Town daily it would chronicle more tales of tragedy, comedy, crime and love than the biggest metropolitan sheet. That fat old man on the roof of his observatory, the big house near this edge of town, is Weekin, probably the patriarch of the village. To-morrow, if you'd really like to know, we'll come back a little before daylight and spy on the town with glasses from a blind up here somewhere and let you see for yourself the number of thrills in Dog Town in a single day."

The girl nodded and turned in her saddle for a last glimpse of the dusty city before a spur of the hills shut off her view.

It was graying slightly in the east the next morning when the patriarch Weekin mounted the roof of his observatory for a survey of the neighborhood. It was earlier than his usual time of rising, for he was a lover of heat and sunshine. The cool air of the hill country had settled to meet the warmer current of the flats, and formed a thin haze of fog, which floated over the thickly clustered dwellings. The cold shook Weekin's fat frame and the big paunch that gave evidence of his love of good living.

Apparently it was a dead town, or at least a sleeping one, which came under his observation, but from long experience he knew that it would come to life with the first cheery note of the morning whistle, the activity increasing as each variety of workers came on shift until within an hour after sunup the business of the day would be on in full swing.

Even now the town was not entirely surrendered to sleep, for in common with all well-organized cities Dog Town had its night workers, and in that bleak period between the lifting of night-time shadows and the coming of morning light these citizens of darkness were going off shift.

Weekin, the ancient prairie dog, shivered both from the cold and from his own daring in thus venturing forth before the rest of his kind. A sinister shape prowled among the mounds of the village, and Weekin withdrew to his doorway with only his head showing as he watched the marauding bobcat that moved as silently on padded feet as the thin pall of fog floated on the breeze. A hundred yards away loomed the bulk of a single gnarled pine.

From the dead snag at its top the night watchman blew two long hoots, followed by two short ones, the signal for the night prowlers to go off shift. Then the great horned owl left his perch on the snag and set sail for the dark mass of cottonwoods that marked a stream in the bottoms. The hunting cat turned toward Weekin's residence, strolling in casual fashion as if his sharp eyes had not detected the protruding head of its owner.

Weekin withdrew two feet within his entrance. He heard no sound. At the end of a minute he was satisfied that the cat had gone.

He moved almost to the mouth of the burrow and paused for another period. Outside, the cat was crouched flat six feet from the mound, his leg muscles bunched for a spring. The last foot of Weekin's burrow was a sheer drop. He mounted this last ascent and peered over the edge. A dark form was launched straight for his head, two hooked forepaws stretched to clutch him.

The reason for that sheer twelve inches of doorway was apparent, for Weekin simply released his hold and fell as the flashing claws dipped into the hole after him, and he scuttled down the sloping burrow that led back from the foot of the drop. The cat shoved his blunt muzzle into the hole and sniffed the tantalizing odor of live meat, then extended a forepaw far down the tunnel and gave a few tentative scratches before going on his way.

The old dog retired to a tiny shelf apartment of his own, while from a more spacious widening of the burrow a few feet beyond came the sounds of his good mate Weechi ministering to the wants of five hungry pups the size of half-grown rats. This same miracle had come to pass many times before—a litter of youngsters suddenly appearing in Weekin's home burrow to scamper about and disturb his naps.

He had snatched but forty winks when the first sweet note of the morning bugle call roused him. He made off down the tunnel, passed another family and mounted to an opening some distance from his favorite exit, remembering that the cat might still be lingering near his own door.

The first bright rays of the sun were just tipping the lightning-shattered snag of the pine, and struck a spark from the yellow breast of the meadow lark which now occupied the spot so lately occupied by the tufted killer of the night. He uptilted his head and loosed a flood of clear-ringing notes. On mound after mound little shapes appeared and balanced stiff and straight as Dog Town stood reveille. Two jack rabbits and a half-grown cottontail ceased their hopping and reared on their haunches, forefeet clear of the ground and their long ears erect as the lark sent forth the clamorous summons for all daylight workers to be up and doing.

For a time the prairie dogs were inactive, frequently retiring to the burrows for warmth. The sun crawled down the pine and at last touched the mounds of the village. Then Dog Town came to life. Swarms of young dogs scampered out of the burrows and sat upright on the home mounds to absorb the heat of the morning rays. The last floating wisps of fog were dissipated. The cottontail had a hole of her own at the root of a sage, and she sat sleepily on the doorsill of her dwelling, surrounded by four little fluffy youngsters no larger than her head. Small as they were, these babies were ready to shift for themselves, as evidenced by the fact that they nibbled the tender shoots of grass that sprouted from a clump of prickly pear six feet from their door.

The two jack rabbits bedded down in the village. One of them nestled into the roots of a tuft of bunch grass. The other made a nest under a tumbleweed a little distance from Weekin's abode.

Dog Town was a beehive of activity. In a score of homes the families were busily engaged in cleaning out the rubble dislodged from roofs and walls by the capers of the young and the natural disintegration of the tunnel sides from exposure to the air. A horned lark speared a tiny grasshopper and flitted to the four ravenous nestlings that greeted her with open mouths. She deposited the morsel in one gaping maw and departed in search of more. A ground squirrel shoved the fresh earth of his recent excavation from the mouth of his tiny burrow and loosed his high-pitched chatter in triumphant self-approval, then balanced on his haunches, his slender body having all the appearance of a stake driven into the baked soil of the flat, a trait which had gained him the name of picket pin. A nighthawk brooded on two muddy-looking eggs that matched the bare soil on which she had deposited them without troubling to make even the semblance of a nest. She herself blended so well with her surroundings as to be almost invisible to the eye. On a dozen mounds throughout the village stood the aristocracy of the community, the burrowing owls that are part of every Dog Town.

These dignified pirates stood motionless, except for the wise blinking of their big eyes, balancing on legs grotesquely long when compared to the underpinning of other owls. They hunted both by day and by night, ravenous and ever hungry, and it required practically its own weight in food to keep each of these gluttons happy and content for a span of twenty-four hours.

Dog Town was suddenly roused to a tremendous pitch. Weekin sat on his mound and stretched himself to the greatest possible elevation as he peered off to determine the cause of excitement in the lower extremity of the village. The residents were barking angrily, the commotion spreading his way, and after a moment's observation Weekin raised his own voice in a steady, monotonous "Week! Week! Week!" Every note was jerked out with such violence that it shook his whole frame, and the short tail jerked stiffly as if to accent the sound. Dogs raced from one mound to the next in an effort to gain a better view of the monster that invaded Dog Town.

A badger, ordinarily a creature of the night, waddled between the mounds, his gross body rolling from side to side, belly almost dragging the ground as he advanced. The little owls of Dog Town are the most courteous creatures of all the plains. They bow alike to enemies and friends, a custom of their kind that is unalterable in peacetimes or in war. True to their code, they balanced with long legs wide apart, and between these stilts the fluffy bodies and overlarge heads worked as on pivots as they swept the intruder the most exaggerated bows. A few left their nests and circled over the enemy, screaming and snapping their beaks close to his ears, then alighted in his path and screamed again, the eerie notes accompanied by the ludicrous bobbing of head and body. This bobbing politeness was as much a part of them, as indispensable to every scream, as the stiff jerking of Weekin's tail was a necessary accompaniment of every bark.

The stupid badger was apparently unconscious of the uproar, and strolled on his way without heeding it, his little eyes inspecting the ground before him. The jack rabbit left his nest under the tumbleweed as the lurching form neared him. He hopped a few feet from the ponderous line of march and stopped. The badger eyed him speculatively as he passed. The picket pin whistled shrilly, and the invader turned and made for the sound. Weekin barked till his throat ached as the grim killer passed within a few feet of his door.

There was a sudden jar of hoofs as a dozen range horses thundered down to inspect the waddling shape. They circled round the badger, tails arched high. One wheeled in to face it, pawing the ground with his forefoot and loosing a whistling snort.

The badger showed his teeth, a curious lifting wrinkle and flattening of the nose which showed a red expanse of gums. He emitted a thick hiss such as might come from a giant snake. The horse whirled and lashed out with his heels, missing the badger by a wide margin. As the horses dashed away a battering hoof caved a section of the roof of Weekin's communication tunnel, which ran some ten inches below the surface to the home of a friend.

The badger proceeded to the tiny shaft that housed the picket pin. He sniffed the entrance, and from far down beneath him a defiant scolding apprised him of the fact that the little squirrel was at home. The invader's front paws were almost twice the size of his hind feet and armed with two-inch claws. He loosened the surface with these spading forks and started to excavate. In less than a minute his whole squat body was out of sight, and he did not even trouble to shove the loosened earth out behind him, but allowed it to settle back on him as he dug. In an incredibly short space of time he had reached the end of the tunnel and made a meal of the little squirrel. Then he settled down for a comfortable nap, sufficient air to supply his lungs reaching him through the loosened earth.

Dog Town settled down to normal. Weekin was an engineer of parts, but it was beyond his powers to roof over the break occasioned by the hammering feet of the range horse, so he contented himself with cleaning the rubbish from the floor of the tunnel. The five pups were busily engaged in excavation work of their own. Their efforts were confined to constructing side tunnels, and the dislodged earth was merely kicked back into the main house. Their program failed to include the removal of this refuse to the outer air, and at least three times each day Weekin and his good mate Weechi were forced to clean house after their offspring.

Weekin completed his task and slept at the mouth of his burrow. The sun glared down on the blistered flat and its heat was grateful to his old bones. Little quivering waves blurred the perspective at any great distance. The lone pine in the center of the town had a list to eastward, warped from the standing west winds of many years. The shattered snag served as a lookout point for any passing members of the feathered tribes. Three chattering magpies alighted there for a rest. A wheeling hawk screamed at high noon and spiraled down to perch on the snag as the magpies left it.

After several hours of strenuous activity Dog Town indulged in a siesta and snoozed under the burning sun. The big red shoulder preened his feathers on the lookout snag. The jack rabbit had not even returned to his bed or troubled to make a new one after being disturbed, but had merely squatted down in the open to resume his nap. The little owls blinked sedately on their mounds. Weekin slept at the mouth of his burrow. He opened one eye as his quick ear caught the patter of tiny feet. A horned toad advanced by short darts, and at last chose a spot a few yards from the old dog and rested, its sides throbbing as if from shortness of breath. A terrapin, with gaudy black and orange decorations on his shining back, trailed awkwardly along on his bandy legs and halted facing Weekin. He withdrew his head inside the armor of his shell and the little red-rimmed eyes peered forth and regarded the sleeping prairie dog. The horned lark made one last trip with a squirming insect for her nestlings, then settled down beside the nest to drowse.

Dog Town slumbered; no sound or movement except the droning of bees among the blossoms of the prickly pear, an occasional flash of red or orange as some restless hopper tossed into the air with a grating crackle of wings, and the gentle, sleepy crooning of a pair of mourning doves.

Up on the lip of the mesa, behind a sagebrush blind, the man and the girl had laid aside the glasses and were partaking of a noonday lunch. For half an hour Dog Town snoozed in the white glare of the sun. Then there sounded a low humming, which increased in volume, the hissing screech of mighty wings planing through the air. Startled prairie dogs straightened with a snap and gazed aloft at the great bird boring down out of the blue with frightful velocity and headed for the center of the village. Weekin barked once. A suddenly wakened owl near him bobbed in honor of the darting monarch of the skies and screamed a greeting. Dog Town came back from slumber with a rush. Frightened dogs sought their burrows.

The jack rabbit roused from his doze and made two dazed hops. A black shadow threw him into a panic, and he darted off just too late. The pirate of the air was upon him with a hiss of wings, tipped dizzily and struck. The gripping talons met in the big jack's body, and he had paid the penalty of incautiously napping in the open. The dogs crept to their doors to see a huge golden eagle moving off with the luckless jack dangling limply from the murderous claws, his labored flapping in sharp contrast to the graceful sweep of his downward rush of an instant past. The hawk screamed congratulations as his lord passed above his perch. The big red shoulder pitched from the snag and soared low across the flats toward the distant line of cottonwoods. A huge black raven took up the lookout point on the snag so recently deserted by the hawk.

The little owls were ravenous after the brief siesta, and set forth to duplicate the eagle's feat. Weekin's pups darted down the burrow as a hungry owl hovered four feet overhead and glared down at them with great terrifying eyes, but the old dog held his ground. The sun was hot on the terrapin's armored back, and he resumed his aimless journey. The owl wheeled toward the movement and

(Continued on Page 178)

Merely by Way of Warning Him to Steer Clear of Her Young, the Mother Thumped Out the Danger Sign. Three Times She Repeated This Move

CHILDHOOD IMPRESSIONS

By Princess Cantacuzène, Countess Spéransky, née Grant

I READ recently the first chapter of his memoirs, written by a small boy friend of mine. He described with enthusiasm the day when he was born; how well he remembered his sister and mother were walking in the garden of his beautiful home when his father came out of the house and announced to them the safe arrival of the new member of the family—himself!

My memory does not run back so far as his, and it is from the many tellings of my favorite story in very early youth that I learned of a brave and handsome boy who when he was twelve or thirteen ran away from school three times—the first time to join his father at the front, who promptly returned him to his teachers; a second time, secretly, to join the soldiers of his father's army, and to be found among them by a staff officer who brought him into the general's camp. There the boy was reprimanded and again sent to his studies, only to join the army a third time just before Vicksburg. Finally the father, won by his son's intense sportiness and his adoration for the general himself, kept the young soldier with him; let him fit himself after that into the stress and strain and hardship of the camp of a commander who lived more uncomfortably than anyone about him. A pony was found, however, and an extra cot. At night father and son slept side by side; or the boy lay half asleep, conscious of the silent man who walked up and down, or who pondered over maps, planning coming battles and campaigns, later still sitting down to write his orders for the morrow's action.

By day father and son rode forth for inspections, or to some point from which the general was to watch and guide the fight. Always they were together. Seemingly this big-hearted, devoted boy was never in the way of the commander, and the latter late in life often told with delight of the courage under fire, the cheerful acceptance of discomfort shown by his young partner in the game of war.

"Fred never knew what it was to be afraid," my grandfather would say with a tone of quiet triumph when he had finished telling some little incident his memory retained of Vicksburg's siege and the time after it. Fred didn't like my grandfather's table, though, and he used to go off and mess with the troops by way of variety sometimes. Among these men he gained a popularity which he kept through all his life. On his side he learned to love the soldiers with an affection which never changed.

General Grant and His Family in 1863

My Father's Early Life

BY HIS father's side he entered Vicksburg, on the Fourth of July, 1863; from then on he remained at the front, and when in 1865 peace came, the boy of fifteen had two years of steady campaigning to his credit, with a fund of experience which aged him, but also was of great service through his later career. After the war followed a year of hard preparatory study and the young veteran entered West Point. The discipline at the academy was hard, doubtless, on anyone who had roamed over battlefields, and high spirits kept this particular cadet in hot water, but his excellence at mathematics with a talent for all that concerned horses and drill, shooting and other military work helped him to win his pardon always and he finally came through West Point all right.

As General Sherman's aide-de-camp a trip to Europe gave the full-fledged second lieutenant his first view of foreign lands, and he had the interesting experience of being in France just after the Franco-Prussian War, of visiting the Near East, and from there going into the Caucasus, staying at Tiflis with the viceroy—the Grand Duke Michael, son of Emperor Nicholas I and younger brother of Alexander II. From Tiflis the viceroy sent his guest north with one of his own aides-de-camp, who was to make the trip as a special messenger, carrying reports to the emperor. Together the two young officers hurried across Russia's vast steppes toward Moscow, watching the mysterious beauty of the plains stretching out on each side of their traveling carriage. The only noises were the beating hoofs of troika horses and the music of their bells. Nights passed when our travelers slept in post houses by the wayside, or accepted the gentle hospitality of amiable men and women, anxious to help and welcome strangers—weeks of changing impressions these, too picturesque to be fatiguing ever. Then a stay in Moscow, whence Russia's one and only railroad took them to St. Petersburg.

Here again the good-looking young officer received a warm welcome. Grand Duke Michael had warned his wife, and the Grand Duchess Olga Feodorowna—born a princess of Baden—received the stranger with typical hospitality, making him at home in her palace on the quay. Her guest never forgot the delight of his visit and he believed always in Russia's future greatness above all other European nations.

Returning home in 1872, he actively fought Indians in our Far West, took part in the work of government surveying parties in Montana, and out in the dry Arizona deserts lived for a time the adventurous poetic life of the opening Far West.

He became attached to the staff of General Sheridan, stationed in Chicago. There, in 1874, he met a young girl fresh from her graduation at the Convent of Georgetown, where she had carried off first honors, and very pretty. Rapidly a romance developed. He was twenty-four, she twenty, when they were married in October, 1874. The country home of Mr. and Mrs. Honoré was the frame of a brilliant scene. The bride's parents represented Chicago's best and most constructive element, and the bride, her sister and her mother were all of rare individual beauty and charm. General Sheridan and his whole staff in gala uniform were there, and the bridegroom was upheld by a group consisting of the President of the United States and many of the latter's distinguished followers and friends, all come to see the young officer married. The sun shone and music played for the simple ceremony, which was most homelike in spite of the brave show of historic names and beautiful faces.

Our bridal couple soon went to live at the White House, from where young Colonel Grant made his long expeditions westward as before. In the capital, as in Chicago, the bride was a much-admired favorite. Two winters passed, and in June, 1876, in a small quiet room, its windows looking out under the great portico of the President's mansion, a first child was born, an unusually large baby, thirteen pounds of chubby health—myself.

My First Reception

MANY years later I returned to the White House for the first time since my babyhood, and President McKinley was kind enough to escort me upstairs, so I might see the room which had been my first home. I found the simple dignity of undecorated walls and high ceilings attractive, and the view out into the shady garden a delight. I fancied I was lucky to start life so well. A first child of much-loved parents, and a first grandchild of such grandparents as were Ulysses S. Grant and his wife, was bound to be much spoiled and petted—and many were the tales told me of my baptism, when named Julia for my Grant grandmother, and with my godparents, Mrs. Honoré and the President, I was christened in the great East Room by Dr. John P. Newman, pastor of the Methodist church which my Grandfather Grant attended. A small party—the family, a few intimate friends and the cabinet stood about. It was my début in official life.

Shortly after this my beautiful maternal grandmother-godmother made me with her own fair hands a soft baby dress of mull and old Valenciennes laces, set together in quaint patterns imagined by herself, embroidered and hemstitched in the doing. For gala occasions a pair of bracelets, soft woven ribbons of gold with tiny blue hearts hanging from them, and a wee ring with a diamond like a pin point, completed the list of gifts Christmas brought me.

I was decked out in these for the event of the season—the President's New Year's reception, 1877. I sat in my nurse's arms there and behaved with calm dignity, I heard years afterward, while diplomats and legislative officers with their wives passed by, saluting the President, Mrs. Grant, and then touching gently the White House baby, admiring my rosy cheeks and fine feathers. Some of the foreigners even kissed my fat hand in courtly fashion, before they passed on to the other ladies and gentlemen, who completed the family and cabinet in the receiving line.

I am sorry not to remember what must have vastly pleased me—the beauty of the surroundings and the soft glimmering lights, the pretty gowns and jewels, and the uniforms and decorations of that great throng; also, the interesting faces of great Civil War heroes, or of men who with my grandfather had done the work of reconstruction in the days following the fight. But I only know all this by hearsay, and the first scenes I remember myself are quite different.

My personal recollections begin in a room which I could walk across. It was white with a blue carpet, some vague toys stood round, and a fire burned on the hearth with a wire screen between it and me, impossible to get through. There was a clock on the chimney which ticked, and from which others could judge it was my bedtime. On each side of the clock stood a straight turquoise-blue vase, glass or china, shiny, rather broad, and with a pink rose painted on its center space. It was a matter of supreme interest to me to know what was inside those vases. I always looked up at them from below, and I wanted to look down from above. I think I couldn't clearly explain my desire about them; anyhow, no one ever understood, till finally one day my maternal grandfather came to see me. He and I stood

in front of the fireplace hand in hand, and I expressed as best I could my urgent curiosity.

With joy I heard him say: "Why, Lord bless me, honey, do you want grandpa to lift you up and let you touch the jars?"

Up I was swung to his shoulder, and from there held above the blue vases. I gazed down at last in deep astonishment into their depths; and there was nothing but the flat white bottom to be seen. It was a great disappointment, though I don't know what I expected to find.

Another important event of that same period occurred one day when my mother caught her finger in the nursery doorway and gave a little cry. My father came in hurriedly, kissed her and the finger, and helped to put a wet handkerchief on it, while I stood by and watched with interest. I hadn't known before that grown-ups ever got hurt.

Then we moved into another house, about which I remember more. First of all the move itself was of vast interest, and the discussions as to where my bed and where my toys would stand and how the pet canary and my favorite doll would travel across Chicago gave me a feeling of adventure. Soon after the move came my third birthday, with the first cake I can recall, and a party, consisting of my young uncle—afterward Judge Lockwood Honoré—and my two cousins, Honoré and Potter Palmer. Then memories pile up rapidly. Trips up and down stairs alone gave me opportunities for new discoveries, till one day one of my cousins and I rolled down a flight together. My nose was injured and in splints and plasters for a time, and stairs without help were forbidden me.

Welcoming President Grant

MY WINDOWS looked into the yard of an orphan asylum, and Nurse Bridget threatened me with bringing in one of these poor children to replace me when I was naughty. I went to table with my parents and took part in the conversation—and I watched and admired my mother's embroidery and the water colors which my father painted in the evenings. For many years, till the Russian Revolution brought about its destruction in our home, a little picture of a green field with a brown rock, occupied by three vague white-and-reddish cows, hung on my sitting-room wall, recalling these old days of my childish pleasure in my father's play-hour productions. My contribution to the family circle's life was reciting Mother Goose and kindred poems, and I felt extremely important in the encouragement and praise my efforts drew from my select audience.

My father went away for quite a time to go round the world; and mamma and I kept house by ourselves with frequent visits to my cousins or my grandmother. A Christmas tree, an excursion and picnic on the sandy beach of Lake Michigan—stay fast in my mind.

Then we left for the West. I recall suddenly being waked up and dressed in the night on a train, which moved slowly amid crowds. It stopped, and I was picked up and carried out in someone's arms from our car to a large open carriage. The latter's top was down, and on the back seats were already installed my Grandfather and Grandmother Grant, freshly arrived from their journey round the world. All about was a great sea of faces—men's and women's. Torches, quantities of them, burned, flashed up and smoked; flickered down, throwing changing lights on faces which to my child's imagination looked wild with excitement. As a matter of fact, the owners were just then receiving a national hero with all the enthusiasm they could display. Every mouth was open and hurrah after hurrah filled the air about as completely as the illuminated faces filled my horizon. "Grant! Grant! Welcome Grant!" "Hurrah for Grant!" "Hurrah! Grant! Grant!"

My grandfather sat absolutely quiet in his place, amid bedlam let loose, but for the first time I remember the depth and power of his eyes, and how dark they seemed, though they shone. Grandmamma on the contrary waved her hand and bowed and smiled. She was delighted and expressed her delight to her husband, to my mother, to everyone.

Julia Grant in 1880

Mrs. Frederick Dent Grant and Her Daughter Julia

Colonel Frederick Dent Grant, A. D. C. to General Phillip Sheridan, 1874

Just as I was handed in to my mother, very frightened by the noise, the vast crowd lurched forward and seemed to be upon us. Hats and hands were waved wildly. If possible the cheering increased, and shouts of "Move on! Start!" "Unspan those horses! We'll draw the carriage! Wait!" "Hurrah, hurrah for Grant! Grant! Grant!" rent the air again and again. More and more panic-stricken, I hid my head on my mother's lap, and it took some encouragement to make me look about again. But I was just regaining my nerve when a sympathetic person in the crowd, which was closer than ever to us, stretched out a hand and touched me. With a shriek I collapsed in my mother's arms, and after that saw nothing more. I was reproached, and my eyes were wiped and my nose blown, and though I hadn't the bravery to look about, by the time we reached our destination I had recovered, and could be taken out of the carriage and into the hotel lobby. We had arrived and my torture was over, but for a long time I felt ashamed, and it was a considerable relief to feel that most of the grown-ups didn't seem to hold my bad behavior up against me.

Nearly forty years afterward, at the time of the Bolshevik uprisings in Russia, I saw enormous crowds which strained everyone's nerves, and I was as much frightened as anybody; but even in 1917 I was less routed by panic than I felt myself to be when that great hearty American crowd shouted its welcome to my quiet grandfather at Colorado Springs on his return from his triumphant trip round the world.

Making Friends With My Grandparents

WE STAYED there a while, and in the hotel grown-ups and babies led much the same life. I made friends with these grandparents whom I didn't remember; and attached myself to both. Grandmamma was delightful; she let me come to see her dress, allowed me to touch all her dainty clothes, and even to try on a ribbon now and then while in a special corner I found there was a little box or jar kept always half hidden. Only she and I knew the secret, and somehow the supply of goodies to be found there was inexhaustible and varied: cookies, dried prunes, small apples, peppermints, and so on, followed one another, each better than the last, and always leaving me eager for tomorrow's surprise. Grandmamma was gay, and knew poetry and stories, and was a human, sunny friend, and a sympathizer to the little people about, most of all to her small namesake, first—and then the only one—of the new generation.

With my grandfather my relations were quite different. He wasn't exactly gay, and I don't remember his laughing ever, but the talk between us was very interesting. He always took me seriously. I felt promoted and inclined to live up to my new situation as his companion and friend. Sometimes he would pinch my ear or my cheek and say softly, "Juliana Johnson, don't you cry"; and it rather teased me. But generally he held my pudgy dimpled hand on the palm of his, and we learned to count the fingers and the dimples together; sometimes I made a mistake and sometimes he did so, letting me correct him. And he taught me cat cradle with a string. We walked together hand in hand, silent, frequently, but at other moments talking of our surroundings, and he called me habitually "my pet" or "my big pet," which made me very proud. I wasn't at all afraid of him, for he had a charming gentle way of acting always, and though his face was mostly grave, now and then a sudden gleam lit up the eyes and made them seem to smile in answer to my chatter.

After the little stay at Colorado Springs we all traveled together up to Galena, and I overcame my fear of crowds, for they were at every station shouting their welcome to us, hurrahing and waving. The people would surround my window and give me flowers or ask me for one of those I had, "for a souvenir," they said. They made me tell them things and then would laugh and applaud, and I grew to feel I was very important to the party, and that

(Continued on Page 129)

THE STYLE IN HATS

By Harrison Rhodes

ILLUSTRATED BY CLARENCE F. UNDERWOOD

A SURPRISING number of the pleasant stories of the world begin at lunch. Lunch is in fact a good idea every day. It is an even better idea if it can be taken at Blank's in New York, be of about three courses and—to my taste—be accompanied by a light white wine. Whenever this suggestion may be printed, it is written before July 1, 1919, so no disrespect of the law is involved.

Such being my simple tastes as to the midday meal, it is not strange that I seated myself that day as Arthur Hatch's guest at a small corner table, well placed to afford a view of the room, with definite satisfaction.

The existence of an assistant professor of social sciences at Harvard does not include regularly much lunching upon this high and frivolous plane. A fortnight in New York is for me—ah, so much more than a fortnight in New York as you New Yorkers understand it! I come very close to forgetting economics, the socialistic future and the reconstruction of the world as I lecture upon them in Cambridge, and almost consider the world as I survey it—and lunch in it—already adequately constructed. And yet the Londoner who says that the bus driver's holiday is always to sit on the front seat of a bus and see another driver drive has hit at the truth for all of us.

I do not of course haunt classrooms and listen to lectures by my miserable confrères. But into the very gayest of my gayeties somehow the social sciences have often intruded. They dress gayly, as for a masquerade of course. They too are on a holiday, and if they perform experiments it is in the spirit of blithe adventure—they execute wild fantasies upon the theme of my lectures. Yet experience seems to teach me nothing. When the *hors-d'œuvres* arrived that day in about fifteen small silver dishes upon a large tray and I set myself to selecting from them, I recognized nothing to indicate the beginning of history.

Instead, as I raised a glass of Dubonnet, iced and its sweetness slightly corrected by a touch of the juice of the lime—an invention of Arthur's own—and drank my host's health, I thought—if I may correctly be said to have indulged in thought at all—that his health stood little in need of our or anyone else drinking to it. I thanked the Lord that I had from college days preserved so handsome, so good-natured, so genial a friend; so ignorant, too, of all the distressing facts indicating that the world has gone awry which filled my lectures and tormented many of my working days.

Arthur's mind was virgin of all knowledge of the social sciences, though adequately equipped with an acquaintance with all the sports and with all the arts needed to make life in either Fifth Avenue or Broadway tolerable. He enjoyed New York to the full without ever growing excited about it. He would, for example, probably have given me lunch at the Racquet that day had I not, as he put it, thirsted for blood and insisted on a restaurant with music and confusion and pretty women. I called his attention especially to two ladies.

When She Came In, With Her Proud Dark Head Lifted High in the Way I Now Know So Well, All I Could Think of Was That She Was Like an Eagle

"For an assistant—whatever you are—you are a fair picker," said Arthur in compliment to my taste. "Those are Mrs. Freddie Lance, who is the last word on Long Island, and Teresa McLane, who is the first and last word in the show at the Princess. Yes, some fair assistant picker."

"Oh, I can still tell a pretty woman when I see one," I boasted easily.

"Can you?" mused my companion enigmatically, almost darkly. "That is more than I can always do nowadays. I don't suppose that I've any special call to register a personal complaint, but honest, the hats they wear nowadays ——"

We gazed about. The styles are really appalling if you look at them in cold blood. Near by a bright scarlet feather was fixed upon a so-called hat at an angle which brought it down below the brim and in front of the occupant's face, obscuring completely an eye, which—to try to judge by its mate—might have been fit to look at. Arthur and I gazed sardonically at the lady and at each other. Of course at such moments one feels proud to be a man. "Women wouldn't wear such hats if they had any sense of humor," I said.

"Why drag in humor?" my companion slowly rose to the occasion. "Why not say if they had any sense?"

The waiter just then brought a very handsome *truite saumonée, sauce verte*, and I should have been inclined to quit the subject. But Arthur hung to it. I have no explanation beyond the supposition that he very rarely started on even as mildly original a train of thought as this, and so found it agreeable. Little enough could he guess that his whole future hung in the balance. Had he known he might have let well enough alone in this matter of hats.

"Now the prettiest woman in this whole room is of course Eva Morpont. But, I ask you, would you know it?"

I sat up at once. The mere name of Mrs. Morpont suggested all that was prettiest and wittiest in New York; all that was gayest and most elegant, most famous and most fashionable. Indeed an uncrowned queen! I could scarcely have maintained that I knew her, but an introduction had once been said over us. I had twice, as it were, touched the hem of her garment, and I was her devoted slave. And yet there she sat, on her lovely head not the crown which belonged there, but what seemed a mere great plain cube of black velvet—a huge, ugly square box with no trimming whatever unless it was a thin line of what may have been a ruffle which ran round where the brim would have been had the thing been human.

"It seems a pity," I admitted.

"Who sets the styles?" asked Arthur.

"I should think that a leader of fashion like Mrs. Morpont could set the styles herself if she wanted to."

"It is a pity she don't," rejoined Arthur emphatically if not in quite the best grammar.

What followed was probably my fault. Indeed I hope it was. I should like to take credit for the whole of what happened. I held my glass, *un petit Chablis*, meditatively for a moment before I drank from it.

"I wish you could find out how to change the styles," said I. "It would give you a useful occupation in life, Arthur, and some way of spending your silly fortune." He grinned. "You might at any rate ask Mrs. Morpont if she won't start a decent fashion—that is, if you have any influence with her."

He blushed slowly. It was quite obvious that, like a huge good-natured cub, he admired her enormously—or more. But his embarrassment was voiced in a characteristic New Yorkish, twentieth-century way:

"Oh, I assure you I have a great deal of influence with her—much more than Jack Morpont anyway. Shall we go over and ask her about hats?"

"You wouldn't dare to," I insinuated.

There was a pause before the waiter might legitimately be expected to reappear with stewed *l'Irlandoise*. Arthur rose

and crossed to Mrs. Morpont's table. History had begun, and I started in its trail.

Mrs. Morpont was lunching with Mrs. Ferris and Miss Talbot Fram and Eustace Henry and two British officers on some mission here and was amiability itself.

"What she sees in those fellows ——" Arthur muttered, and then he pulled himself together for his task.

"I hope you won't mind, Eva, if I say something serious to you," he began.

"I'm delighted." She smiled bewilderingly. "I don't think you've ever said anything serious to me, Arthur—that is, not before witnesses. What the man is in private of course ——" she went on, turning to one of the Englishmen.

"A woman like you," Arthur interrupted her, "has a duty to the community."

The phrase in Arthur's mouth was strange and arresting. She fixed him with an astonished wide blue eye, in the depths of which, however, mischief lurked.

"You can set an example. You can set the styles—in—well, in hats, for instance."

"The styles in hats, Arthur, my dear, are usually set in Paris," she explained as to a child. "But it's sweet of you to think I could set them. Perhaps I could, though," she conceded, as if wishing to make the conversation pleasant.

"Then you ought to. What you are wearing now ——"

She turned to him sharply. But though I was myself somewhat terrified, he went on:

"What you are wearing now is—it really is awful, Eva."

"Oh, my poor, dear good Arthur!" she murmured in superhoneyed tones. "It's to-day's fashion straight from Henri Tapdel's. By to-night every shopgirl in New York may have one like it, but to-day—at least till tea time—he assured me it would be unique."

"I should hope so!" blurted out Arthur, flushed with the encounter.

"Why don't you like it?" she asked, far too gently.

"It's—it's too plain."

Her eyes sparkled. I saw that she knew better than any of us just how preposterous was the gear she wore upon her head.

"I was afraid instead that it was overtrimmed," she remarked judicially.

And then, rather to the amazement of such as saw the episode, she slowly put up her arms, unpinned the thing and took it off. Her hair had lights in it something between red and gold, and the ripples—but this is no record of my personal admiration of the ravishing creature. Let us attend to the hat. It was, as we had seen it from afar, just a plain black velvet box with a thin line of braid or something about a quarter of an inch wide round the lower edge, where the opening for the head was.

"Yes, Talbot," Mrs. Morpont continued, turning to Miss Fram, "it is overloaded."

And then with a fish fork she suddenly ripped this edging and tore it off all round.

"Take this away," she said to the astonished waiter.

"Mr. Hatch doesn't like it. Now the thing's perfect—so simple."

She put the hat back on her head. It had been an agreeable episode, you must admit, and unusual in a public restaurant. Now Mrs. Morpont turned to me.

"What is it all about? Is poor dear Arthur insane?"

"He wished the styles in hats were different and I told him to try to change them. He has youth and energy and a large fortune. I thought it would give him an occupation."

"It would," assented the lady. "But it can't be done. At least not by a person like Arthur, who has never done anything in the world."

"I hate to have you say that about me," Arthur said really angrily.

"You're a spoiled child. There isn't anything in life that you've ever wanted that you haven't had, is there?"

He gazed at her an instant rather intently.

"Oh, I don't think I'd go as far as that," he said slowly. And I thought she flushed ever so little, though I wasn't quite certain.

"Oh, of course I meant anything in reason," she said softly.

Then Miss Talbot Fram intervened.

"I know a perfectly sure way of controlling the styles," she asserted. "Mamma's hats are always absolutely wrong. If Mr. Hatch can induce her to wear anything it's doomed as a fashion."

Everyone laughed. It was like hearing blasphemy to listen to such talk about the majestic Mrs. Grenville Fram. But Mrs. Morpont was still vaguely irritated by the whole episode.

"Don't try to meddle with what doesn't concern you, Arthur. You may take it from me, my dear friend, that you'll fail. If you can change or control the style in hats ——"

"For how long, Eva?"—quite in the manner of a man asking a bet at the Racquet

"For six months."

"And precisely what do you mean by changing and controlling the styles?"

"Oh," she answered, "I don't mean that you couldn't get Mrs. Barfax or some cat to wear things different from mine. And of course there are fools who'll wear anything at a place like this. The style in New York is what everybody wears—everybody, really, I mean. That's the style."

"If I can change that, what then, Eva?"

"Oh, I'll eat my hat," she replied laughingly. "Yes, this one. And," she went on lightly, "you'd be such a wonderful, masterful fellow, Arthur, I'm quite sure I'd fall in love with you."

"Statistics prove," I mused, once we were back at our table, "that the average income of an inhabitant of the United States is nine hundred and eighteen dollars," or whatever it was—I forget now. "If," I went on, "we leave you five times as much to live on as the average inhabitant, how much besides have you?"

"Don't be vulgar," snapped Arthur. "I've a good deal. Why?"

"I was trying to figure out how much you could spend setting the styles."

"I haven't told you I was going to set the styles, son."

"Mrs. Morpont said you couldn't," I remarked dryly, "and of course I knew that bet was a joke."

Are these the tactics one is supposed to employ merely with catlike and tortuous woman? They work sometimes with open-faced and incorruptible man. We sat silently over the stew, which, by the way, was excellent. And then Arthur spoke meditatively:

"I wonder what kind of a swine this Henri Tapdel is?"

"Don't know. Why?"

"I only thought perhaps I'd have a talk to him about the styles. He might be amenable to reason. But I don't know any man milliners and if he should prove to be a handsome, gentle creature with blondined hair I'm afraid I might punch him in the jaw."

"He's much more likely to be a small black Alsatian Jew," I said, "with the strongest domestic feelings and at least six children. But Henri may not be the king after all. I seem to have heard of very important females in the hat trade. Wouldn't it be pleasanter to tackle one of them?"

Arthur allowed it would.

Continued on Page 173

Cosma's Was Indeed All One Could Have Hoped For. There Was There a Golden and Perfumed Dusk, Just as One Had Read About in the Sunday Supplements

Clipping the Wings of the Eagle

By Benedict Crowell, Former Asst. Secretary of War, and Donald Wilhelm

IN 1908 the War Department officially entered upon governmental development of aviation by the purchase of one airplane. In the decade following, previous to our entrance to the World War, Europe forged ahead of us in aviation perhaps ten years. We trusted to Yankee luck and the stimulus of the emergency, with the result that when the emergency came we had no one who knew a great deal about flying.

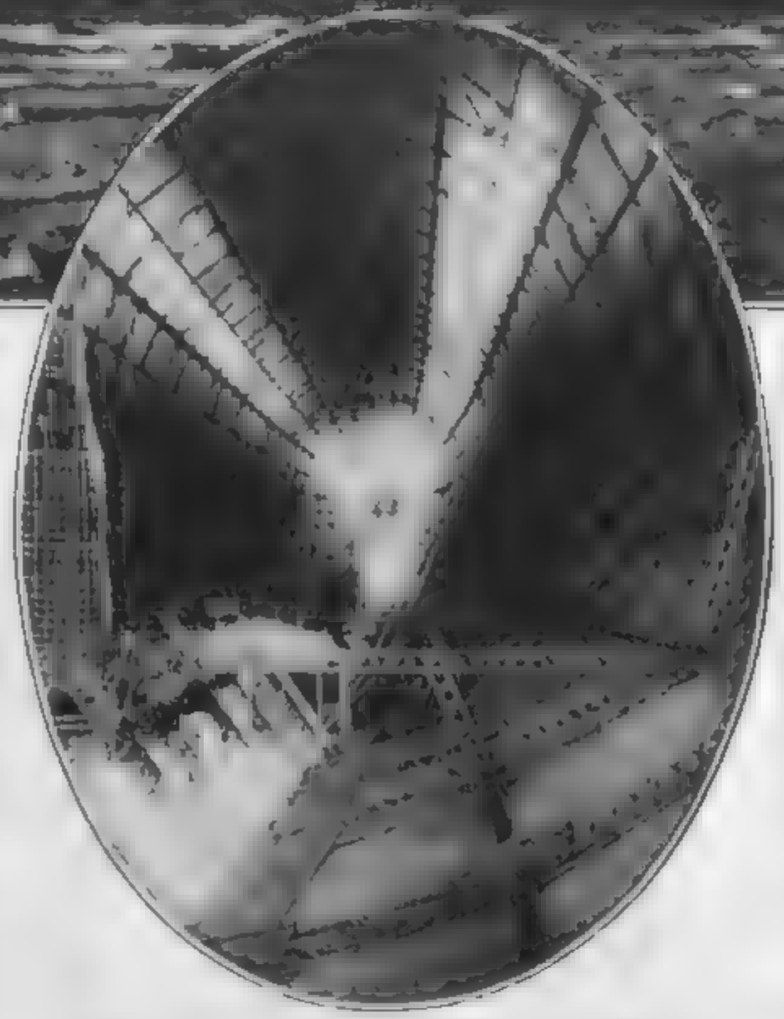
We then assured ourselves that we could master flying by spending money. That did not work. In making the attempt the major reasons for national disappointment were two: We had no one in the government service who knew much about aviation, and we had an ineffective governmental plan. Nevertheless, sheerly by imitating as far as we could the lines laid down by Europe we developed more aviators than any other nation had, and in a few directions made great progress; in other directions more or less progress in comparison with that of Europe. At least we had the vision of America winning the war with wings.

Aviation a Dying Industry

BUT with the emergency over, though it demonstrated to the conclusive satisfaction of Europe that aviation is a part of national defense equal in importance—or superior, some authorities insist—to armies and navies, we quit the lines laid down by Europe. But in striking out on our own we perfected no governmental plan of our own. Almost every one of our governmental departments has proven, or practicable use for aircraft. Their worth has been demonstrated in the mail service and in forest patrol. They have been used successfully in our fisheries; and, on a small scale, by the Bureau of Entomology, to locate the boll weevil and the Japanese beetle. Also they offer promise in making, or in adjusting down to date, coast and other maps.

Moreover, we have far greater natural usages for the new transportation than Europe. As surely as fogs and rains discourage and sunshine encourages flying, we have far better weather. And we have far greater distances, between cities, along coast lines, and far greater areas. Nevertheless, though past question our national safety depends upon industrial development of aviation, as well as upon development of personnel, our aviation industry, which assumed tremendous proportions during the war, is now a dying industry.

The fault is the fault of plan, which fact makes our plight all the more regrettable. And that fault in this instance illustrates interestingly a vast deal of the malfunctioning of our Government. In short, that old rule of business management to the effect that waste, duplication, general disorder and disagreement always follow on faulty plan is demonstrated clearly. One result, vital to aviation, is that the 15,000 navigating officers trained, who constitute at least a third of all the trained pilots and observers in the world, are scattered. Only a trifling percentage of them are engaged in any way with civilian flying—only three or four per cent, Gen. William Mitchell, the chief of the Training and Operations Group, Army Air Service, estimated. Only a few thousand, he said, are in the Reserve Corps. And there are not that many in the Army. The great bulk of the 15,000 officers trained received only pilot training, not service in war. But these men constituted the greatest asset we had, since air training for all purposes is in its major aspects the same.



Interior of L-72, German Zeppelin Intended to Bomb New York. Above—German Dornier, All Metal

Trained Pilots Scattered

FOR every reason then, particularly when it is considered that only a few years' absence from the air more or less disqualifies a flier, it would seem desirable in every possible way to preserve the usefulness—in case of an emergency—of these 15,000.

That is not being done. They are getting no training; they are as airmen going into desuetude. And worse still, the morale of the airmen in both the army and the navy air services is going from bad to worse.

One reason for this condition is due to the character of the birdman himself. He is a creature of a breed new to the Army and the Navy. Usually he is young; always he is the product of individual as distinguished from mass training, such as is given the old lines of the Army and the Navy. He does not disguise his individuality. After all

German Fokkers Taken Over by Our Government After the Armistice

his point of view is to him the great reality, and accordingly he demonstrates—rightfully no doubt—his obsession that since aviation is a new science only those who have applied it know anything about it. In other words, he insists that the war demonstrated that a trained infantryman, let us say, can command artillery and a trained artillery officer can command infantry or cavalry, but not aviators. He says, in short, that the basic training for officers of all the old branches of the line, like training on a battleship, is more or less distinctive, exactly as is training for the air. And he goes further and insists that in no instance abroad did any old-line officer successfully command airmen; on the other hand the instances of demoralization or disaster incurred by attempts to do so by such officers would fill a book.

Old Line Officers and Birdmen

THUS, to cite one instance and to illustrate the all-important necessity of accepting the birdman as by nature he is, one army flier—the first observation officer to take an American observation plane over the German lines, who fought through three of the great battles and was downed and captured in the Argonne—says that during the fight at St.-Mihiel a commanding officer ordered observation planes attached to his corps for local duty to cross the German lines, strike back thirty kilometers and photograph Metz, one of the most powerful fortifications in Europe.

"The distance," he says, "was not at all prohibitive, but the planes attached to this corps for local duty no more could have made the trip and got away with it than a draft horse could win in a running race. The major in command of these local planes remonstrated and was told: 'I'm running this corps. While I am in command of the air service attached to this corps it will do as I order. You will go over at once and photograph Metz.'

"In desperation the major sought aid from air headquarters, and the photographs were procured by planes qualified for the job. But the point is that to this commanding officer a plane was a plane. He simply did not know the difference between planes.

"Men from one of those branches going on such an expedition would have had the ground under them anyway. But an airman hasn't anything under him but air. When he's winged usually he's as good as dead, unless he has a chance to use a parachute. Incidentally, toward the end of the war when a German airman was winged very often he came down nicely with a parachute. Parachutes were recommended for us. We are just getting them. The air service does not seem to appreciate how we feel about things like that. The director has never had flying experience; neither has his executive assistant; nor the head of the administrative group; nor the head of the supply group. We say to ourselves, 'Here we are, two years after we have had access to all German military secrets, and parachutes are just being issued to army fliers.'"

Views From the Air. Center—Airplane Being Shot Down in Flames. At Top—Bombardment Groups in Formation

The Red Tape Entanglements

"PROBABLY it will be some time before parachutes have gone through the mill of recommendation, experimentation, purchase and delivery in all the different branches of aviation. Instead of one responsible head able to order that all government fliers shall be equipped at once with parachutes, it will be many months before the steps in all the various services are made."

There are at least twenty different governmental agencies dealing with aviation—that is, using aviation or concerned in one way or another with its development, instead of one central department having responsibility for and cognizance over the whole situation, as there is in Great Britain, France, Italy and other nations. These are scattered about in six of the departments or are more or less independent agencies and some have many subordinate entities. Such a central department, integrating the various activities—as both L. E. O. Charlton and Captain de Lavergne, British and French Air attachés here, point out in the light of experience in England and France and as the lessons of the war clearly indicate—must be

(Continued on Page 116)

A GILDED TELEGRAPHER

By GARET GARRETT

ILLUSTRATED BY DOUGLAS RYAN

WE SAT in the office marked "Private" at the extreme end of the hall, as far from the great front office marked "Customers' Room," where the ordinary clients of J. W. Atchison & Co. lost their money with low proletarian manners—as far from that common scene as inside is from outside. The private office was permanently reserved for the very few who could be trusted about the lair of J. W. It served also as a waiting place for people who had mysterious business to transact with him. And a strange procession that was! Some came and went in haste, appearing once or twice, and never again. Others might call regularly every day for a week or more, and then vanish without trace. Some we knew and some we didn't. They were bankers of high and low repute, Stock Exchange gamblers, politicians, railroad presidents and strange, alert men with an air of knowing the criminal code by heart.

Lions, wolves, hyenas, coyotes, reptiles—J. W. saw them all in a room ten feet square, with his own back to the light, making bargains for good and evil in hoarse, disconcerting whispers.

A stock-market manipulator must work with human material as he finds it. Much of it is queer and crooked. All of it walks with its fingers crossed. And J. W. Atchison was the most dreaded, inscrutable, resourceful free marauder of his day in that jungle of human activity named Wall Street.

Sheep were beneath his notice. Often the deals that were incubated in the ten-foot den would in due time produce excited and raucous echoes in the Customers' Room out front, where the silly public laid its bets on the rise and fall of prices; but that seemed unimportant.

Almost any serious speculator would have given one leg to sit where we were, at the very heart of the game, as you would think, in a position to make our own bets from the croupier's side of the table. We smoked the same cigars that J. W. smoked, out of a red humidor as big as a pirate's chest. We passed light comment with him on the state of the stock market. We watched prices go up and down as he did, when he did, at the ticker by the window overlooking Trinity churchyard. Only nothing is ever quite as you think. It was profitable in a certain small way. People were continually seeking our acquaintance and asking us to lunch.

Having insisted on the most expensive sweet, they would inquire casually: "Oh, what is J. W. doing in the market?"

We always said we didn't know; and the more we said we didn't know the more they asked us out to eat and the choicer was the food.

We didn't know. That was the truth. Nobody ever knew. We believed that J. W. kept one side of his own mind in ignorance of what the other side did, so canny and secretive he was. He used to lecture us hoarsely on the moral depravity and utter futility of doing that in the stock market which we supposed him to be doing with all his might. He liked us. He would tell us things that did not concern him. But we were never in his confidence.

Our status in the private office was secure but anomalous. Terry, who owned a financial paper that had a vogue, or, as they say in Wall Street, a following, because he could write with an air of knowing more than he dared print—he was there by reason of Riggs. Their liking for each other was closer than a shirt. Riggs was a tube of mercury, now suddenly rich, now worse than poor again, who, in some remote Western transaction never fully understood, had won the durable affection of old Anse Holder. And Holder, for reasons nobody knew, was a silent partner in the business of J. W. Atchison & Co., with a one-tenth interest. I was there ——

But this is really a story about William McElfatrick Twigg. The outwardness of it we saw; the inwardness of it we got from Riggs, who got it from Holder, who told it to get even with J. W.

For years beyond the memory of the oldest customer—in fact, since the first anyone knew of J. W. Atchison & Co., Twigg had been chief telegraph operator. As an organism he must have aged, yet there had been not the slightest visible change of any chemical, spiritual or sartorial nature. He could not scur any more. Time was powerless to sweeten him. He had never been sick, he had never missed a day, he had never smiled. He was so thin you hated to look at him hard. He wore a long dyed mustache, a massive gold watch chain, thin, soft-toed shoes highly polished, and black garments, perfectly representing your idea of an anæmic faro-bank dealer with a deadly weapon upon him.

For his job he was perfect. A dull day, with not a breath of excitement stirring and all the jungle still, or a day of panic and madness, when the Stock Exchange was like a menagerie in blood hysterics and you could hear the uproar blocks away—they were quite the same to Twigg. There he sat at the head of the telegraph table, immovable and injured, one leg hanging limp over the knee of the other, beating a funeral march with the free foot and silently keeping order throughout a private-wire system radiating from New York to Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Pittsburgh, Cincinnati, Chicago, St. Louis and New Orleans.

When all these points were simultaneously sending buying orders, selling orders, cancellations, personal messages and demands for news about the market, and when at the same time the manager of J. W. Atchison & Co.'s wire business was trying to reach the branch manager at each of those places with word to call on the customers for more margin money and take no chances, the jam was indescribable. Then was Twigg wonderful. He worked with the precision of a loom, sorting and distributing the messages, indicating priorities among them by a crimp in the paper as he passed it down the table, often acting on his own judgment against that of the manager, and never going wrong. Managers came and went. Twigg had been there always. At four o'clock precisely he rose from his chair and walked away with the melancholy disgust of a measuring worm, uttering no good night, or any word whatever.

One morning we found him sitting prominently in the private office, gazing dourly at the grate fire, very comfortable and quite at ease. Nobody knew what to make of it. He had never been seen anywhere outside of the wire room. Besides, no employee ever sat in places reserved for clients. However, one couldn't pretend he wasn't there, and as it seemed inappropriate to say nothing, we said: "Good morning, Twigg."

He seemed to resent it, perhaps because of some slight inflection of surprise in our tone. At any rate he responded with a very stiff nod and offered no explanations.

Then J. W. came in, preoccupied, cross and happy, smelling strong of the vile apple-blossom stuff with which he invariably anointed himself in the morning when particularly excited over the day's prospects in the stock market. For several days he had had the whole jungle in a crazy uproar over Wheeling Short Line shares, and he himself had been ferocious and unapproachable, as was always the case when he was in the ecstatic mood.

The Wheeling Short Line was a small, fantastically overcapitalized connecting railroad. The shares were worthless for investment purposes; they paid no dividends. Yet the railroad itself was an important link between two great trunk lines. For years the shares had been selling at a nominal price. Suddenly they rose in a weird manner. They fell. They rose again to a higher price than before, and the transactions were very heavy.

Wall Street was busy with rumors. One was that the bankers who controlled the property had carelessly allowed a majority of the stock to get out of their hands and lie in the open market, thinking nobody would bother it, and that J. W., having smelled out this fact, was buying up control, meaning to hold the bankers up for a high price if they wanted it back, as they would, of course, since to lose it would seriously affect the fortunes of the two great railroads connected by this link. He had played that trick several times before. Another rumor was that he was acting not for himself but for rival bankers, who had engaged him to buy up control for their account.

No one knew anything for sure—no one but J. W. himself, and he solemnly declared to the public, to us and to Holder, his own partner, that he, J. W. Atchison, had never bought or sold a share of Wheeling Short Line stock. This disavowal really deceived nobody. It was what Wall Street writers euphemistically call a technical denial.

With the weight of the truth, whatever it was, on his mind and conscience, and meditating goodness knew what unexpected deviltry in the market that day, J. W. handed off his coat to the porter, Jim, and was making for his lair to start his personal telephones a-jingling, apparently oblivious of the whole lot of us, when his eye lighted on Twigg. He stopped short and stared at him for an instant, then went on. Immediately he reappeared and stood with his back to the fire, looking down upon Twigg; and Twigg went on sitting with his legs limply crossed, beating the funeral march with the free foot as usual, altogether as unconcerned as if he were where he belonged.

One never knows what will daunt the spirit of man. The person most feared at that moment in Wall Street was apparently nonplused by the alabaster effrontery of his own telegraph operator.

"Are You Poorly To-Day, Mr. Twigg?" J. W. Asked With Exaggerated Solicitude

"Good morning, Mr. Twigg," he said.

"Good morning, J. W.," said Twigg, unmoved.

At that J. W. bolted back to his lair and summoned the manager from the front office. We could hear him asking hoarsely: "What's the matter with Twigg?"

The explanation was that an aunt had died leaving Twigg a sum of money, and that by his own sour leave and howdy-do he had ceased to be an employee of J. W. Atchison & Co., and was instead a client, with the unasked privilege of sitting in the private office. The money was a mere shoe string—only twenty thousand dollars.

Nothing happened—that is, nothing that we expected to happen. J. W. made the menagerie howl until lunch time, eased off in the afternoon, paid no more heed to Twigg and went home early.

The next morning we saw on the mantel over the fireplace a glass of water and a bottle of red pills. These were Twigg's. He took two of the pills every hour.

"Feeling a little bit off?" we asked.

He nodded his head.

On the third day the pills were changed to brown, and twice Twigg called his doctor from one of the closed telephone booths at the side of the room.

"Are you worse, Mr. Twigg?" we asked. But he silently resented our solicitude.

It became chronic. Twigg took his pills regularly by his large gold watch, and twice each day called up his doctor—once at a quarter past ten and again at half past two. We refused to bleed with sympathy. One couldn't become very serious about it. He looked the same rack of bones as always, and his pampering himself in this public manner with an air of morose conceit filled us with offense.

"Never sick a day in his life while he worked," said Terry. "The sooner he loses his precious wad and goes back to his job the better."

"He's losing it," said Riggs. "He's made three trades in Wheeling Short Line and lost on every one."

"Did he tell you that?" we asked.

"No," said Riggs.

He must have got it from Holder, who as a partner had a right to look at the books.

The only person at all sympathetic was J. W. Besides accosting Twigg decently each morning, and seeming to make a point of it, he made friendly overtures to him. Occasionally he would sit with him in front of the fire, exchanging pleasantries. It was a strange exchange. A sense of humor was missing from Twigg's ingredients. Once he tried to smile, and J. W., looking at him, got up hastily and went away.

"He's afraid of him," said Terry. "The way a dog is afraid of cats, or the way a strong man is afraid of hysterical women."

"Who?" asked Riggs.

"J. W.," said Terry. "He's afraid of Twigg."

Holder, who was listening, puffed out his breath and left us. Holder had been watching J. W. and Twigg with a furtive kind of interest, which I remembered afterward.

Twigg chewed tobacco cavernously and spat in the fire. Once to our unlimited amazement J. W. toed a cuspidor across the floor to Twigg's side and stood there talking to him.

"You're not doing very well, Mr. Twigg"

"In the market, you mean?" said Twigg. "No, sir, I am not."

"In your health, I mean," said J. W.

"I'm very wretched," said Twigg.

"The doctor doesn't help you much?"

"He doesn't seem to," said Twigg, ludicrously self-commiserating.

"Who is he?" asked J. W.

Twigg gave the doctor's name.

"He's the one you telephone to?" J. W. asked.

"That's him," said Twigg

That same afternoon J. W. sent for the doctor and sat talking with him for half an hour in his little room. When the doctor went he had Holder in and talked to him.

When everybody else was gone we surrounded Holder, who ever since his talk with J. W. had been brooding at a little flat desk in the corner, sitting partly on one elbow and partly on the extreme edge of a chair, his huge head lying sideways in his left hand, to all appearances lost in the figure of a cube which he traced over and over with a tiny gold lead pencil. That was his way of thinking. His thought processes required bodily repose. J. W. did his thinking in moments of action. They were as opposite as the two poles, and inseparable. For several days they had been acting out one of their womanish feuds. It was something about Wheeling Short Line. We had often seen them like this—very polite, each referring to the other formally as Mr. Atchison and Mr. Holder. When it was over they were J. W. and Anse again, and rough in their contacts.

"What did the doctor have to say about Twigg?" we asked. "Did J. W. tell you?"

He never looked up from the cube, the lines of which grew continually blacker.

"Twigg is suffering from mendacious neurasthenia, and ——"

"He meant malicious neurasthenia," said Terry tactfully.

"Mendacious neurasthenia," Holder repeated, "low blood pressure, very weak heart and stock-market reverses."

We shrieked. Holder was solemn.

"What does J. W. say to all that?" we asked.

"Doctor says Twigg will die if he goes on losing money," Holder continued, beginning to fill in the third dimension of his cube. "Mr. Atchison says he will attend to that. He will see that Mr. Twigg doesn't lose any more money." After a long pause, during which each of us was silent with his own thoughts, Holder added, "Mr. Atchison is very sentimental about Twigg."

"Well, that only shows how little you know about a man really," said Terry. "I'd have said J. W. was about as likely to get sentimental over Twigg, or anything like Twigg, as to ——"

He was just about to say something too strong, and stopped. Holder himself, when, as now, there was a quarrel between them, would often say caustic things about J. W., but they were never vital, and he would not allow anyone else to speak in the least disparagingly of him.

"But it's incredible," Terry finished awkwardly.

We all knew how incredible it was, for though J. W. was human in many unexpected spots, yet it was notorious that the remotest suggestion that he should concern himself with another's losses or mend anyone's fortunes made him purple with rage. This was partly owing no doubt to the fact that a stock-market manipulator is much importuned.

In J. W.'s case it was also a defense against the thought that his own gains were so nearly always other people's losses. He violently hated any mention of others' losses.

"What's your own idea about it, Anse?" asked Riggs.

For answer Holder puffed out his breath cyclonically, tore up his cube and stalked off without a word.

A Dull Day, or a Day of Panic and Madness, When the Stock Exchange Was Like a Menagerie in Blood Hysterics—They Were Quite the Same to Twigg

"Holder is stumped," said Terry. "His one boast is that he knows J. W., and here is something he doesn't understand."

"He'll come to an understanding of it presently," said Riggs. "J. W. very rarely does fool him to the end. 'The one certain thing about J. W.,' he said to me once, 'is that he will never be where you think he is.'"

Two weeks after this Riggs, who loved to impart information in a dark and occult manner, with little rites and incantations, had us to lunch in a place not much frequented by people we knew, looked all round in a cautious way, then pulled our heads together and said mysteriously: "J. W. is regularly giving Twigg tips on Wheeling Short Line."

"How do they turn out?" Terry asked.

"That's just it," said Riggs. "Nobody ever heard of J. W. giving tips that turned out well, but the tips he gives Twigg are like certified checks. The day after the doctor was in he he says to Twigg: 'Mr. Twigg, are you doing anything in Wheeling Short Line?' Says Twigg: 'I have a little of that stock.' Says J. W.: 'I wouldn't have any of it, Mr. Twigg, not if I were you. I'd sell it if I had any; I'd even sell a little more. I'd sell Wheeling Short Line shares for a fall.'

"Twigg had one hundred shares, which he sold. Then he sold two hundred for a fall—and didn't they fall! That was the day the stuff broke five points in half an hour before lunch. Two or three days later J. W. says again: 'Mr. Twigg, are you doing anything in Wheeling Short Line?' Says Twigg: 'I sold it for a fall, and I'm standing short of it still.' Says J. W.: 'I wouldn't, Mr. Twigg. I'd hate to be standing short of Wheeling Short Line shares for a fall. I'd rather buy them for a rise.' At that Twigg buys back the two hundred shares he had sold for the fall and then buys five hundred for a rise. In the next two days there is a rise of eleven points."

"How did you find this out?" asked Terry.

"No matter," said Riggs. "I know. J. W. gives Twigg the right tip on every important movement. Twigg no sooner buys than there is the appearance of furious general buying and the market boils. When he sells, down it goes as if the bottom were falling out. He bought this morning at thirty-eight. Go over there now and see what the price is."

Terry went over to the stock ticker that is part of the equipment of every Wall Street restaurant and had one look.

"It's forty-six," he said, returning.

"Again!" said Riggs. "He is increasing his play all the time. He began with two hundred shares. Now he buys and sells two or three thousand at a clip. He has made a lot of money. Thinks of buying a yacht and going round the world."

"Getting sicker all the time," said Terry.

(Continued on Page 95)

A SENATOR'S STORY

ILLUSTRATED BY RAY ROHN

NOW here I sit in my worn and shabby old clothes, patched by my wife, smoking a corncob pipe, in the great marble Senate Office Building, dictating this account of my own life after seventeen years spent in the House and Senate. I have told you that I came up from nothing, but I ask myself sometimes, Have I got anywhere? After all, has it been—is it worth while?

If we consider it in dollars and cents, there is no doubt but that a life spent in such pursuit is a failure. If ambition is the incentive, then it is very questionable whether a life thus spent compensates for the trials, the tribulations and the agony, because it is only a comparative few who enter public life that ultimately reach the top.

But money is of but little real value. Beyond a certain point it is questionable whether it is not a detriment and a hindrance to happiness. After all is said and done, the only compensation that is really worth while, the one thing of value in life, is a satisfied conscience. The man who is unselfish and gets his enjoyment and his satisfaction out of the good that he does to others and the benefit that his life has been to humanity can lay down his implements of warfare at the close of an honest public career with a feeling of satisfaction if not of real joy.

The progress of civilization, and that includes government, has been so slow that it is sometimes difficult to see the change for the better within the span of a human life. From the days of barbarism to the present time there has been one continual contest between those who wanted to retain power, on the one hand, and the advancing civilization trying to take it away from tyrants and monarchs, on the other. Kings and rulers were originally supreme, and had the right to take the life of any of their subjects without being held accountable to any body or tribunal. As the people advanced in civilization and became better educated during the years that have gone they have gradually taken away from arbitrary rulers their powers of sovereignty. The rule of kings is in the present day a relic of the Dark Ages. And yet when we take a broader view of the history of the world it seems that our advancement has been remarkably slow.

We Have the Remarkable Spectacle of Turning Out Postmasters All Over the Union Whenever There is a Change in the Political Complexion of the Occupant of the White House

How Voters are Deprived of Power

GOVERNMENT by the people and for the people has not yet been attained. Through the instrumentality of the control of political leaders the people have comparatively little to say in the management of their own government; at least, not so much as they should have. When our Constitution was adopted it was in that day the greatest step toward the establishment of human liberty that had ever been taken, and yet in the light of the present educated sentiment of the people it is remarkable how little power was given directly to the people themselves and how much was kept away from them by indirect means. In our Federal Government the only place where the people had a direct voice was in the election of the members of the House of Representatives. The Senate was placed one step beyond reach of the people. It took years of agitation to make the change in the Constitution that really made the Senate of the United States responsive to public sentiment.

It is provided that the President shall be elected by an electoral college, thus placing that great office beyond the direct influence of the people themselves. This relic of the suspicion that existed in the days of our forefathers is still with us, and though its real intent has been circumvented by the instrumentality of political parties, the people yet have but little to say in the selection of the chief magistrate. Very few people realize that it is practically impossible for anyone to run independently for the office of President or Vice President. One of the fundamental principles of a democracy is that the people shall have a direct voice in the selection of their officials, but no voter can vote directly for a candidate for President. It is a physical impossibility to vote for a candidate for President belonging to one political party and for a candidate for Vice President of the other political party.

Every state in the Union has in theory a method by which the voter can express his choice by writing in the name of any candidate if the names of the parties do not suit him. This is a principle that is recognized as fundamental in every free government, and yet under our own Constitution such citizens cannot make their votes effective. For instance, in the great state of New York the voter must vote for electors. These electors are selected by the political parties. They are pledged to certain candidates. The voter has a choice as between these candidates, but his vote goes no farther, and it often results in a choice of what he considers as the lesser of two evils. To make his vote count for President, provided he did not want to vote for any of the candidates of the various political parties, it would be necessary for him to select an entire set of electors, and unless other citizens of the same mind selected the same set of delegates their votes would be thrown away.

The electoral college is still maintained, mainly because political machines are thus enabled to manipulate the situation. Two conventions, each under a great party, have just adjourned, where it has been manifested to every thinking citizen that the delegates composing those conventions did not represent the sentiment of the people of the country. They were selected by machines and bosses.

The control of the great political parties in this way means the actual selection of a chief magistrate for all the people without consultation with the people and without any respect for their wishes or their desires. Yet this method of selection was adopted by our forefathers. It is still in our Constitution, and all the energies of progressive statesmen for one hundred years have been unable to relegate this relic of tyranny. It was a great step in the right direction when it was taken, but the march of human progress has left it so far in the rear that the enlightened voter of to-day hardly realizes how it is that he has no influence in the selection of a chief magistrate.

The greatest hindrance to the expression in legal statute of the people's will is partisanship. Loyalty to the machine, the boss, the caucus, is in reality placed above the interests of the country itself. The machinery in the selection of the chief magistrate is so complex that there is no place for the citizen to express his will. Washington in his Farewell Address warned his countrymen against the evils of partisanship. We have been born in the system and have grown up with it; so we do not realize some of the evils that are round us.

Any man elected to public office, from President down to school director, ought to be absolutely free to follow the dictates of his own conscience in every official action that he takes, and in this way only can the real sentiment of the people be written into the law. A political party is only an instrumentality of government. There should be nothing sacred about it, and we should have better government if this unknown and unseen power that seems to pervade everybody were entirely absent, and it would be to a great extent absent if it were not for partisanship.

Party Put Above Country

LET us look for a moment at the Post Office Department. It has to do with all of the people. Its proper management is necessary in every business, social and religious transaction. It should have no more to do with partisanship than the flowers that bloom in the springtime. Postmasters should be selected on account of their qualifications for the office rather than on account of their political affiliations, and yet we have the remarkable spectacle of turning out postmasters all over the Union whenever there is a change in the political complexion of the occupant of the White House. Sometimes indeed this change takes place when there is a change of factional control within the same party.

A postmaster on the Pacific Coast who is giving entire satisfaction to the people he serves and to the government that pays him must be turned out because there is a change of administration in Washington. He has nothing whatever to do with the administration at Washington. The duties of his office are in no way connected with it and are in no way changed by the change in the White House. Nevertheless, a competent man is turned out and a man put in his place who knows nothing about the business. He is put there because he is a member of some political machine, because he has manipulated some political convention or done some other act that may be honorable or dishonorable; and after he is put in, about the time he has learned the business, a change takes place in Washington and he is put out, and the people pay for the training of another man who takes his place.

Party is put above country. The taxpayers are made to pay the debts of political candidates and political bosses. No one can argue that this is necessary for the success of the country. There is no logic in the theory that a congressman, for instance, should be allowed to pay his political debts by giving office to men whose necessary qualifications are that they have helped to elect him. It is a perversion of the theory that he represents all of the people, who in the end must pay the bill for this inefficiency.

The people are ready for a change. There is no doubt but that a vast majority of the people of the United States

are sick of political machines and political bosses. They are becoming more independent every day. Party ties are losing their effectiveness, but the remarkable thing is that the progress should be so slow in the present civilized day. A congressman should have no more to say about the selection of a postmaster outside of his own home town than any other individual. Indeed he should have nothing to say about the selection of a postmaster where he himself does not reside; and because he is a congressman is no reason why he should name a United States marshal or a collector of internal revenue.

It is no answer to say that the congressman will select the best-qualified man. In the first place, however conscientious the congressman may wish to be, he will find it impossible to make the proper selections if he devotes any time to the duties of his office. The selection of these officials has nothing to do with the performance of the congressman's official duties. In the next place, it is the most natural thing in the world for all men to select officials of this kind either because of past favors or because of favors expected in the future. This is the way the machine is built up.

It is remarkable how the people will come to the relief of any congressman or senator who refuses to build up a political machine. Public officials are the most timid in the world. They are frightened when there is no cause. They are too apt to obey those who clamor the most and those who set themselves up as political bosses. The congressman who takes his trouble of this kind direct to the people and tells them the truth will—if he is otherwise honest and competent—almost invariably receive their approval. He will eventually gain a reputation in this line that will be worth more to him than any other asset.

When I was in the House of Representatives, and my party was in control, I grew in disfavor with the party bosses because I refused to permit my vote to be controlled by the secret caucus and because I insisted on following out my own convictions as to every official act that I took. It was decided by the President and his advisers that all patronage should be taken away from me, and this was done. It was thought in this way that I could be killed. Postmasters were appointed who were unfriendly to me, but I told the truth to the people, and it is remarkable how they responded.

Fearless Officials Supported

THE facts are that the bosses and pie-counter politicians are always in the minority. They make the most fuss and do the most talking, but if the public official will defy them openly and tell the truth to the people he will have no trouble in overthrowing them in the contest. He cannot do this in a convention or a political committee, because in thousands of ways they will outgeneral him and get control of the organization; but he can win success in a primary, where all the citizens have a right to be heard; and in my case in every place where postmasters were appointed on the theory that they were getting control of the primary against me I received increased majorities. The honest citizen prefers a representative who is honest and conscientious rather than one who always agrees with him. He realizes that he cannot expect to have a representative with whom he will always agree, and he knows that if he is able to control him in one case the other fellow may be able to control him in another.

Honesty—straightforwardness—in public life is a greater asset than it is in business, where everybody will admit it will always win. The machine may be able to control the papers and the expenditure of money in the placing of political advertising, but the truth will eventually percolate and reach the individual. When it does the people themselves will almost invariably stand by the man who has been true to his own conscience.

I was nominated for the Senate at a time when practically all the leading papers of my state were against me, and a careful analysis of the country press showed that only one in twenty was supporting me. I made the campaign for senator, an exceedingly bitter one, without once during the campaign being approached either directly or indirectly to give an office or make promises for any other purpose. I had established a reputation well known throughout my state that under no circumstances would I make any promise or pledge to give any official position for the sake of getting political support. Neither would I make any pledge as to my vote on any question that I was not willing to announce before all the people.

In my judgment, the thing that we need the most—the progressive step that is the most necessary to be taken in the present day—is to obliterate the political boss and to stamp out rank partisanship, and to extend to the voter the right to express himself on candidates and measures without the intervention of any manipulated political machinery, such, for instance, as the electoral college. If we are going to have a real democracy we should put the people as close to the Government as possible. They will make mistakes undoubtedly, but they will have to sit up nights to make more mistakes than politicians have made in the past; and after all is said, is it not their own government? Have they not a right even to make mistakes with it if they want to? And if they make mistakes they will rectify them without trying to cover them up and conceal the truth, as is done by political bosses at the present time.

There was a time in many of the states when men could not vote unless they owned property, and many honest men were frightened when an attempt was made to give the ballot to all male citizens without regard to financial interest. Many honest men thought this would bring ruin to the country. I have in mind now a charge made by a United States judge to a grand jury in which he went out of his way to say that he feared the Government was going to crumble and be ruined because of the agitation for universal suffrage.

We have passed beyond this stage, and no man would stand before the people now and ask that the constitutions of the states be changed, depriving men of the right to vote because they did not own property.

It has not been so many years since under the laws woman was scarcely free. She was almost a slave. Her legal identity was swallowed up in her husband. Now we are about to give to woman the same right to vote that has been given to man. It will not be many years until the man or woman who would try to take away the right of suffrage to women would be regarded as a relic of a barbarous past. He would not be able to get a hearing in any respectable community.

We will eventually abolish the electoral college, as we have provided that senators shall be elected practically by the people, and when we do the intelligent citizen will wonder why we were so long in doing it. If, for instance, political bosses are able to name the candidates for President, and everybody knows they are and that they do, then under our present system the right to vote at the general election for President is of very little value. The question has been decided when the convention is held, and the action of the convention is decided in a back room or over the long-distance telephone by a few men who think only of the big interests. There must be a curb put on the power of party control.

The most progressive government is that which is most efficiently administered. It is like a great corporation. No man should be put in power, whether it be the presidency or any other office, simply because he has the brand of some political party. It is a fact now known to all men that the party brand has very little meaning as to what the candidate really stands for or believes in.

Because we have a Republican President, is that any reason why any particular locality should have a Republican assessor, a Republican United States marshal or a Republican judge or a Republican internal revenue collector or inspector? Should a man be elected county superintendent to instruct our children because he believes in a protective tariff or because he stands for free trade? Would it not be probable that the county superintendent best qualified to administer the affairs of his office might perhaps be entirely ignorant on the tariff question and have no definite ideas as to whether we should have free trade or protection, or if he wanted protection whether he wanted a degree of protection that would suit the political boss of his party? Ought we decide who should be county clerk simply on the theory of whether the candidate happens to be a Republican or a Democrat?

A Case in Point

AND yet the party machinery and the party bosses demand that the citizen should vote for a man of his own party for a county office, even though he knows that the opposing candidate is more efficient. Though he may know that the candidate is a crook, partisanship would demand that he vote for him as against the opponent party, even though he knew that the rival candidate was both honest and efficient.

I delivered an address on partisanship several years ago in a county seat of one of our Western States, and at its close I was invited by one of the leading citizens of the county to go home with him. He was a member of my own party. He had been for a good many years active in politics, though at the time of which I speak he had retired. He told me that a few years before the county convention of his party nominated for probate judge of his county a lawyer that he had known for a good many years and whom he knew to be a pettifogger and a crook. The Democratic party soon after met in convention and nominated another lawyer in the same town, whom he had likewise known for a number of years. This man was my friend's personal attorney, and was able, efficient and honest. He told me he never would have thought of such a thing as giving into the hands of the Republican nominee any business of his own. The weakness of the Republican candidate became apparent within a few weeks after his nomination, and it was found that though the county was strongly Republican the Democratic candidate for probate judge would be elected unless strenuous efforts were made in behalf of the Republican candidate. The Republican leaders of the county had a secret meeting, sent for my friend, laid the situation before him and said that they desired him to go out into the county among his friends and make a personal canvass in behalf of the Republican candidate for probate judge.

He told me he disliked very much to do it, but he had always been a Republican, had held office as a Republican several times, had lived in the county a great many years, and he finally consented to make the effort. He spent three weeks in driving round over the county urging his friends to vote for the Republican candidate for probate judge. All the other Republicans did the same. They put forth every effort to elect this crook.

Their candidate for probate judge was elected. He had in his charge and under his control the estate of every man who died during his incumbency and the estates of those who had died before but had not yet been fully settled. My friend told me that his own sister was a widow. Her husband had died a year or so before, and his estate was still in probate, unsettled. Through the manipulation of the judge the

(Concluded on Page 170)

He Discovered to His Amazement That Instead of Nominating an American He Had Really Nominated a German—One Who Could Hardly Speak the English Language

THE ROSE DAWN

VI

By Stewart Edward White

ILLUSTRATED BY HARVEY DUNN

IN SPITE of the festivities of the day before, the colonel was up betimes. He liked the early morning and was never late abed; but to-day he had a duty to perform, a self-imposed duty that twice a week took him to town. Without breakfast he picked up his hat, kissed the bustling Allie and took his stately way down toward the stables. The hat he picked up was not his customary flat-brimmed one. It was a silk hat of some queer vintage, also flat-brimmed, very straight in the crown, a typical old stovepipe. By it everybody from dogs and children up knew that the colonel was going to drive to town.

He entered the stable and looked round, experiencing the same warm, subconscious satisfaction in his surroundings as when he looked up through his Cathedral Oaks. It was a beautiful stable, high and clean, well lighted. The woodwork was all brightly varnished. Ornamental designs in straw and grain heads were laid cunningly above the doors; fancy tufts of the same material bound with red tape ornamented the tops of the posts between stalls. The drinking troughs were of white enamel. A huge cabinet with sliding glass panels and lined with red felt contained the well-oiled harnesses with polished metal. Saddles were neatly arranged on trees projecting from the walls. Over each box stall had been screwed a brass plate showing the name of the occupant.

This occupied one wing. The high central part of the stables was the carriage room, with various equipages. Its floor was covered lightly with sand, on which engaging patterns had been marked with a broom. Here two Mexicans were engaged in harnessing a fine pair of chestnuts to a light wagon. The other wing was the cow stable. Its arrangements were slightly different, but it possessed the same ornaments, the same sweet cleanliness and the same brass plates over the milking stalls showing the names of the cows. The latter were in pasture at this time of day, of course, but the bull was in a small corral built round a tree. That was his habitual abiding place—a fine stocky animal, with a curled front like Jove. He also had a brass plate, which was attached to the tree. It bore the name Brigham Young, and the names over the cow stalls were those of the Mormon prophet's favorite wives. This was the colonel's little joke, at which Allie always pretended to be shocked.

"I am Informed in Confidence That There is Some Difficulty in Meeting a Trifling Obligation, and That You May Lose a Portion of Las Flores"

By now the team was hitched and ready. The colonel lifted the covers of two big wicker hampers in the wagon body, peered within, then mounted the seat and drove off down the palm-bordered road. The Mexicans wished him a *vaya Vd. con Dios*. As he passed the kitchen door Sing Toy pretended to empty ashes in order to hurl at him an admonition. Allie waved her handkerchief. The colonel felt particularly well and happy. It was a fine morning, without fog, which of course meant heat later; but now the air was fresh and cool. The horses shied playfully toward each other, pricking their ears.

At the corner where the palm drive turned into the Camino Real, Daphne sat on the top rail of the fence. She was dressed to-day in a plain wash frock of blue and a wide straw hat, but her hair was as unruly and her legs as leggy as ever. At sight of her the colonel pulled up at once and set the brakes. Every California vehicle of those days, no matter how light, had brakes. Daphne came between the wheels and extended her hand. "Good morning, Puss!" cried the colonel, fumbling absent-mindedly in his pocket to produce a peppermint lozenge.

"Now, godpapa! At this time of the morning! Without breakfast!" she reproved him.

"I beg your pardon, my dear. And without doubt you meant to add—at my age." He leaned over the back of the seat and raised the cover of the nearest hamper. "By way of amends permit me to offer the very first of my nosegays."

Daphne took the quaint little bouquet.

"Thank you. And now move over, for I am going in to have breakfast with you."

They drove on down the white road with the long shadows across it, and into town and the grounds of the Frémont Hotel. Here three bell boys rushed out at sight of them. One took charge of the team, while the others carried the hampers into the hotel. Down the street the clock on the Clock Building showed at seven-twenty.

The colonel and Daphne followed the hampers across the broad, high veranda, through the cool, high office with the grouped easy-chairs and the coco-matting floors, down a long, narrow hall with windows on both sides of it, and so to a pair of frosted doors flanked by hatracks. The frosted doors said "closed" most uncompromisingly, but they yielded to the colonel's touch. They were in the dining room.

It was a long, wide, lofty, airy apartment, with many narrow, high windows looking out into foliage. A score of black-clad waitresses stood upright among the snowy tables waiting the seven-thirty hour of official opening. By the frosted door was an elderly, rather obese negro with gray wool. The latter had a full-dress suit, white gloves, a ramrod down his neck and the self-contained dignity of a mud turtle. When he moved it was as though a fanfare of trumpets had been heard. He was the head waiter, and a very good one. In that simple age the sole requirements of a head waiter were presence, dignity, side. The fact that a duke ushers you in with respect implies that you are several pegs above a duke, does it not?

The bell boys deposited the hampers by a centrally placed table and withdrew. The colonel and Daphne seated themselves and attacked the first course of the breakfast that was promptly brought them. After a few moments the colored person threw wide the portals—that is the only way to describe it. And shortly appeared the first comers to the morning meal—a prosperous but plain-looking citizen and his mouselike wife.

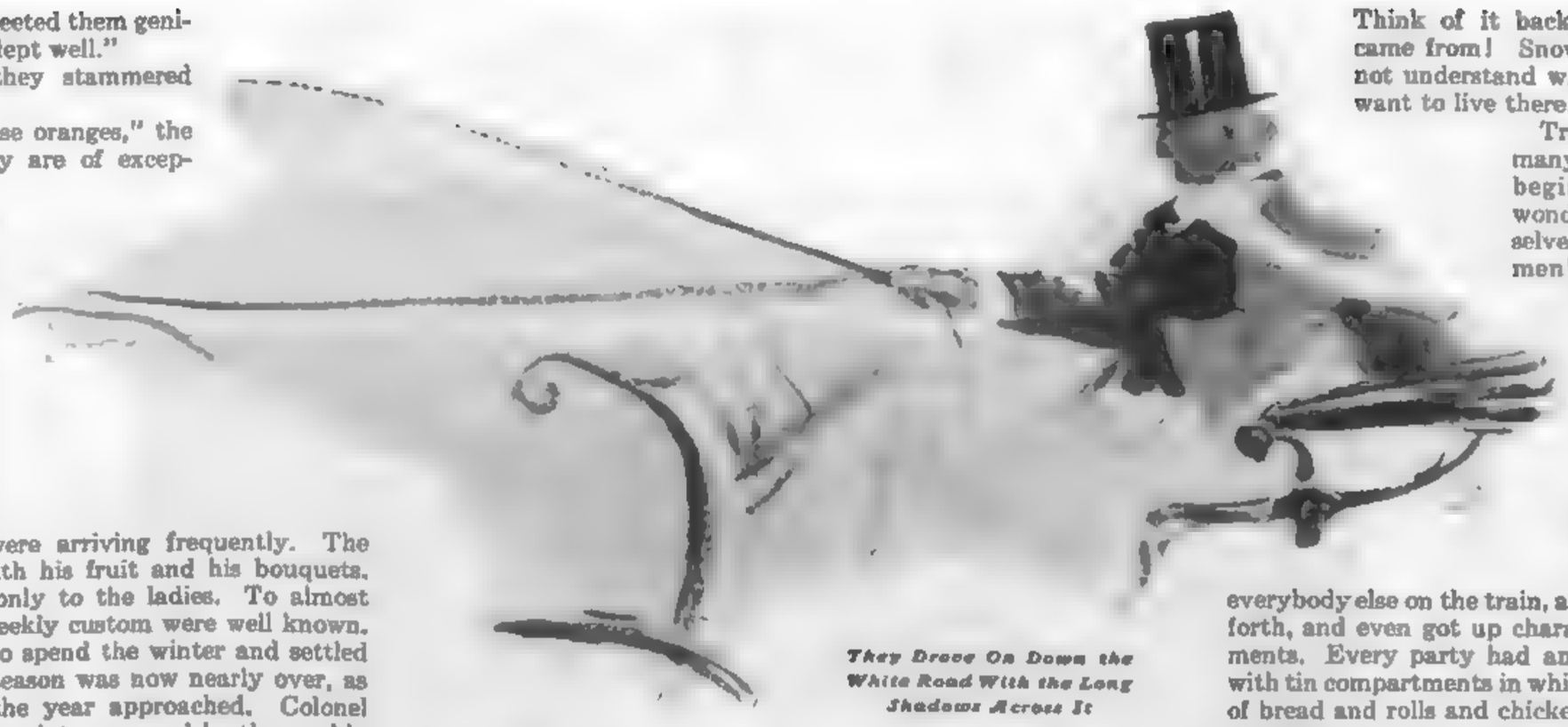
Instantly the colonel was afoot. He dived into his hampers and came forth with another of the nosegays and a pair of fine oranges. With these he approached the guests.

"Good morning!" he greeted them genially. "I trust you have slept well."

Somewhat surprised, they stammered back a sort of response.

"I want you to try these oranges," the colonel swept on. "They are of exceptionally fine stock—budded direct from the original Bahia trees. And, madam, permit me to offer you a little sample of our California flowers to greet you this morning."

And the colonel bowed most gallantly and withdrew. A moment later the tourists might have been seen making low-toned inquiries of the waitress.



They Drove On Down the White Road With the Long Shadows Across It

But now the guests were arriving frequently. The colonel was very busy with his fruit and his bouquets. The latter he presented only to the ladies. To almost everybody he and his biweekly custom were well known. Then people came West to spend the winter and settled down in one place. The season was now nearly over, as the pleasantest time of the year approached. Colonel Peyton was among old acquaintances, and he thoroughly enjoyed himself. With each he had time for only a word or so, but he managed always to flatter the ladies.

"You are a bad old man!" said one white-haired and stately dowager, "and I am half minded to make you take back your nosegay."

"The blossoms are blameless at least," quoth the colonel. "Why punish them?"

At the round table in the middle of the room, reserved for unattached men, a discontented-looking, flashily dressed newcomer expressed his surprise at the whole performance, wondering among other things why the colonel did it or was permitted to do it.

"Well," drawled a lank Middle-Westerner with a toothpick, "he's allowed to because he owns this hotel."

"Oh, I see," sneered the first speaker. "Slick advertising, eh?"

It might have been good advertising, but anyone watching the colonel would have realized that he was enjoying it thoroughly. His face beamed, his eyes glowed, his old-fashioned manners became more elaborate, his wit and compliments more spontaneous. He sailed on a flood tide of good feeling. The Middle-Westerner spoke of this.

"Lemme tell you, he don't have to advertise this hotel. Why should he? There's no competition."

"There's the San Antonio down the street."

"Colonel Peyton owns that too."

"Then why the hell all this monkey-doodle business?"

"Because he likes it—if you can understand that."

The tourist turned to survey the last speaker, the indignant waitress.

"Hullo, sister," he said coolly, "who let you in this?"

About half past eight the rush slackened, and the colonel, glowing with delight, was enabled to return to the table where Daphne sat and finish his breakfast.

"I tell you, Puss," he cried, "where would they find another place in the world with a sun and sky like this? Think of it back East, where they came from! Snow, ice, wind! Cannot understand why anybody should want to live there."

Truth to tell a good many of his guests were beginning vaguely to wonder about that themselves, and other hotel men's guests all over Southern California. Railroad travel across the plains was still a good deal of an adventure, nor to be lightly undertaken. People settled down for a week. They got acquainted with everybody else on the train, and visited back and forth, and even got up charades and entertainments. Every party had an elaborate hamper with tin compartments in which was a great store of bread and rolls and chicken and other delicacies. Three or four times a day the train stopped out in the middle of nowhere and the passengers ran about the landscape to get the kinks out of their legs. At the end of a half hour the whistle was blown summoning them back.

Buffalo were still to be seen in great numbers—indeed, not infrequently the engine had to stop to let herds of them go across the tracks—and other wild animals, and wilder men. After the long, strange, cold journey the tepid air, smiling landscape and brooding mountains of California were inexpressibly grateful. The newcomer saw oranges for the first time, and was invited in to pick all he wanted to eat; and free flowers anywhere for the asking; and interestingly strange Orientals. He looked out in the freshness of morning on a riot of white roses climbing over the roof below his hotel window, and across palms and pepper trees and orange groves to distant, azure, snowcapped mountains. He breathed the soft, caressing air laden with perfume. His ears were filled with

(Continued on Page 136)

"This is Not Government Land. It is Part of My Rancho." "That is Where You are Wrong," Stated the Newcomer Vigorously. "Look Up Your Titles"

IT PAYS TO SMILE

By Nina Wilcox Putnam

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES M. PRESTON

XII

ONCE inside the valet's room at Mr. Markheim's I sank upon a chair for an instant, gasping for breath and quite all of a tremble. But after a little I regained some control of my faculties, which I now directed toward effecting my escape.

From the adjoining room came the noises of a heavy sleeper—snores and wheezy breathing. The head butler, without doubt; a great bulk of a man whom it would be no easy task to rouse even if I were in a position to rouse anyone, which, of course, I was not now less than ever. Aside from his strenuous slumbers the wing was silent, yet somehow portentously so, as only a house of sleepers can be. Beyond my refuge a night light was burning in the hall. I could discern this from the crack beneath the door Obviously I had no choice but to leave in that direction, even though it was highly probable that I should encounter Wilkes in the corridor. Still, such misadventure must be chanced With madly beating heart I crossed the room and stealthily tried the handle. Imagine my amazement when I found that the door was locked—from the inside! The man must be in the room with me!

This thought so filled me with terror that throwing caution to the winds I unlocked and opened the door, fleeing down the dimly lighted corridor like a bat out of Hades, as Peaches would put it, and plunging down the first staircase that appeared

The hall below was completely dark, and I must have taken a wrong turning, because in what seemed about two minutes I was completely lost. For once my nerves gave way completely. I wanted to shriek but could only make a little clicking sound which nobody seemed to hear. Then I began to run, because I thought something was after me—I did not know what. I couldn't see anything, and yet I felt overpowered by terror. It flashed across my brain that perhaps Sandro—or rather, Wilkes—did not need to unlock his door in order to leave his room; perhaps he came through the closed door and only kept it locked to prevent people from discovering that he didn't really exist.

The thought gave new impetus to my speed, and for time uncounted I flew about that horribly vast and silent mansion as noiselessly and irrationally as if I were myself some poor lost spirit. I seemed wholly unable to find my way back to my own apartment or to locate any familiar door at which I might venture to knock and beg for help.

And the realization that those two night prowlers in the garden might at any moment break into whatever part of the house I was at the present instant in did nothing to induce a greater serenity of mind.

Moreover, I could not seem to find a flight of stairs leading upward, and when at length I emerged from the service wing it was to find myself in the ghostly main hall once more. And there it was that a sudden unexpected encounter with reality shocked me back to some degree of common sense.

From this main hall, which was two stories in height, a corridor led directly to the library at the extreme left end of the main building.

Other rooms opened from the corridor, of course, but the door directly at the end was that of the Madonna room, as I called it, and as I, emerging from the servants' entrance, advanced toward the foot of the main stair I stood as if rooted to the ground, for from that far doorway gleamed a faint light.

Concealing Myself Behind the Portiere I Cautiously Peeked Within

Now though it is true that anything pertaining to the supernatural, mesmeric or ghostly is capable of upsetting my equanimity to a very considerable degree, in the realm of obviously human activity I have never been a coward or a laggard. Never shall it be said that the last Freedom Talbot, the tenth to bear that illustrious name, ever disgraced it by cowardice, though but a mere woman. Not for nothing did I bear the title of those men who had given their lives and made their fortunes in the cause for which they were baptized.

"In time of danger an ounce of action is worth a pound of theory," my dear father used to say; and his precepts are in my blood no less than in my mind. And upon this occasion I was not backward.

There was no time now to give the alarm; it was, as the saying goes, up to me. Waiting only long enough to put my right foot back into its knitted slipper, the heel of which had come off during my flight, I immediately stalked to one of the suits of armor which guarded the staircase, and removed the great sword which lay within its hollow grasp. Thus armed I began a stealthy progress toward the library door.

The sword was heavy and difficult to carry but I was in no mood to be put off by a trifle of that kind. Whatever those villains were up to in that library I was determined to put an end to immediately. I had no fear that a common thief would dare to shoot at my gray head, and the now perfect respectability of my situation gave me confidence. Nevertheless, I took care to make no unnecessary noise. Grasping my weapon in such a manner as to be ready for any emergency I sidled along the wall of the corridor, concealing myself behind the portière which hung at the door, and cautiously peeked within.

On the mantelpiece a little electric lantern was burning, and before it stood Wilkes the valet, his forearms resting upon the shelf, his chin upon his hands, and his face upturned to the Madonna as if in worship Never have I seen a face more, as it were, glorified than was his at that moment. His very soul, if I may be so indelicate as to mention such a thing, seemed to be in his eyes, and an inner light illuminated his countenance, almost obliterating the lines and making him appear far younger than I had at first thought. The scar on his temple blazed like a white star as the lamplight struck it, giving him an uncanny aspect that was yet beautiful, and I could not but note the easy grace with which he maintained his posture. But most remarkable of all was the hunger with which he feasted his eyes upon that painting.

In the feeble illumination the Madonna herself appeared smiling back at him, seemed almost to waver and lean gently toward him. It was a strangely intimate scene—almost I felt as if I had intruded upon an interview between lovers. And yet that was all nonsense, as I presently realized. Immensely relieved that the intruder was, after all, no intruder but one of the household servants, I quietly hid the sword behind the folds of the portière, leaning it against the inner wall as unobtrusively as possible. But the man before the picture would not, I think, have noticed had I dropped the clumsy thing, so absorbed was he. And then, when I had disposed of my armament, I entered the apartment and came within three feet of him before I spoke.

"Wilkes," I said quietly, "what are you doing here?"

The man jumped as though he had been shot, and spun round to face me. All self-control was momentarily gone from him, and that was a terrible thing to see. His jaw had dropped and the lips quivered pitifully, his whole face shook convulsively and his shoulders heaved. Then by a supreme effort he regained his self-mastery. His figure grew quiet, the shoulders drooped in the manner which seemed habitual to them, and the lines of his face hardened, adding the years which his enraptured preoccupation had temporarily stripped from him. Once more he was the unobtrusive bodyservant.

"I beg pardon, Miss Talbot," he said. "I was startled."

"So was I," I commented dryly. "I thought you were—well, never mind. What are you doing down here?"

"I fancied I heard someone, miss," the man replied. "Prowlers, or cracksmen, perhaps; and thought I'd better just take a look round."

"H'm!" said I, unconvinced. "So you heard them, too, eh?"

A curious look passed over his face. I could have vowed the emotion was fright—that he had not the remotest idea I would have said such a thing.

"Did you hear anything, miss?" he asked.

"I certainly did."

"Perhaps it was myself you heard then, miss!"

"I don't know!" I replied, looking at him sharply. "Perhaps it was. At any rate, I know positively that I saw two men stealing in the direction of these windows not

over twenty minutes ago. But there is only one man here now, it seems."

"You saw two men!" he snapped, his voice keen with concern. Then he dropped it to his usual modulation. "Are you quite sure there was some one in the garden?"

"As sure as that I am standing here!" I retorted. "I saw them perfectly—at least plainly enough to be sure they were men; and up to no good, I am equally certain of that!" Surely there was nothing mysterious about this man—he was all too plainly just a stupid servant. I could have shaken him from sheer irritation, and began bitterly to regret having left that note in his chamber.

"Well?" I said impatiently. "Aren't you going to do something about it?"

"Ah—er—yes, of course, miss," said he. "I'll have a look round of course. Did you say they came this way?"

"Headed for these very windows!" I said firmly.

He crossed to the long French casements and tried the fastenings, long bars which crossed them at two levels, making entrance impossible without breaking the leaded glass. They were undisturbed. The great rose window was, of course, impenetrable, both by construction and because of its height from the ground.

"It is all quite secure, miss," said he. "And the beggars will be frightened off by now, I think, for they will have seen the light."

"Look here, Wilkes, my man!" I said sharply. "If you were down here on a burglar hunt, why were you looking for them in the frame of the Madonna of the Lamp?"

He must have been prepared for that, for he replied composedly enough, with downcast eyes.

"I inadvertently stopped to have a look at it, miss," said he. "I have a liking for fine pictures, miss."

"Well, I suppose that's all right enough," I said, still somehow very much troubled in my mind, I scarcely knew why. "A love of art is probably one of the requisites in newfangled help, but dear knows Galadia never showed any! Well, be that as it may, we'd better make the round of the house and be sure that everything is safe!"

"Very well, miss!" said he. "But need you come, miss? I'll just find the watchman—he's usually in the back hall."

"Well, I'll go that far with you," I compromised. "I want to make sure that he thinks everything is all right before I go to bed."

"Very well, miss," said Wilkes again. But I could not help feeling he was uncommonly anxious to get rid of me.

Switching the lights on ahead of us as we went, and revealing the cheerful normal aspect of the house as it really was, composed my nerves to a considerable extent; and finding the watchman at his post in the back hall was also reassuring. One thing struck me as curious, however. The man, a Latin of some sort, was not dozing in the expected manner of night watchmen, curled up on a comfortable chair or nodding over an extinct pipe. He was standing in the middle of the floor, knocking one boot against the other, and though the door, leading presumably to the kitchen garden, was shut, I at once got a strong impression of his having been out-of-doors a moment before. There was clinging to his clothing that waft of fresh air that comes in with a person from the coolness of the night and the room itself was fresh instead of close as might have been anticipated. This in itself was, of course, in no way extraordinary, and might indeed have passed unnoticed had it not been for what he said.

"Everything all right, Pedro?" asked Wilkes, who had entered ahead of me.

"Yas—was' 'ell matt'?" replied the fellow, evidently surprised at having visitors at such an hour. "You tink you hear sometin'?"

"Yes—Miss Talbot saw two men in the garden—and I also thought I heard something out of the ordinary—someone breaking in—like at a lower window."

"No—no!" said Pedro. "Everytin' all ri'. Me just maka da round."

"Then you must have seen those men," I said quietly. He gave me a stare and laughed, white teeth gleaming.

"No, no!" he said again. "No two—me—you see one man—das me—you see me, signora!"

His confidence was perfect, and argument failed to move him. Finally I gave it up and went to bed, thinking it unnecessary to rouse the other members of the household, for after all were not two of the menservants awake and in charge? And what could I prove? Nothing except that I was a nervous, imaginative old woman. It was not until I had actually got into bed that I recalled one fact which was sufficient in itself to justify the most alarming conclusions.

Wilkes' door had been locked on the inside, and yet I had found him inside the house, while his window had been opened wide. The thought caused me to sit bolt upright in bed. And once thus wide awake again, I realized further that the obvious conclusion that Wilkes had left by way of his open window was absurd. How could he possibly have left the third story of the house in such a fashion? I was positive that no rope ladder or such contraption had been attached to the sill. If there had been it would scarcely have escaped my notice. And even if he had got down in some way how could he have gotten back?

Yet there had been two men in the garden. I had positively seen them with my own eyes, and no Italian watchman could persuade me in broken English to the contrary. Also there had been two men downstairs and awake in the house—Wilkes and Pedro. Still further, Pedro was an Italian and had just been out-of-doors. Were the two whom I had seen in the garden these two? If so, what had been their object in meeting outside, when both had the run of the house and were already in it?

On the other hand, Pedro had been obviously surprised at seeing us. Or had it been merely my presence which had occasioned the surprise?

By this time my head was simply stupid from thinking, and when I at length composed myself to sleep I had formed but one line of action—to do nothing and say nothing until somebody else did. I would hold my tongue in the morning and see what sort of report of the night's activities the two men made before I said a word. And upon this resolve I at length fell asleep.

My dear father used to say that often the best way to prove the guilt of a suspected party is to give him the opportunity for denying something of which you have not yet accused him. And with this axiom in mind next morning when I descended to breakfast, I held high hopes of having a practical demonstration of its truth. Buoyed up more by my lively interest in the situation than by the brief slumber in which I had indulged, I dressed in a printed gingham as a refreshing, light and springlike costume calculated to improve my appearance, which showed some ravages from the night before, and with mind and marcel all composed and in good order, I presented as calm and cheerful an appearance to the company which slowly gathered in the charming breakfast room as if nothing at all out of the usual had occurred during the night.

Peaches was at the table, looking lovelier than ever in sports clothes—a form of unsexed semifemale attire most distasteful to me ordinarily, and as I took my seat beside her she managed a brief whisper.

"When are you going to?" she breathed cryptically.

"I already have!" I whispered back, and then could say no more because Mr. Pegg emerged from the produce sheet of the newspaper behind which he had been growling, and attacked the orange upon the plate before him.

"Florida! Bah!" he commented, scattering the seeds wildly. "Mornin', Miss Free. Can't raise anything down there but the kind of stuff we refuse to market! Ugh! Surprised at Markheim's Chinaboy. Well, Miss Free, you look like you'd just eaten the canary. What's up?"

"Why, Mr. Pegg!" I protested. "How you talk!"

And then mercifully, before he had any opportunity of enlarging further upon the subject, Sebastian Markheim came into the room, his face red and moist with excitement. He seemed fairly about to burst out of his light gray tweed clothing, and his walk, usually a waddle, now assumed the proportion of a trot.

"Good morning, good morning!" he said, taking his seat. "Dear me, what on earth do you suppose? Attempted robbery here last night, 'pon my word! But the beggars don't seem to have got away with anything except ——"

Here he paused.

"Except what?" I asked sharply.

"Most curious thing!" he gasped. "Very extraordinary, very extraordinary! A Damascus sword!"

"Holy mackerel!" said Mr. Pegg impatiently. "Damn it! Orange juice in my eye—stings like the devil. California orange juice never stings you like that! What did you say, Mark?"

"I said that the only thing the burglars took was one of the swords from the suits of armor!" yelled the banker. "What did they want it for, what

Continued on Page 159

Her Voice Broke Off Into a Shrill Little Scream, and Raising Her Hand She Pointed to the Mantelpiece

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

FOUNDED A. D. 1728

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

INDEPENDENCE SQUARE
PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA, U. S. A.

GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, EDITOR

Five Cents the Copy From All Newsdealers. By Subscription:—$2.50 the Year. Remittances from outside the United States proper to be by U. S. Money Order or Draft, payable in U. S. funds, on a bank in the U. S.

To Canada—By Subscription, $3.75 the Year. Single Copies, Ten Cents.

Foreign Subscriptions: For Countries in the Postal Union. Subscriptions, $4.50 the Year. Remittances to be by Draft on a bank in the U. S., payable in U. S. funds.

PHILADELPHIA, AUGUST 14, 1920

Let's Go

IT IS almost time for something concrete to appear out of the welter of talk and phrase-making about the evils of the present social and economic system and the need of a new one. The mountain of generalities, platitudes, nostrums, isms, challenges of the present order, roads to freedom, new worlds for old and the fifty-seven other varieties of hot air has been laboring hard, but where is the mouse? Most of us have been quite stirred up by all the criticisms we have heard of the atrocities of capitalism, industrialism, the price system, the profits system, the pecuniary system, the acquisitive system, the money system and other opprobrious epithets, and we are all ready to go. But where?

It is about time for those who are the advance agents of the new world to be more specific about it or to shut up. There is nothing unchanging or unchangeable about our present institutions. Disaster, of course, may come from lethargy and a stupid adherence to outworn routine no less than from an overprecipitate change wherein are lost hard-won human achievements. We may even admit the force of what Maeterlinck says:

"There are men about us whose exclusive duty, whose precise mission, is to extinguish the fires that we kindle. At every crossway on the road that leads to the future each progressive spirit is opposed by a thousand men appointed to guard the past. Let us have no fears lest the fairest towers of former days be insufficiently defended. The least that the most timid among us can do is not to add to the immense dead weight which Nature drags along."

But the question now is not so much between conservative and radical as between those who work with their mouths and those who construct with hands and brains, between talkers and doers. A great historian once said that aside from the Reign of Terror history records few cases of going too fast, and he questioned whether the terrorists of the French Revolution had spilled as much blood as the monarchs who had preceded them. Perhaps the later phases of the Russian revolution should be added to the list, but that is not the point. We are certainly going too fast to-day, not so much as regards action, but in the realm of inaction, whose inhabitants smother themselves with words, phrases and formulas.

Sometimes we behave as if social unrest were a terrifying thing. But it may be a mighty good thing if it can be crystallized into actual improvements. An Englishman has written a book called the Sickness of Acquisitive Society. All right, perhaps it is sick. Society has always been ill, always falling into disease and out of it. But, oh, instead of this terrific, deafening cannonade of moralizing words about the evils of capitalism, of the inadequacy of the profit motive, the selfish, commercial motive, let us for a change have some tangible suggestion of a better way out!

If the social and economic system is so very ill, why don't people really try to find another that will work? There is no law whatever against the formation of cooperative societies. Indeed they are encouraged. There is no law against the inauguration of industries, of communities, of experiments, run with a major eye to the good of the whole, based on the social, altruistic instinct and motive rather than the selfish-profit motive.

Indeed there are plenty of employers operating under the present system who would be only too glad to try almost any experiment which would solve the question of unrest. There are enough industrial doctors, goodness knows; there are enough radicals and revolutionists who are only too willing to tell employers just how to do it. If industry can be made over on a less selfish basis, if the old system is outworn, what we need is some real, quiet, unremitting work to prove the fact in actual cases.

But are the American people old fogies, hopeless reactionaries, merely because they are unwilling to throw the whole productive machinery overboard to try new schemes when even the advocates of the schemes are making no real honest effort to try them out? There is absolutely nothing to prevent the socialists, the syndicalists and communists from experimenting with their own medicine before urging others to try it. The American people would like to see a wholly socialized, democratized steel mill in action, and there is nothing to prevent the socialists, syndicalists and communists from starting one. The people are willing to learn, but they refuse to be talked into change unless there is some evidence other than mere abstractions that a definite goal lies ahead.

An Absent Brother

THERE was a notable absence, both at Chicago and San Francisco, in the ranks of those who habitually attend national conventions. We refer to that congenial citizen, Spiritus F. Booze, Esq., who since the first convention was held and until the end of the gatherings of 1916 was sociably on the spot when the vanguard arrived and was cordially holding forth when the rearguard left.

To be sure, Mister Booze was clandestinely present in the hidden recesses of some of the hotels and clubs, but not openly and genially as in former years. He was there only in an exclusive and retired manner, instead of with the accessible, hospitable and all-pervading democracy of the old days. The leaders and the favored followers could confer and commune with him on occasion, but the plain, ordinary and thirsty delegate had no access to him save at great expense and in his crasser and wood-alcoholic manifestations. So far as desirable results for the commonalty went, Mister Booze was not there.

Wherefore strange things were observed—strange and novel national-convention demonstrations were noted, and familiar ones were conspicuously gone from view. The hotel lobbies, instead of being crowded to the bulging walls at two A. M. with delegates, delegations and deputations of howling supporters of this or that great man, were deserted at eleven P. M.

Feet—delegatorial feet—that in former years withstood sturdily the constant clash with the incredibly hard floors of the lobbies grew painful and swollen after a day or so of it. These conventions were the conventions of the aching dogs. There was nowhere but outside for the delegates and the followers to go, for naught was inside save aridity. There was nothing to do but walk the streets, or perchance take a shot at a movie. Discussions were calm and orderly. Street and lobby debates were well tempered and polite.

"Whaza maxzer 'ith Galumphus?" on the infrequent occasions when a partisan roused energy enough to make the inquiry, elicited no answering "Hezzal ri'," or anything but contempt and sneers. Brother Booze was not present, and his reflexes, reactions, resonances and recriminations were absent also. And with the irregular business of fighting this brother made most difficult instead of easy as of yore, the regular business of the convention was expedited in a way.

Consider that Chicago convention. It had a situation that might easily have jammed into a deadlock, meaning an adjournment over Sunday and a long struggle in the second week, but not with Brother Booze absent and not voting. Not at all. Those delegates, with aching feet and big hotel bills, contemplated by eyes unhazed by alcohol and undiminished by the exuberances of the wealth that comes with a few highballs, sat grimly and demanded that the thing be done and done quickly. No second-week stuff for them. Get it over. They were bored and their feet hurt. They were tired of milling round hotel lobbies with no surcease in the shape of a brass rail to rest upon, or barkeeper to talk to, for these soft-drink dispensers are unsociable and surly folk, and will not listen to tales of personal prowess or to foggy orations concerning candidates that are sure to win.

They would not stay. Chicago looked like a deserted village on Sunday, and that is not saying that there was not considerable communion with Brother Booze either. But it was not so easy as in the old days.

Wherefore if the convention managers will cut out a few hundred cubic and gaseous tons of superfluous oratory, and dispense with organized and artificial applause, it seems likely that these national conventions, if we are to suffer them in the future, can be condensed to their rational and proper limits of two days, as it is not likely that Brother Booze will attend another for some time to come.

German Universities Then and Now

THE Revolution of 1848 in Germany sprang from the universities and was the typical product of the university spirit. Some of the venturesome prophets of freedom, like Virchow, later returned to Germany and continued the fight for liberalism within her parliament. Others, like Carl Schurz, emigrated to distant lands and added to the forces of liberalism there. For half a century afterward the German universities cultivated the cause of liberalism. They opposed the policies of Bismarck when he was autocratic and espoused his cause when he was demoted by the still more autocratic Kaiser. With the student days of the ex-Crown Prince in Bonn began within German universities the transition from liberalism to reaction. This was greatly influenced by the interference of the German Government in the academic freedom of the faculties. When the war broke out in 1914 ninety-three of the leading intellectual lights of Germany issued an appeal to the world based upon documents that they had never seen, for whose existence they trusted the word of the premier and which are now known never to have existed except in the imagination of propagandists. Thirty years ago the student body of Germany was saturated with social democracy; to-day the student body of Germany is reactionary. In 1848 the apostles of liberty were exiled by the state, but they were not ostracized by the university. To-day men like Nicolai, Foerster, Fernau and Stilgebauer are ostracized by the German university classes, both teachers and students, hounded from place to place, deprived of their means of livelihood and have not where to lay their heads in peace. The university spirit to-day is unrepentant, Pan-Germanic, monarchistic and militaristic. The present German Government in its striving for democracy in that country finds in the universities little support in theory and still less aid in practice. The German Government needs the best technical talent of the country. This is not forthcoming, because the classes of talent, the intellectuals, are not favorable to democracy.

On the occasion of the Kapp coup the men in the universities openly espoused the return of the monarchy. There were, naturally and creditably, a few exceptions among the teachers. Following the fall of Kapp the professors who had opposed him found themselves ostracized by their students. Men who during the war opposed the imperial policy find themselves unable to return to their university connections. It is indeed a strange contrast, the German universities of to-day and those of seventy years ago.

BUSINESS IN DIPLOMACY

By WILL IRWIN

WE ARE a great people, we Americans. Let me repeat that original thought. We are a great people. But we do have our flaws. And one which seems to lie deep in our mentality is a distrust for new habits, customs and ways, especially if they bear a foreign stamp or seem too refined. At present, as a beneficent by-product of the war, one can wear a wrist watch without fear of lynching. It was not so five years ago; but for the war it would not be so yet. Notwithstanding that wearing the watch over the pulse instead of over the abdomen was a most masculine habit, originating among South African riders of the veldt, soldiers on far-tropical campaigns and other such real he-men, the custom was supposed to be tainted with foreign affectation and therefore effeminate.

Those of us who have passed forty remember the time when there was the same queer on a man who parted his hair conveniently down the ridge which Nature provided for the purpose along the top of his head. To this day legislators with their mouths full of eating tobacco will rise up in our state assemblies and denounce the cigarette. They might like it had they not inured themselves to the stronger meat of chewing plug. But to condemn the vicious dude cigarette helps their act.

This same spirit, or something which springs from the same source, has prevented us for this many a decade from doing anything sensible about our diplomatic service. The attempt to provide decent and adequate housing for our representatives abroad has been reported by the newspapers from Washington in all my experience of newspapers and Washington. As certainly as that question has come up, so certainly has a grass-fed congressman ripped off for the Record an outburst of splendid Americanism in which he condemned to eternal perdition those society monkeys who went overseas to wear a swallow-tail coat at the courts of the degenerate European kings. This took. It gave a valuable piece of comedy relief to his act. For as it went with Congress, so did it go with the people.

At best the average American citizen has in the past looked upon the diplomatic service as a piece of necessary but unimportant decoration on the scheme of the body politic. He did not know that rightly considered and used it was a business proposition, just as he does not know now probably that it is growing every year to be a bigger and bigger business proposition.

A Dream That Came True

SINCE this is a democracy in which eventually the spirit of the people influences the spirit of the laws, the foreign service became after the Civil War a rather poor piece of shoddy. No minister or ambassador could live abroad on the salary which Congress was willing to grant him. Congress was equally averse, as it showed through session after session, to providing and keeping up the office quarters, which in the case of embassies and legations means residences. But foreign business, the State Department knew, had to be done—and done on the terms imposed by Europe. So the business fell into the condition which we all know to-day. Certain rich and retired gentlemen—often newly rich—were in effect willing to pay and pay well for the chance of doing just what the grass-fed congressman said they would do—swell round European courts. The privilege of "hobnobbing with counts and dukes," of "forming matrimonial alliances with the effete European nobility"—these phrases I cull from the Congressional Record—that was precisely what they wanted. Congress and our party managers set up a contemptuous picture of a foreign representative, and then arranged things so that the dream would come true.

With each change of administration the personnel of our ambassadors and ministers changed—the spoils system, abolished from most other government bureaus, lingered here like poison gas. The men who grabbed the jobs had their qualifications, but they were often not essentially such as to give us an efficient or even an intelligent representation abroad. First, they must be right politically—good party men. Second, they must have contributed more or less heavily to the campaign fund which put the party in power. Third, they must have the money to keep up the position.

To be perfectly fair, their qualifications for the job were sometimes taken into account. Great Britain, for example, was the one country with which we had the closest and often the most ticklish relations. Each succeeding administration made a special effort to see that our representative at the

The Old Swimming Hole Will Never be the Same

Court of St. James had at least ability. For the rest, it was largely hit or miss. The party profited. This fat piece of patronage helped to keep the rich boys in line and to swell the party fund. The Treasury profited. It made the ambassadors and ministers pay their own not inconsiderable expense accounts.

The rest did not matter a great deal, because we were in a state of splendid isolation. If a foreign representative fell down miserably the average voter would probably never know. If by any chance he did, the voter would take the matter calmly, remarking that the monkeyshines of ambassadors didn't concern him much.

As for the permanent personnel—counselors of embassies, secretaries and clerks—the system worked a little better. It was generally understood when a young man entered the diplomatic corps from the bottom that the top ranks were closed to him. The posts of minister and ambassador were political; they involved not only wealth, but service to the party, which same service the young man could not give from his position abroad in the diplomatic corps. Except under unusual circumstances, therefore, the highest posts in the service were closed to him.

Before the Great War, Henry White, by a combination of great ability for the job and of some luck, climbed from the lower ranks of the service to be an ambassador; and since the war, owing partly to the pressing demands of the times, we have seen Gibson from the foreign service and Crane and Phillips from the State Department become ministers. But these were the brilliant exceptions. It was a career wherein the highest positions were not open to the very men who had made their careers in preparation for those positions. And the motives which led a youth to apply for a job in the diplomatic service were not vastly different from those inspiring the old man who sought a job as minister or ambassador.

The Pink-Tea Type of Diplomat

THE vocation of diplomacy having mixed itself up somehow with the avocation of high society, it offered glittering attractions for a young man—or the wife of a young man—troubled by social ambition. It was not a poor man's job any more than that of being minister or ambassador. One might struggle along on his regular salary while he remained third or fourth secretary. He might even perform that feat as first secretary at some remote legation—as in South America. The European jobs, however, were the special rewards of the service.

By the time the young man had climbed through merit and perhaps pull—to be counselor of some European embassy or first secretary of some European legation he found that he could not get on with his regular salary. The job, in the unfortunate situation of the business of diplomacy, required much entertaining back and forth. He could not keep up his end while living in a flat maintained with only one or two servants—and that was about all he could do upon his regular salary. In the lower walks of the profession, therefore, as in the upper, the man with private means stood at a premium. The whole system has gone a little unnaturally. In any large private business the young aspirant looks for advancement in the business itself, with the top places as a glittering eventual reward for the ambitious. Too often the young secretary of embassy, knowing that the top could not be reached, concentrated his attention on that pleasant by-product, society.

Everything about the game went as though it were designed to produce only the pink-tea type of diplomat. That it did not wholly work that way is merely a proof that the American likes to do things, and that on a practical proposition we are the most able people in the world. The ambassador or minister, head man of the job, has always been a fluctuating quantity—often a minus quantity. In at least two cases out of three he landed at his embassy or legation with about as much education for diplomacy as a journeyman plumber. Usually he knew next to nothing of international politics, often nothing except for the fruits of a few weeks' hasty reading about the history or traditions or geography of the country to which he was assigned. In probably nine cases out of ten he was unacquainted with the language. In less than half the cases did he have even the remotest knowledge of French—still the language of diplomacy.

Nearly everyone knows that the language faculty is a gift of youth; that not once in a blue moon can a man get a speaking acquaintance with a new tongue. The average ambassador or minister whom we send abroad seems to cherish the patriotic illusion that he is an exception to the rule. Few sights are sadder than an American representative of fifty-five or sixty, his sense of language atrophied long ago, painfully sitting with the embassy interpreter trying to plug out first-reader French. After six months or a year, depending upon the amount of native stubbornness he possesses, he usually abandons the struggle.

And at the unteachable age this same old gentleman had more to learn than languages. He had to acquire the technic of a new profession a hundred times more difficult than that of law or medicine, but probably all the more different just because it is so hazy. He would probably have been completely at sea except for his corps of underlings. They at least had spent their lives on the job. They had learned the methods and whimseys of European diplomacy, the politics and statesmanship of the country to which they were accredited, the general technic of the game.

From my observation of our permanent diplomatic corps abroad I should say that it falls into two classes—the pink-tea boys and the workers. To the pink-tea boy the routine of office work is frankly a bore, and the Americans in trouble who haunt the office are a nuisance merely to be endured. He is mostly concerned with his own social standing. To the worker, loving the job for its own sake, virtue and ability were almost entirely their own reward until the Great War broke. In the strain of Armageddon our foreign relations became vitally important for the first time since the Civil War. Even before we declared war, the country, or at least its directing part, began dimly to see the diplomatic service for what it really was—a business proposition.

Take, for example, the important embassy at London. Before 1914 it got on with six secretaries, or attachés, and two or three clerks. By the end of 1916 the staff had been increased to nearly a hundred and fifty persons. It was wrestling with a dozen ticklish problems vital to the business of the country, like contraband.

A slip or a failure in the old days would have attracted little attention beyond the State Department. Now the newspapers were taking notice. Ability came to the fore. Such men as Hugh Gibson, Bliss, McLaughlin, Hugh Wilson—to go no further with the catalogue—showed from the ruck. They proved themselves genuine experts on the job, knowing to a hair line just how things were done abroad, just how to handle the native mind of the countries to which they were assigned. They proved also that long contact with foreign peoples had not dulled their native American ability to organize work, to get things done. In more than one case we should have scored a disastrous failure had not a weak and bewildered administrative, appointed under the old hit-or-miss system, possessed an able first secretary or counselor—the brains of the corps, its real administrator, while the ambassador or minister acted merely as the figurehead.

As for the ambassadors and ministers, they were as usual a mixed lot. Of course a gentleman who has risen high enough in the world to become prominent in his party and to acquire worldly goods is not usually a complete fool. But with the white light of war beating upon them many of them were observed to be more or less wabbly in this strange job. There were exceptions—but they were for the most part fortunate accidents. I will mention only one—if I were to name them all I would only brand the rest, and it would not be fair here to roast men who were merely misplaced.

When the new Administration came in, Brand Whitlock, who had been of great service to the party, applied for a nice quiet legation. He had followed the two careers of reform politician and literary man. He found his interest in literature absorbing his interest in politics. Still he did not quite care to divorce himself from active life. He had the private means to support the position. The nice quiet legation, where he could concern himself with affairs for a few hours a week and still get in his daily stint of writing, seemed the solution.

The Fortunate Choice of Mr. Whitlock

HE WAS assigned to Belgium, where hitherto positively nothing had ever happened so far as the American Legation was concerned. A year of this quiet life and the war broke in his face. Our representation in Belgium grew at once supremely important—more important than any of us realized at the time. It just happened that we had in Whitlock a man with native skill for politics and negotiation. It just happened that he had acquired, if only by reading, a wide knowledge of European affairs. It just happened that his personality was of the kind to please and to win the people among whom he found himself. It just happened that his acquaintance with roughhouse city politics had taught him how to pound the table when he talked to Prussians and to sing sweetly when conciliating the Belgians. It just happened that in the early and trying days he had the support of the able Hugh Gibson.

If he had been assigned to some other small country, if one or two ministers whom I could mention had been placed in Belgium, we should have scored a diplomatic disaster. As for the others—well, in between the successes like Whitlock appeared the persons so flattered by social attention in the country to which they were assigned that they led them round like tethered lambs, and the one who became immediately so pompous that a secretary said: "He can strut sitting down," and—however, I am not muckraking. Let us be constructive.

In 1913 we had a peacetime diplomatic corps. It was in a position here and there to do admirable work for the country. However, neither Mister Average Voter nor the Honorable Grass-fed Congressman knew that. Whether to do such work or merely to absorb pink tea and social atmosphere—that question lay between the individual and his working conscience.

Proceeding to the lower branch of our foreign representation, which I have hitherto ignored, the consular service had long ago been jacked up and repaired. In the memory of middle-aged people it was a joke. At about the time of the Civil War the consul abroad had little to do except to get an occasional wandering American out of trouble and to sign a few papers. The position furnished, therefore, a pleasant berth for Americans who wanted to reside for a time abroad and to do some work, like writing, on the side. William Dean Howells served for a time as consul at Venice, to which fact we owe his Italian Papers. Bret Harte, when his pen ran slack, got the consulate at Edinburgh, and Thomas Nast, when his pencil lost its cunning, lived and died as our representative in a South American port. Later it was solely a political reward, a chance to give one of the boys a job. The salary being only moderate, the social prestige almost nothing at all, it did not attract even the eminent politicians who entered the diplomatic corps.

The time came, however, when other nations, more expert on the job, showed the uses of a consular corps. The consuls were the tacticians of foreign business, smoothing the way, keeping the commerce of the country in touch with the necessities and the local tastes of the districts to which they were assigned. We perceived all that in time, though we did not yet perceive that whereas the consular corps manages the tactics of foreign business, the diplomatic corps has the larger if less obvious task of conducting its strategy.

Roosevelt, as President, partly cleaned out the consular corps and put it on an efficient basis. After the reforms which he introduced no young man entered the junior branch of the foreign service without taking an examination to prove that he had the A B C of foreign-trade diplomacy and some talent for languages.

As to the Consular Service

A CONSULAR job, as viewed by the young applicant, had one handicap which to the service itself was probably a blessing. Whereas the diplomatic corps is great pumpkins in the eyes of European society, the consular is small potatoes. Between the two branches was a great gulf fixed. No matter what precedence the consul or consul general held in purely formal functions, the youngest attaché of embassy enjoyed by virtue of his position much more social standing. A consular job, therefore, did not call for elaborate and expensive entertaining. A man could live on the salary. The financial rewards were not glittering, and if he was entering it as a life career the young applicant could not expect to go higher than consul general. But to certain temperaments it is an attractive kind of work. And though the consul is forbidden to dabble with business in the countries to which he is assigned, there are opportunities legitimately to make a little money on the side, as by free-lance journalism.

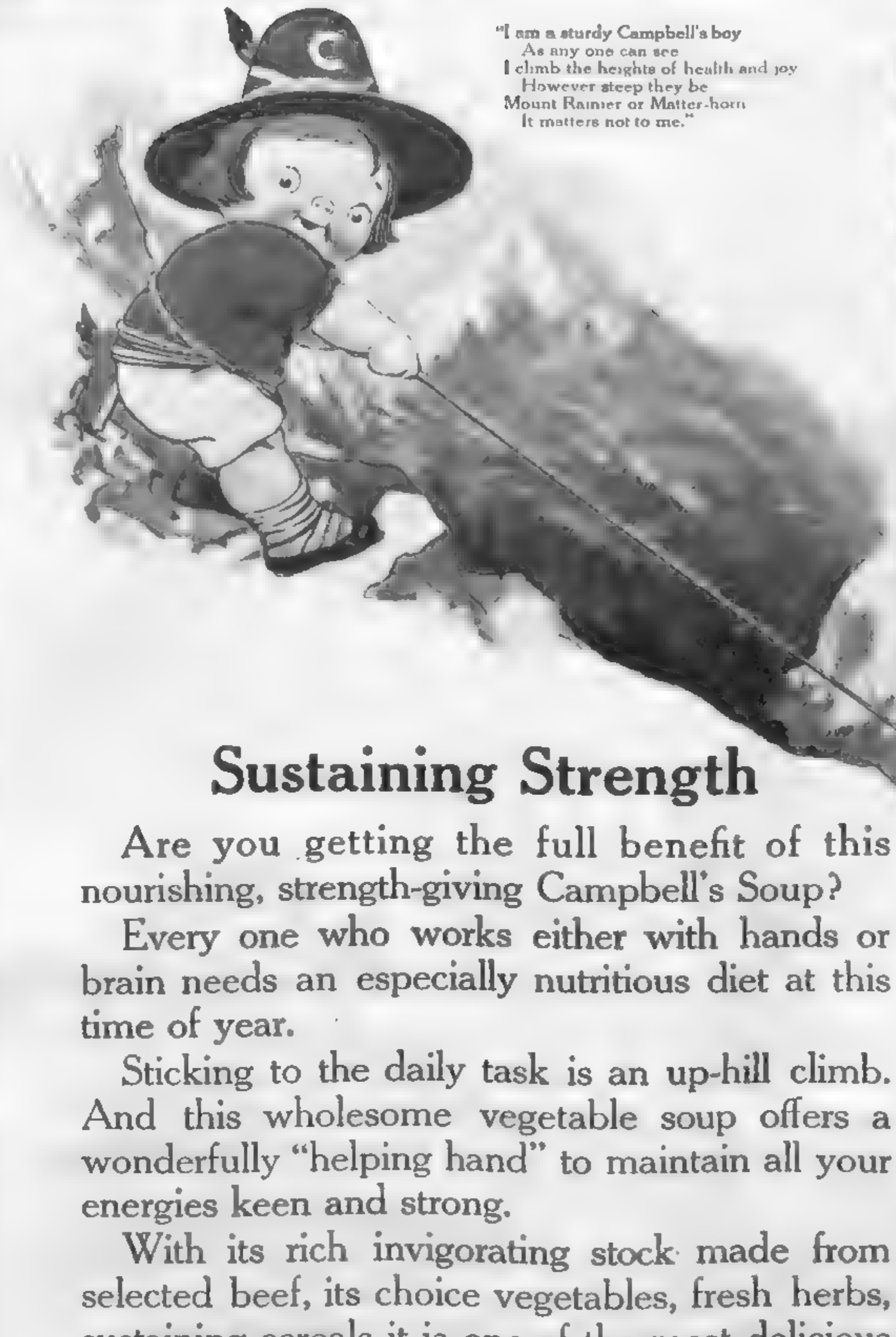
This movement to put the consular service on a business basis had its effect almost at once. By the time we reached the strain of the Great War the old-time loafing, political consul was dying out, the young, efficient man trained for the job, an advance agent of foreign business, was coming to the fore. With the outbreak of war the State Department so managed things as to concentrate much of the cream of the consular force in Europe.

As a wandering correspondent during the war and the settlement which followed I had more to do with our consuls than with any other functionaries of the Government. I found none whom I can look back to and call actually incompetent; I found most of them giving service worth many times their salaries. The diplomatic corps, as I have hinted above, was spotted; instances of devoted and intelligent service alternated with instances of stupid incompetence. The consular service, as it showed in Europe between 1914 and 1920, was almost above criticism. I understand that in some remoter and less important corners of the world the impression would not be so favorable. But what the consular service did in Europe during the six years of strain illustrates what it can be under the merit and strictly business system.

Now legislation to put the senior branch of the service upon somewhat the same business basis awaits the attention of Congress. It provides to begin with that the diplomatic corps shall no longer be closed to the able and expert of the consular corps. That strikes the observer as wholly beneficial and important.

Foreign diplomacy was always a business proposition when you stripped off its make-up; it is becoming every year more and more a business proposition. The consular service provides a body of young men trained from the moment they take their first posts to look upon the profession in its true light. The consul or vice consul, if he takes only half an interest in his job, acquires through its very all-round nature a thorough understanding of the ways, mental habits and institutions of foreign peoples.

(Continued on Page 66)



Sustaining Strength

Are you getting the full benefit of this nourishing, strength-giving Campbell's Soup?

Every one who works either with hands or brain needs an especially nutritious diet at this time of year.

Sticking to the daily task is an up-hill climb. And this wholesome vegetable soup offers a wonderfully "helping hand" to maintain all your energies keen and strong.

With its rich invigorating stock made from selected beef, its choice vegetables, fresh herbs, sustaining cereals it is one of the most delicious and satisfying foods you could have.

And ready to serve at any time without labor or needless heat.

Why not enjoy it today?

21 kinds **15c a can**

Campbell's Soups

LOOK FOR THE RED AND WHITE LABEL

Easy Dollar! Shoot it Quick!

By Stewart Edward White

THERE are a good many picturesque lakes scattered about the world, but only a very few that combine beauty, grandeur and interest with accessibility, as does Lake Tahoe in the Sierra Nevada Mountains. You get them elsewhere with snow-capped peaks round them, but you have to make a long or uncomfortable journey—or both—to get to them. You may see them of equal or greater size, but almost never is so large a lake so completely scenic. Only in the little glacier ponds of the high, rugged country will you be able to duplicate the vivid peacock blue of Tahoe's deeps and the clear light emerald green of her shallows.

Tahoe is in places eighteen hundred feet deep. Of a still morning I have floated in a canoe over these depths, and looked down upon mountain peaks looming up out of dark purple, and blue cañons, and green cliffs that rose in lucent obscurity, with trout swimming up their faces as though climbing. The water seems to have a color of its own, as though tinted with a dye, and there is a wonderful clarity to it. You can see the proverbial dinner plate at an unbelievable number of feet below the surface. I do know that it is great fun while straddling the bow of a motor boat, when there is no riffle on the water, to watch the scarcely veiled bottom twenty feet down, and see the ghostly deadhead logs and the bowlders and the clear sands and the fish darting away before the shadow of your craft.

Tahoe is eighteen hundred feet deep—in spots. She is more than six thousand feet high all over. The air is crisp and tingling with altitude and, incidentally, the pressure is so lightened that a sea can get up quicker there than any other place I know. Likewise the motorist finds his car strangely lacking in power. The lake is big enough for everybody. It is twenty-three miles by about fourteen—if these figures mean anything to you. It is ringed by high, rugged mountains that seem to drop directly off into the waters, but which prove on investigation to have left at their feet various little flats and recessions for the accommodation of mankind. The shores are irregular, indented and picturesque. In company with my wife and a friend and his wife, I once followed the shore line all the way round. We went in canoes, with camp outfits, and we paddled close to the beach the entire distance. Not once did we cut across even the smallest cove. We took nine days to it, and it was one of the most interesting and enjoyable trips I ever made. There is one advantage to a canoe: When the wind blows you just go ashore anywhere; you don't have to hunt harbors and anchorages. Every evening we looked across our camp fire to a panorama of snow-capped peaks rimming a sea of opal. All the tinted veils of the desert country softened the ranges with mauve and saffron, amethyst and lilac. We might have been alone in a wilderness, for the habitations at the lake are more or less bunched in a few places, because of such matters as harbors, shelter, accessibility and the like.

I suppose that represents one of the chief enjoyments at Tahoe—the exploring in some sort of boat, and the wonderful and changing scenery. There used to be lots of trout in the lake, and big ones at that—up to twenty-five pounds. There are a few yet, but the sport was temporarily ruined by the fact that market fishing was allowed, and by the fact that a suitable fish ladder was not in its dams so the trout can ascend from the spawning grounds. Market fishing was at last put a stop to after fifteen years of fighting. If the fish ladders are put in the sport will soon recover. Also, there are all sorts of water and land sports, and the usual activities when people get together in an attractive place.

Pilgrims in Jitney Caravans

THE natural advantages of Tahoe proper would be sufficient in themselves to make this one of our national wonders of the major class, the class that comprises the Grand Cañon, the Yellowstone, Crater Lake, the Kings River, Yosemite, Glacier Park and a few others. But Tahoe's back country is equally unique and wonderful. It is quite simply a granite-and-snow affair such as one will find along the main crest, but you can get at it. The main crest is rarely accessible except by a long hard trip with pack horses. Here you can start out in the morning, and in two or three hours' climbing afoot or horseback be right among the silent, majestic peaks and the sweeping, breathless granite valleys of the high country. Back in this high country are scores—hundreds of lakes, differing in size from a mile or so in diameter down to the merest dot of blue. Most of them are stocked with trout, many of them are wooded, enough of them possess meadows or stringers of horse feed, and all of them are set in the loftiest and wildest of Alpine scenery. We had a facetiously conceived lake club. The only requisite for continuing membership was to spit in one brand-new lake each year! You can go for the day, or you can poke round for months. We used to take back packs and disappear for from a week to ten days—by which time the grub gave out. Thus we paid attention to neither trails nor horse feed, and we saw some wonderful country.

I know of no other country of which practically all the above could be said—except perhaps as respects size. But I know of no lake, no district, except Tahoe, that is so accessible and so used. The old Overland Trail passed the southern edge of the lake; indeed, it still does so, only now it has become an automobile road. Fifteen miles down the Truckee River you run into the other overland route via Donner Lake and Emigrant Gap. Both these roads pass over seven thousand feet. Early in the year deep cuts are dug through the snow, and the motorist travels uniquely between snow walls. He can come one way and go the other, and he does so in constantly increasing numbers. These people camp or stop at some of the numerous resorts or rent some of the small cottages. Thousands more come in by train, and still more by motor stage.

In the course of a controversy as to whether or not the waters of the lake should be lowered for reclamation purposes certain power interests and reclamation officials tried to rouse public sentiment by the statement that the millionaires of Lake Tahoe were trying to keep the water from the poor farmer. There may be millionaires, but it seemed to me that Lake Tahoe is used by more people of limited means than any other similar place I ever visited, except perhaps Yosemite. They come in jitneys, with all the seats filled bang up with three generations, and camp outfits tied all over; they drive in the butcher wagon or the laundry wagon; they hike in hardily; and they come by thousands with excursion tickets clasped in hand. There are a good number of fine big estates here and

Continued on Page 34

Styleplus Clothes

Trade Mark Registered

Copyright 1929
Henry Sonneborn & Co. Inc.

Medium prices

It is easier to find good clothes at high prices than to find good clothes at medium prices.

Styleplus, however, stand out the nation over as clothes of really distinctive quality at prices never extreme.

Their fabrics are all-wool; their styling excellent; their tailoring exceptional.

Their guarantee is full and absolute; satisfaction is certain; assured.

Go to your local Styleplus Store, see Styleplus, note the medium prices for the high quality of the clothes; then do what your judgment says is right.

Henry Sonneborn & Co., Inc., Baltimore, Md.

Trade Mark Reg

STYLEPLUS - THE BIG NAME IN CLOTHES

(Continued from Page 32)

there, but the average landholder is the owner of a modest, comfortable board-and-batten cottage or camp, and the number of small resorts is legion

As I said, it is probably used by more people than any place but Yosemite. Personally it is to me much preferable to Yosemite. The valley always seems crowded with people passing to and fro. Tahoe's hundred and thirty or so miles of shore line absorb them, and so the feeling of blue space and wilderness is preserved. Why they haven't made this also into a national park is beyond me.

Dollar Wisdom

IT WOULD be a mighty good idea if they did. That at least would put a stop to this repeated, ever-recurring, disturbing attempts to lower the level of the lake. They have been at it for years, and they've kept everybody stirred up and uneasy. Just at this moment the Secretary of the Interior says he is not going to do it without certain warnings and formalities, but his action does not bind any other Secretary of the Interior; nor does it settle the question.

It seems a great pity that we have not yet attained full enough vision to measure values, not always by dollars and cents coming in but by highest use. If we see the potential dollar we think we have to get it. After a while we may hope to get educated beyond that. It is like the man with a rifle who thinks he must kill every deer that he sees merely because he sees it. Sometimes the dollar is worth more than the other use, simply because what the dollar represents is used by more people in a better way. But often and often the reverse is true.

The redwoods along the state highway in Humboldt and Del Norte counties is one example. Those redwoods are worth a great sum as lumber, and the lumber would build many homes and subserve other useful purposes. There is no doubt of that. Furthermore, the dollars and houses and grape stakes and all the rest of it can be counted and touched, and the people benefited can be enumerated, while the æsthetic and sentimental uses are intangible. Nevertheless, a true psychometry of the situation would show a heavy balance in favor of the silent influences that these great trees exert on the pleasure, the happiness and the growth of the increasing thousands who pass beneath them. As this is a continuing use, there can be no doubt as to its superiority

The case of Lake Tahoe is analogous. For years the reclamation service has hammered away at a scheme for the greater utilization of its waters. The purpose was to irrigate certain arid lands in Nevada, a worthy idea in the abstract. Provided it would prove practically feasible, cheap enough, if the water could not be procured elsewhere and if the use of the water had not too deleterious an effect on the lake, it would have been a good idea in the concrete.

PHOTO BY TAHOE TAVERN STUDIO, TAHOE, CAL.

Unfortunately none of these conditions appears to be fulfilled.

Of course the natural annual run-off could be used: that goes without saying. It flows down the Truckee River, and what becomes of it few of the thousands who visit and use Lake Tahoe know or care. But that wasn't the idea. The scheme was—and is—to cut the rim of the lake. The cut contemplated does not sound very great—two feet is all they have been asking. Mister Average Citizen, to whom you talk about these things, does not think that sounds like much.

"What's the fuss?" says he. "There's oodles of water in Lake Tahoe. I can't touch bottom in her. If taking two feet will make a lot of healthy, productive farms in the Nevada desert I believe it's a good thing."

If!

I've heard a lot of argument on these matters, but I have a simple mind, and it always leads me back to one question: Suppose you lower the rim of the lake two feet, and suppose with the 'steen million gallons of water thus made available you bring under irrigation 'steen thousand more acres of land. How are you going to keep that land supplied with water in future years?

Future Nibbling

SEEMS to me like a plain axiom. If you use more in a year than naturally flows into the lake in the same period the time will come sooner or later when all the extra water made available by cutting the rim two feet will be exhausted, and once more you will have—as you have at this moment—exactly what flows in annually, unless, of course, you cut the rim of the lake again and yet again!

That will happen under this scheme. Ballinger tried to complete an agreement with a certain power company by which the latter was to be permitted to tunnel into the lake. The only stipulation was that the mouth of the tunnel should not be above the level of the lake. Get that? The real scheme was to lower the lake sixty-five feet. That was nipped by William Kent and Gifford Pinchot. Nobody knows what became of it. It was merely a bold attempt to do it in one bite instead of many. The basic fact remains: You cannot spend faster than your interest without eating into your principal. If anybody undertakes a project that contemplates using each year more than the natural run-off, that project is going regularly and progressively to lower the surface of the lake, whether it is done by units of two feet or two hundred feet.

The plain question to be decided, therefore, is a balance of worthwhiles.

But supposing for the moment the project to be entirely worth while in every way, the fact remains that every acre contemplated in the Newlands project could be put under water from other sources. That would involve reservoirs and dams, which cost money. The cost, however, even on the Government's own showing, is entirely reasonable. It is, however, not so cheap as draining Tahoe progressively! Tahoe

(Concluded on Page 90)

Type 59

Greater than the Great War Cadillac

Army officers and other owners who are intimately familiar with the work of both, are unanimous in the conviction that this Type 59 is a car even more wonderful than the heroic Cadillac which won the whole world's applause in the great war.

To that fact, and that fact alone, is due the demand which it is impossible to supply even with production volume at the highest point in Cadillac history.

The eager and ever-growing market is to be ascribed, not to any general economic condition, or any general shortage, or any general reason at all, but simply and solely to the utter goodness of the car.

The Cadillac works are, and have been for a long time, producing at their fullest capacity.

The factories are building just as many Cadillacs as they can build and still maintain the rigid requirements of Cadillac manufacture.

Scarcity of material, labor and shipping—all of these difficulties have been met, and overcome, as they have arisen.

Other cars may profit by the inability of the Cadillac to meet its market even with the present large production, but the Cadillac demand is special, peculiar, and exclusive to the goodness of the Cadillac itself.

We are perfectly sincere in cautioning you, again, that this condition is not apt to change, and that ordinary prudence suggests the immediate placing of your order even if you only have in mind a far distant delivery.

CADILLAC MOTOR CAR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICH.

C A D I L L A C

CADILLAC
STANDARD OF THE WORLD

CREAM WALNUT

Heavy vanilla fondant, Mayette walnuts

WALNUT CARAMEL

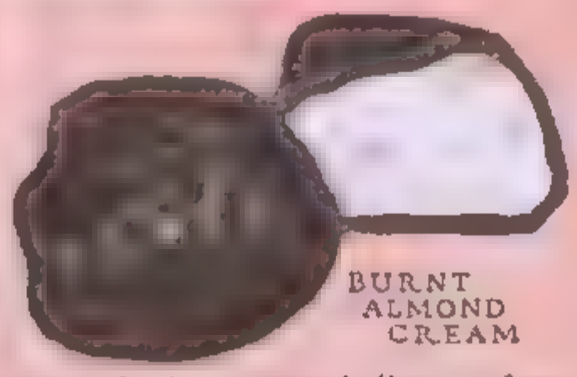
Rich vanilla caramel with French walnuts

BUTTER SCOTCH

Fresh dairy butter, vanilla, sugar

BRAZIL CREAM

Brazil nuts in creamy fondant



BURNT ALMOND CREAM

Rich cream fondant, roasted Alicante almonds

ALMOND CLUSTERS

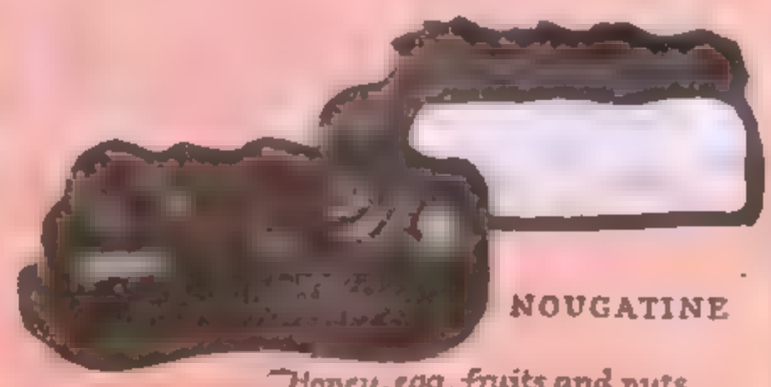
Alicante almonds heavily covered

PIGNOLIA BRITTLE

Crisp Spanish pignolias in brittle sugar

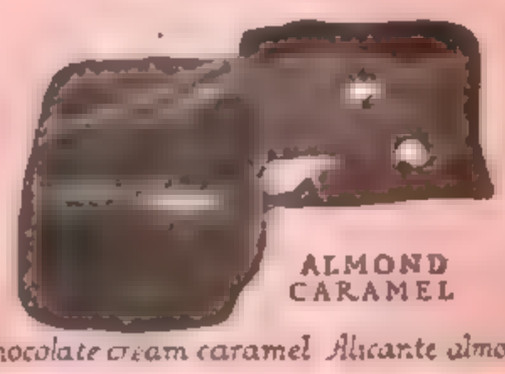
SOUR ORANGE

Cream fondant, true orange fruit



NOUGATINE

Honey, egg, fruits and nuts



ALMOND CARAMEL

Chocolate cream caramel Alicante almonds

FILBERT CLUSTER

Turkish filberts spun in rich chocolate

HOW often have you wished for a box that contained *only* the candies you *like*—and no other kinds? Well—here's the box. Filled with the first favorites of America's candy lovers. We *know*—for we made thousands of people tell us the kinds they like best.

Each chocolate in this orange-and-gold Wonder Box is made from the best-tasting materials money can buy—pure cane sugar—pure refined chocolate—pure dairy butter—pure comb honey—fresh fruits and nuts.

But that isn't all. In order to give you the most we possibly could for the money, we determined to put the value into the *candy* instead of the *package*. Therefore, these chocolates come to you without ribbons or costly decoration. The new box, attractive as it is, is inexpensive, but the chocolates—these "chocolates with the wonderful centers"—are the *best*.

Get a box today. Pound box, $1.25. Prices slightly higher in far West and Canada. Sold exclusively by

The Rexall Stores

throughout the United States, Canada, and Great Britain.
10,000 progressive retail drug stores, united into one world-wide, service-giving organization.

Liggett's

"The Chocolates with the Wonderful Centers"

EVERYBODY'S BUSINESS

Orville Wright's Coupé, Just Before a Landing

By Floyd W. Parsons

Commercial Aëronautics

FOLLOWING out the policy of reserving their own market for themselves, both England and France exclude foreign aircraft competition. One of the problems of Great Britain at the end of the war was how best to dispose of the surplus aircraft material. The British solution for the problem is as follows: An aircraft-disposal company was formed, and this concern purchased approximately 10,000 airplanes and from 20,000 to 30,000 engines, that cost the British Government more than $450,000,000, for less than $4,500,000. In the contract, however, it was stipulated that the British Government is to receive fifty per cent of all profits. Many of these planes are already in this country, and an effort is being made to dispose of the machines at prices representing a small fraction of their original cost.

In order to protect the American market from this foreign invasion, which, if successful, will divert our civilian demand for aircraft for a number of years, legislation was designed, a bill presented to the last Congress, passed the House on June fourth and, due to the opposition of a single senator, failed to get unanimous consent, which would have made a second reading of the bill unnecessary and permitted its passage.

This senator's objection caused the bill to be held over to the next day, when Congress adjourned, and the anti-dumping bill died.

England has closed its markets against French war surpluses, and France has done the same with respect to the English supplies of war aircraft. America therefore now affords the chief market for Europe's obsolete machines.

Just as a great fleet of merchant vessels is essential to a nation that would command the seas in time of war, so must a country in the future have a large and modern fleet of commercial aircraft to supplement and strengthen its military air forces if it expects or even hopes to hold mastery of the air. Specific instances just now throughout the United States show the increasing utility of aircraft in our business and industrial life. In the newspaper field experiments have already been conducted that show the possibilities of air delivery for the great metropolitan papers. The essence of news is speed, and the chief virtue of the airplane likewise is speed. One investigator, with the results of actual tests before him, states that the cost of newspaper deliveries by airplane in certain places will already compare favorably with the cost of other methods.

Recently a plane was requisitioned to carry 600 pounds of silks, linens, lingerie, and so on, from New York to Minneapolis. The difficulties attending the railroad congestion of freight made this form of delivery desirable if not absolutely necessary. The 1600-mile flight was made in twenty-three hours and forty minutes, while the cargo carried was worth $10,000. Airplanes are now being used and will be more largely used this fall by political candidates in their campaigning. The United States Aërial Mail, now reaching halfway across the continent, will soon be extended to the Pacific Coast. An air line for mail is being established between Seattle and Vancouver and will carry 750 pounds of mail daily. As Vancouver is much nearer Asia than is San Francisco, an entire day in trans-pacific passage will be saved.

In a number of localities physicians are using planes to make emergency calls. One great rubber company is arranging to place a 300-foot nonrigid dirigible in experimental commercial operation over a distance of 250 miles. The time by air is four hours, while by train or boat eight hours or more is required. One large bank recently found the airplane a real life-saver when a time of stress came upon the institution and a large amount of money was needed on short notice.

Airplanes are being used in the patrolling of large acreages of rice lands in California. The aviators who do this work are ex-service men, and they get fifty cents an acre. The season's work nets the boys a handsome sum, for in one case this year three aviators will take care of a tract of 32,000 acres. The maintenance which they will be obliged to pay will amount to about $11,000. Several large fishing concerns are now using planes to spot schools of fish and then direct the vessels of the fishing fleet to the proper locations.

In British Columbia is an important mine located at the top of a rugged mountain, near which is a lake. Though only five miles from tidewater, the trail is so rough that the rich ore has to be packed out and requires a week in transit. The company is preparing to use flying boats, with the lake as a mine terminal.

Many other instances might be cited to show that aircraft is destined to play an important part in our commercial life.

The People's University

VIEWED in the light of the free benefits they offer, the public libraries of the United States are the least patronized of all our public institutions. This is partly due to the fact that most people are not fully informed concerning the opportunities and services the libraries extend us. If the whole nation were told how great are the values derived by a few people from utilizing the knowledge our cities freely place at the disposal of everyone, our libraries would be used by a majority of our citizens instead of a small minority.

No one will question that it would be a good thing if more people frequented our public libraries, and one way to head a lot of folks in that direction is to state how a few individuals have profited by this offer of free knowledge. The director of one of our largest libraries undertook to discover the motives prompting the visits of readers. This investigation brought out a number of facts that are enlightening.

The representative of a firm intending to build a sky-scraper in California wanted a formula to compute the intensity of earthquake shocks to buildings and chimneys; he found it in the Science Division of the big library in his home city; a sculptor perfected a statue from pictures that were borrowed from the art collection of a large Eastern library, and a young clerk employed in an exporting house secured books about South and Central America from the same institution and succeeded in gaining sufficient information from this reading to cause his advancement to a position at the head of the exporting department of his firm.

One librarian tells of a poultryman who filled out an application for books, saying: "My wife wants to get the latest novels." He was surprised to learn that the library had practical books for his own use, believing, as do many people, that the aim and purpose of a public library is chiefly to supply fiction instead of facts. Last year this same man reported that he had enlarged his place, rebuilt all his henhouses according to specifications found in the borrowed books, and had trebled his business.

A young man employed in the office of a by-product manufacturing concern accidentally heard of a proposed merger which his company was to enter. With a few thousand dollars which he had inherited he began to invest. The value of his stock increased until the youth awoke one morning to find himself wealthy. His employer,

learning that he had acquired a small block of stock in all the companies affected by the merger, and thinking he must know something about the various businesses, invited him to a conference to take place one week later, at which meeting the future policy of the proposed consolidated concern was to be outlined. The young man asked for and was given a leave of absence. He spent most of the time in the Economics Division of a big library. When the conference was held and matters discussed, the ambitious employee displayed such surprising knowledge of conditions in the industry and of all the companies concerned in the merger that two of the largest stockholders were greatly impressed.

When the consolidation was effected the young man was made a vice president, in charge of operations, though his previous knowledge concerning the companies had covered only office routine.

There have been hundreds of people educated and trained in certain professions who have later discovered that they were not qualified in temperament or otherwise for the occupations they had adopted. Most such people make their discovery when they have passed the school age, and their ambitions to enter more congenial employment can be realized most easily and speedily through adherence to a self-imposed schedule of study in a well-equipped public library. In all the larger libraries are trained attendants who are not only willing to give help but have ability that is possessed only by those who are specially educated to guide people searching for information along definite lines.

The other day I paid a visit to the director of one of the largest libraries in the United States; in fact, this particular institution is more used than any other library in the world. It has 1,187,138 books in its circulation department and 1,410,970 books and pamphlets in its reference department. During the past five years this institution has loaned an average of 10,000,000 books a year for home use. In the reference department it has furnished over 2,000,000 books a year on written application. This latter figure covers only the recorded reference use. Hundreds of readers consult thousands of books which they themselves take from the shelves in the reading rooms.

Our Congressional Library in Washington has about 2,700,000 books, while the British Museum Library and the Bibliothèque Nationale in Paris each have nearly three times this number. The British library just mentioned has more than 14,000,000 recorded readers every year, and is the largest reference library in the world. To those who know the restrictions which obtain in the big foreign libraries, and also in some of our own famous collections of books, such as the Harvard University Library, the fact will seem remarkable that the main reference collections of books in our big city libraries are freely open for consultation and general reading to any person, without any form of introduction.

In this democratic system the books are ranged on open shelves for direct consultation. Experts in their own special fields watch the collections from day to day and are quick to add to them the latest contributions to knowledge in every branch of human activity.

Our big city libraries are among the largest book buyers in the world. All books are selected by experts in their fields. The biggest American library of this kind, located in New York City, is supported by endowment, and occupies its present magnificent building simply as a perpetual tenant of the city. The branch libraries have been merged into one system and are mainly supported by the city, which appropriated about three-quarters of a million dollars for that purpose last year. The big central library and the branches in New York are now considered as a single unit of service, not only to the residents of the city but to citizens of the whole country.

The general scheme in the purchase of books by a large library is to effect an arrangement with the chief booksellers of this and other important countries, by which one copy of every book published, when procurable through ordinary channels, is automatically submitted to the library for approval on the date of publication. In order to cover books that are not so submitted, experts continually read foreign and domestic book catalogues, trade journals and bibliographical lists, carefully making their selections and promptly ordering the books wanted. If a selected book is already bound the volume is catalogued and made available for public use from ten to fourteen days after publication. If it requires binding this is usually done by the library's special binding service, and the book is ready for public use about one month after its purchase.

PHOTO BY COURTESY OF THE MANUFACTURERS AIRCRAFT ASSOCIATION, NEW YORK CITY

An Aerial Freighter Equipped With Three Liberty Motors and Having a Carrying Capacity of 8000 Pounds—the Largest Type of Airplane So Far Built in America

Many books are purchased because they are a real contribution to some branch of industry, science or the arts, and yet do not form suitable reading for young and untrained minds. In such cases precautions are taken by the library staff to see that the use of these books is not abused. In the matter of popular fiction, even though the books are of doubtful literary value, the general plan is to purchase those volumes that are in wide demand, and then not replace these books when they are worn out. Books of a destructive and immoral tendency are not secured for general circulation. Sometimes a book of this type is purchased for some special reason and is then placed in the reference room, where suitable limitations are imposed on its use by readers.

Not many people understand how numerous are the problems that must be met in the operation of a large public library. At certain times of the year all public buildings are frequented by undesirables. So it is with our libraries, and care must be taken to see that idlers and foot warmers do not crowd out the serious readers. It is for this reason that in most cases the main reading room is placed on the top floor of the library building. Idlers and tramps who are not ambitious climbers in matters commercial and industrial are no better climbers when it comes to mounting a couple of flights of stairs. For a somewhat similar reason many of our library directors are now devoting less money to the purchase of newspapers, for experience has shown that the newspaper room of one of these large public institutions soon tends to degenerate into a tramps' shelter. The present tendency is to limit the size of the newspaper room, and locate it on the first floor, near an entrance. If triflers must come in it is wise to lure them into some haven as quickly as possible and prevent their dissemination throughout the building, where they would only disturb real students.

It is not uncommon for many people located in large cities having splendid libraries to waste hours needlessly in searching for information that could be secured in a few minutes by taking advantage of their library's free service. Just as some little thought and effort must be given to learning how to dance, run an automobile, bake bread or do bookkeeping, so must effort and attention be given to the subject of properly utilizing the machinery of a public library. Practically all libraries have a catalogue room, where a reader may find a complete card catalogue under one alphabet of the library's reference collection. In addition to this, a few of the larger libraries also maintain an equally complete catalogue of the resources of the Congressional Library at Washington. This index is of great bibliographical value, for one copy of each book published and copyrighted in the United States must be deposited in the big Washington institution.

The main library in New York City has several features worthy of study by other libraries. Not only does the catalogue contain a complete record by author and title of every book in the library, but indexes by subject under the same alphabet every magazine article in the library's vast files, and this magazine index is so recent that it includes last month's periodicals. The reader who wishes to know, for instance, the precise resources of this particular library in French fiction, Spanish poetry or Gaelic folklore will find all the individual works on these subjects separately grouped as a unit of the main catalogue. The scholar may also discover at once by running over the catalogue cards what special resources the New York library has to offer which he cannot obtain from the library in his home town.

A recent inquiry in several libraries showed an intense new interest in Americanization. The Economics Divisions in a number of these institutions have literally been swamped of late by requests for information that will aid in the movement to make better citizens of foreign-born residents of the United States. School-teachers, club and society women and sociological workers appear to have developed a passion for bettering the condition of our aliens. Evidence is also at hand that the unnaturalized resident appreciates the changed sentiment that is sweeping the country. To meet this demand our various libraries are placing in service many books covering the principles of American government, written in foreign languages. One interesting fact is the discovery that children of foreign-born parents can easily be persuaded to borrow simple English readers from the library and use these to teach their parents the rudiments of our language.

Those who are in charge of the general movement to improve American libraries and the services they render are now aiming to bring about a condition that will make books freely accessible to every man, woman and child in the United States. During the war we learned a lesson in the distribution of book knowledge, for during this period more than 7,000,000 books were supplied to soldiers and sailors, here and abroad. A lot of folks believe that now, in

(Concluded on Page 77)

PATHÉ~SUPREME

THROUGHOUT the length and breadth of this country, in surging city and secluded hamlet alike, the Pathé Phonograph is the supreme apostle of music.

Pathé

PHONOGRAPH

COSTS NO MORE THAN THE ORDINARY PHONOGRAPH

PATHÉ FRÈRES PHONOGRAPH CO.

EUGENE-A-WIDMANN, *President*

LONDON, ENGLAND BROOKLYN, N.Y. TORONTO, CANADA

SMALL-TOWN STUFF

By ROBERT QUILLEN

Among Birds

IN A GREAT white-oak tree slowly dying of age and neglect and offering its decaying limbs as a refuge for the little folk of the forest there lived a woodpecker and an owl. The owl had a night job and was a very quiet neighbor.

The woodpecker worked during the day, drilling a dead limb for bugs and worms. He was very particular about his appearance and even while working wore a white waistcoat and a brilliant red cap. He was not a shirker, however. His tools were kept in perfect order and he was a remarkably fast and efficient workman, fully deserving the good fortune that fell to his lot.

One morning a wandering jay came to the white oak and asked for a job.

"Can you drill holes?" asked the woodpecker.

"I have never tried," replied the jay; "but I could learn."

"I'll try you," the woodpecker said. "This is my limb. You may begin work at once, and your pay will be one-half of all the bugs and worms you dig out."

The jay set to work and made good. His bill was not made for drilling, but the wood was soft and the work light.

The woodpecker sat on another limb and watched the jay's labors, and his neck muscles grew soft as his waistline expanded. Idleness gave him opportunity to dream of his own importance and he was on the point of employing a young robin to preen his feathers when the jay disappeared.

The woodpecker was dumfounded.

"What is the world coming to?" he demanded. "Here it is time for dinner and not a servant on the place. Look at that fat bug crawling under the bark. My, my! Right there before my eyes and not a soul to fetch it to me. This country is going to the dogs."

Thus he grumbled until evening, when hunger got the better of pique and impelled him to set about getting his own supper. He drilled with his old-time vigor and soon appeased his appetite, but the unaccustomed labor tired his neck and magnified his grievance.

"The idea," he said, "of a person of my quality having this sort of work to do. I can do it as well as another in case of emergency—but, great guns, how it strains my neck!"

The owl had emerged from his bedroom and was stretching his wings to generate a little energy before going to his work. He heard the woodpecker's plaint and chuckled.

"My dear young friend," he said, "straining your neck is good for your soul. Before you became a victim of foolish notions and that important feeling your neck was tougher than a steel spring. Loafing has weakened your thews as well as your wit. Letting George do it has robbed you of half your manhood. If the jay hadn't quit you would soon have become too soft and lazy to swallow your own dinner, and that is one job subordinates can't handle. The woodpeckers," he concluded, "will peter out soon after they forget how to peck wood."

Heroes

WHEN a war is ended and the cheering dies men go about their private affairs. The bronzed crusader puts away his sword and turns to the lathe or the plow handles. The war is history—a thing to be written about in books.

There is complaint that America is ungrateful to those who served in France—that the doughboy is no longer honored now that the ax is ground—that we cheered him while he served us and turned our backs when the task was finished.

This charge of ingratitude is not a complaint against America or against republics, but a complaint against human nature.

The doughboy is not a distinct breed. He is that part of America physically best qualified for the business of fighting. His uniform, his youth and his vigor were all that distinguished him from other Americans. While he served abroad others served at home. Those who served at home had the lighter task but it was a task equally essential and the task for which they were best fitted. The doughboy was not abroad fighting for those at home any more than those at home were actuated solely by a desire to serve the doughboy. The doughboy fought the battle of America, and since he constitutes a large part of America he was in fact fighting for himself. Will one go out to shoot an enemy who is trying to burn his barn, and complain because members of the family do not appreciate what he has done for them?

The doughboy does little complaining. He is a typical American and therefore a regular guy. If during moments of depression he permits himself the reflection that people do not appreciate him at his true worth he will keep the thought hidden inside him. The feeling that one is abused isn't encouraged among regular guys.

The spiritual exaltation of war in a righteous cause cannot long endure. Its very intensity shortens its existence. One may remain an ardent partisan through a term of years, but he cannot cheer for longer than a few minutes. A conviction may be everlasting but a thrill is temporary.

Once out of uniform the doughboy is a mere man. As he was honored while in uniform because of the task he was performing, so now he is judged by his conduct as a citizen; and well-intentioned folk who would put a mark on his brow and place him on a pedestal serve only to embarrass him in an effort to gratify their own sentimental natures.

The doughboy doesn't feel a martyr. He doesn't feel a hero. He doesn't yearn for handclapping. Meet him in shop, store or office and he will talk for an hour without mentioning trenches. So far as he is concerned the war is over.

The Graduate

WHEN my little girl had finished her fourth month in school she could add simple sums, copy words and read a few pages of her primer. One evening after she had finished a copy of sentences for the morrow and received the measure of commendation the work justified, she said to me: "Daddy, I know almost everything now, don't I?"

This feeling of omniscience is shared by older students, and especially by those who have completed a course of study and received a written testimony of their erudition. One feels that he is a success when he reaches the goal toward which he has labored. As a financier labors through many years to control an industry and having accomplished his purpose feels that he has done a great thing, so a student labors through many years to win a diploma and having received it feels that he has rounded out a career. Other students, striving for a like reward, have been his competitors; a school has been his horizon. It is not surprising that he thinks of learning as an end rather than a means.

When the graduate emerges from school with his diploma in hand he finds himself in a new world. Yesterday he learned a chapter and attended a lecture and thereby won the respect of his superiors. To-day a busy world asks him what useful thing he can do to pay for the right to live.

Learning is not an accomplishment. It is training for the business of accomplishment—an apprenticeship. When one has labored through many years of schooling he has arrived at the beginning of things. Years spent in fashioning a sword are not proof of prowess in battle. Sharpening a pencil is not the greater part of writing a history.

If one should live a thousand years and study without rest, acquiring thus the whole sum of human knowledge, and die while opening another volume, he would be worth exactly nothing to the race of men.

In this new world the graduate enters he must learn a number of things and learn them quickly. He must learn that the ability to add a column of figures has greater commercial value than the ability to name Rome's emperors; that the man who can lay a brick is worth more than the man who can read Greek; that the ability to follow instructions is worth more than the ability to understand a lecture on metaphysics.

It does not follow that his education is useless. He has learned to think. His mind is trained in the art of absorbing facts. The knowledge he has acquired is but a show trick to delight academicians, but the habit of learning he acquired while getting knowledge has a value beyond computation.

His cap and gown will not impress the world. They are the garb of apprentices. Let him shake them in the face of the world as proof that he knows it all, and his reward will be a jeer. The world is very old and is not greatly impressed by a display of one's ability to repeat the multiplication table.

Let the graduate accept some humble task in keeping with his little abilities and set about earning his salt. If his schooling has been of value he will prove it by being a better servant than the man who knows little of books.

Selecting a Wife

A FATHER who was old and wise called his son into his study, bade him lend an attentive ear, and gave him advice on the choosing of a wife.

"My boy," he said, "one who has reached your age should begin to think of matrimony. The selecting of a wife is a serious business, requiring sound judgment and the guidance of heaven, and your future weal or woe depends largely upon the degree of intelligence you employ in this matter.

"The years have given me a measure of wisdom, and I offer you the benefit of my observation.

"I assure you that love is largely a matter of association. Nearly all young ladies are charming, and if you are frequently in the company of any one of them you will fall in love with her.

"I would not have you marry for money, but since money is a great convenience and since it is no more difficult to love a rich girl than to love a poor one I would have you exercise judgment in selecting one on whom to lavish your affection.

"Do not, I entreat you, be too greatly swayed by the matter of pulchritude. One who delights the eye at twenty may be fat at forty in spite of exercise and diet, or she may become thin and angular. If your love is inspired solely by beauty it will wander afield in search of other beauties when time has taken the bloom from its first choice. Moreover, many young ladies who seem beautiful when arrayed for a public appearance are considerably less attractive in the early hours of the morning, sans war paint and store-bought hair.

"The breakfast table affords the true test of matrimony. Select for your wife a woman who will seem as dear when she wears her natural face, a gingham apron, and hair fastened at one end.

"Select one who is a gentleman. If a girl is well-mannered and quiet we say she is a lady. A good wife must be something more. She must be a gentleman. A gentleman is uniformly considerate. He has the grace to smile when his heart is heavy. He remembers that his own troubles are his own concern and hides them from the world. He tells the truth though the heavens fall, and his pledged word is a bond he will not forfeit. I beseech you, marry a gentleman

"Select one who is a good fellow. A good fellow realizes that a bargain concerns two persons—the party of the first part and the party of the second part. He does not expect and will not accept more than he is willing to give. He makes allowance.

"He does not look for slights. He gives the accused the benefit of the doubt, realizes that life is an adventure, and remains loyal through all adversity. If you would be happy, marry a good fellow.

"Select one who is industrious. The girl who informs you casually that she will be no man's drudge means that she wishes to be placed on a pedestal and fed with a spoon. The woman who does not honor workers and aspire to good craftsmanship will make a sorry mother for your children. If she can do no useful thing and does not feel that she is under obligation to render service in payment for the privilege of living, be assured she has the mind of a child and a soul bound hard and fast by her own selfishness. Leave her to one who desires a pet biped, and seek you a wife.

"In selecting a wife seek out one who can cook. A lodging house is not a home. At times man takes thought of his soul, but more frequently he is a mere animal with an appetite. Home will seem dearer if you are greeted by savory odors from the kitchen. If she can cook your love will be intensified by a respect for her skill. If she cannot your stomach will be sacrificed on the altar of love.

"She will practice on you until she learns the art, and by the time she has gained proficiency you will be unable to digest anything more palatable than soft-boiled eggs and toast.

"Select one who is fond of her mother, but not too fond of herself; one innocent of envy; one who can appreciate a joke; one not easily offended; one who loves children when their faces and clothes are soiled; one with a large mouth and a firm grip—then marry her and trust in God."

When the father had finished speaking the young man expressed his thanks and went away. The next day he met a girl—a wee slip of a girl with a laugh in her eyes and three freckles on the tip of her turned-up nose. He forgot his father's counsel. He forgot the world. He knew only that he had found the one perfect girl in an imperfect universe, and he loved her.

They were married. Afterward they got acquainted with one another and lived happily to the end of the chapter.

In addition to the beautiful difference in the way it rides and drives, the Liberty owner will tell you that his car is a continuous source of delight in the steadiness and economy of its performance.

One of the pleasing features of Liberty operation is the light action of its clutch mechanism. Although the clutch engages with a pressure of more than a ton, a system of scientific leverage enables the driver to disengage it with no more than a gentle pressure of the foot. There is thus entire absence of the fatigue of using a stubborn clutch—a Liberty feature which women are particularly quick to appreciate.

Liberty Motor Car Company, Detroit

LIBERTY SIX

A BUYER'S MARKET

By CHARLES GILBERT HALL

AN EASTERN salesman recently stood in a store in an Ohio town watching a clerk sell dress goods. The woman was looking at tricotine. The clerk showed her some of the salesman's own goods, priced at five-fifty and five-seventy-five a yard.

"Haven't you anything better?" the customer asked.

It was the best they had. They believed, and the salesman believed, that it was good enough to top the market. But she wanted something better if they had it. The clerk turned again wearily to his shelves.

"Here's something at seven and a half," he said, and showed her another piece identically the same.

The customer brightened.

"That's what I want," she said with a sigh of satisfaction. "That's much better. Give me six yards of that."

A steel mill wanted laborers—five hundred men. Without them one of the mills would have to close down and other hundreds be thrown out of work. The big organization was functioning perfectly. Their great arms began to reach out for idle men. There were none to be had. They began to search for men already at work. There were none. They raised the price of labor. Still none came. They sent for a gang leader, politician and labor leader who wielded a hidden power among the foreigners.

"How much do you want to have five hundred men in this yard to-morrow morning?" they asked.

He grinned at them.

"Two dollars a head," he said.

And the men were on hand and the mill was kept going and everyone was happy—or at least couldn't say anything in protest.

I have in mind a hosiery mill. Now hosiery mills at the time at which this is written are curtailing operation sharply, running on short time, shutting down, doing everything possible to meet something very akin to a glut of knit goods with which they find their warehouses filled.

Restriction of Output

The men know this. But last January it wasn't quite so clear. Everyone was buying. Demand hadn't suddenly crawled into his hole. Business was booming. So they asked for what they called a voluntary increase. They hadn't had a raise for the greater part of a year, they said, and they felt that there was something coming to them. Now the fact was that they were working under a yearly agreement that they couldn't break. You will see at once why the raise in wages was to be a voluntary one.

And the mill owner told them that if they would undertake to explain to him why for their particular kind of work they had restricted their pieceworkers to sixty-five dozen a day, and wouldn't let them do any more, when in nonunion mills the workers were turning out one hundred and ten dozen, and earning the money for it, then he would undertake to discuss with them the question of an advance in wages. But that if they didn't care, on the present basis, to let their people earn more than half what they might be earning he didn't see why he should try to bleed the consumer in order to give them more.

Now there are always two sides to such questions as this. They are very likely to lead to trouble too, and here was an opportunity to get together and to clear up something that would go far toward future placidity of relations.

But that was in January, and the mill owner has had no reply. His mill is running now only four days a week, and he is facing a total shutdown. His employees aren't going to earn any more big wages for a while, and they won't buy so much expensive hosiery as they've been accustomed to—the inevitable circle of rising wages and rising prices becomes a circle in the descending scale.

In other words, it has been a seller's market—a booming, jazzing, thriftless, headlong market, where supply has constantly been short and demand insistent. To the dealer it has brought great temptations in the way of generous mark-ups, and much money has been made. In the labor market the buyer has had no chance at all. Money as a usual thing wouldn't hire more help, persuasion wouldn't get it, nobody cared where he worked, or for whom, or for how long or how short a time his job was to last.

Now an undercurrent of change has set in. It is already apparent in some lines, and will undoubtedly follow in others, though in many lines it isn't yet in sight. I asked the manager of a state employment bureau if he thought the market for labor was to become a buyer's market soon.

"How can it?" was his reply. "There aren't near enough men to do the work. Twenty or thirty representatives from our biggest firms sit here with me daily trying to pick up men. They can't get enough."

"But isn't the law of supply and demand beginning to veer round the other way?" I asked.

"Not that I can see," was the reply. "There's a heavy call for men in most of the trades. Take the building crafts—slaters, roofers, painters, plasterers, paper hangers—they are all scarce. A lot of the men went into war work and have never come back. There's always a certain number that will drift into something that pays too well for them to be attracted by their old trade so long as times are good and work is plenty.

"In some trades, too, immigration, or the lack of it, has cut off a big supply on which we used to depend. There has been a net shortage of five million immigrants at our ports in the last five years.

"And yet work in many lines has hardly begun. There are tasks awaiting us on all sides. The state highways need attention—this state has set aside fifty millions for new roads that should be begun at once. The municipalities, too, all need new work—streets and sewers, schoolhouses, subways, elevated roads, surface lines, gas mains, public buildings—all such work has been delayed badly by the war and the high-priced reconstruction and readjustment period through which we have been passing.

"The railroads, too, are needing men. They have a lot of catching up to do.

"The only easing off I've felt for quite a while is in draftsmen and engineers. Somehow there aren't so many of them called for. That might mean less future work, not so much new construction being planned."

The day was warm, and it was midafternoon. Across the street a noisy little steam shovel was busy clearing away rock and dirt for a new roadway. Idly watching its rattling, noisy chains were eighty-two idle men—able-bodied, shiftless, thriftless, idleness writ large on them. I counted them.

The steel mills needed five hundred men to keep a thousand others from enforced idleness, and the state labor office had a roomful of men, the manager had just told me; looking for labor and willing to pay unheard-of prices therefor. I was puzzled. Somehow it looked to me as if the labor man was wrong. I asked the recruiting sergeant down the street.

"Them fellers?" he said contemptuously. "They don't count. Last month was the hardest month I ever had. Wages are too high, and I can't get hold of men. But them fellers over there? There's thousands of them! They're walking the streets all over town. You'll find them on the corners and in the parks. I can start out any night and round up five or six hundred of them in an hour. Military age, understand me, and homeless—all under weight.

"They were slackers during the war, and they're slackers yet. They cuss the Army and they cuss the mills. They're agin most anything that's decent. They won't work if they can help it."

So, after all, there is actually in existence an army of the unemployed! The hobo has become extinct, to be sure. But in the cities there are undoubtedly unemployed men. Some of them are the lazy or incorrigible workmen that are beginning to be weeded out; some of them are from industries such as the textile mills and the garment workers, whose factories are on part time; some of them are the idle—the slackers that the sergeant talked about.

The steel mill that needed labor says that theirs was an unusual case—that there is a mass of floating labor always moving round. They tell me, too, that production is looking up—that in their case at least the men have wakened to the need of better, more conscientious work. The gangs are constantly changing, they say, and the lower grades of labor are plentiful even in busy times.

"But are these busy times?" I asked.

"No," the steel man said. "Many mills have gone so far as to decide it isn't wise even to try to get maximum production." He laughed. "You never saw steel men busier than we are. Our yards are full of products that the railroads can't take away; our coal and coke supply is worrying many of us. There is almost a deadlock in our business that hasn't ceased to worry us for the past six months."

Scarcity of Skilled Labor

"We have orders piled up on our books that we are unable to fill, and in some lines there are plenty more to come. You tell me that there's overproduction in the textile field. I'll grant that it seems likely to me. But not yet in the steel industry. Unfilled tonnage remains unfilled to an appalling degree. We have the raw materials and we have the plants, but can't get fuel. The railroads can't carry off our output; and above all our other troubles, we can't get enough skilled men.

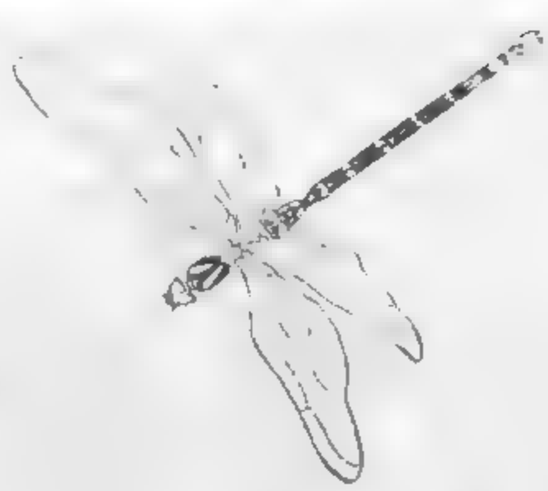
"Why, I know a rolling mill that turns out rails and this steel piling for which there has sprung up such a demand. It can't begin to fill its orders. A rail mill needs comparatively few men. But head rollers are very scarce. It is a matter of keen knowledge—almost a profession, you may say—as well as of certain qualities of leadership and push.

"'I can get capital,' the mill man says. 'I can get ingots, buildings, money, machinery, common labor—but I can't get skilled men.'

"Head rollers earn from five thousand to eight thousand dollars a year. That is something of a prize, even in these days of high rates. But the roller's job is supposed to be a mysterious craft, and not many of the boys get a chance to learn it.

"The mills are full of gritty, ambitious, stick-to-the-job young fellows, who in a slipshod way, by rule of thumb, are working their way slowly toward the head roller's goal. But there is a place where we should wake up to the need of keeping the higher labor supply balanced through education—a little of the science of chemistry and the laws of heat taught in the plant's own laboratory. Why not? You'll get close to your

(Continued on Page 45)



SERENELY AS A PAINTED DRAGON FLY floats upon a summer breeze, Bock Bearings roll, silently, without friction drag.

Perfected rollers, combining the mechanical advantages of the taper roller principle with the smooth turning of a ball bearing, furnish an unmatched mounting for the vital working parts of the automobile, truck and tractor.

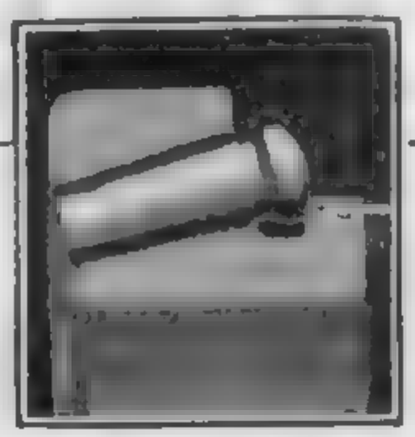
Bock Taper Roller Bearings, because of their round head rollers *whose ends touch only at a rolling point*, are notably free from friction. Under radial and "end thrust" loads alike they save power.

Always rolling—never sliding—Bock Taper Roller Bearings long preserve correct alignment and snug adjustment. Even under heavy loads and at high speeds they run cool and silent.

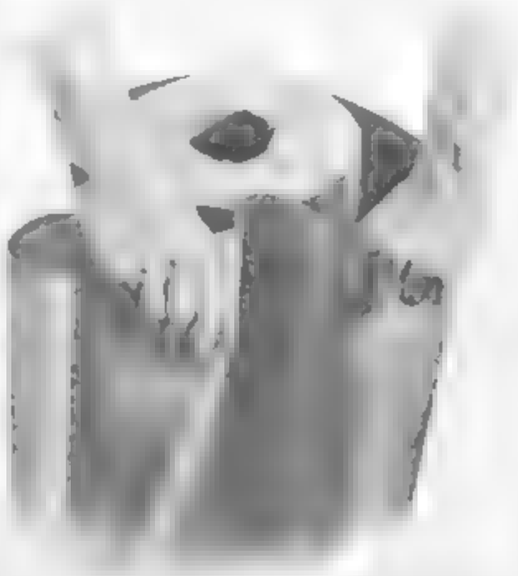
THE BOCK BEARING COMPANY, TOLEDO, OHIO
DIVISION OF THE STANDARD PARTS COMPANY

OTHER DIVISIONS ARE: THE PERFECTION SPRING COMPANY, THE EATON AXLE COMPANY, THE STANDARD WELDING COMPANY

BOCK
BEARINGS



The round head roller touches at a single point Bock Bearings never slide or drag—they roll



Johns-Manville Roofings

Asbestos Roll Roofing
Standard and Colorblende Asbestos Shingles
Asbestos Ready Roofing
Corrugated Asbestos Roofing
Built-Up Asbestos Roofing

Johns-Manville Asbestos Roofings are approved by the Underwriters' Laboratories, Inc.

All Johns-Manville Asbestos Roofing is backed by Johns-Manville Service and Responsibility. Through our Roofing Registration Service we are able to keep in touch with Johns-Manville Roofing in service. This is your assurance that it will give the service claimed for it.

ROOFING—
Blasted from Rock!

MANY who actually examine Johns-Manville Asbestos Roofing for the first time find it hard to realize that this pliable sheet is really stone, blasted from the ground like marble or granite.

This stony yet flexible characteristic of Asbestos is unusual in the extreme, but more than that, it has a deep significance in relation to its use as a roofing.

Asbestos felt is the only all-mineral roofing felt.

For the first time then in roofing history decay, dry rot, burning and cracking become meaningless words because minerals are not bothered by such things

To illustrate: Never paint Johns-Manville Asbestos Roofing. Paint as a protection is not necessary. Asbestos is its own protector from all the corrosive actions summed up in the word "weathering."

Naturally this roofing, that is immune to the attacks of the common enemies of other types, is the most economical—saving as it does the costs of repair, early replacement, painting or coating.

So that its resistance to the elements, including fire, and its tenacity of life, make it the cheapest roofing per year of service. That many people have learned this is shown by the demand for Johns-Manville Asbestos Roofing in all of its various forms listed at the left.

H. W. JOHNS-MANVILLE CO., Madison Ave. at 41st Street, NEW YORK CITY
10 Factories—Branches in 64 Large Cities
For Canada: CANADIAN JOHNS-MANVILLE CO., Ltd., Toronto

COVERS THE CONTINENT

Through

Asbestos
and its allied products

INSULATION
that keeps the heat where it belongs
CEMENTS
that make boiler walls leak-proof
ROOFINGS
that cut down fire risks
PACKINGS
that save power waste
LININGS
that make brakes safe
FIRE PREVENTION PRODUCTS

JOHNS-MANVILLE
Serves in Conserv

Asbestos Rock as it comes from the mine.

(Continued from Page 42)

men if you can go in and teach them yourself. Steel is always having labor scarcity or labor plus. Education will make the steel craft a proud thing and some of these likely young fellows who get so restless and cost the industry so much will be our strong allies if we give them a chance.

"We need them too. There's untold work yet to do in the steel trade. Our export business never was so large, and we can't turn out automobile steel fast enough to keep up with the demand. The rapid development of the oil industry has made an unheard-of call for pipe; and in the shipyards the builders are all figuring on new tankers that will keep us busy. The railroads, too, are in pressing need of cars and rails. If oil and automobiles, export and rails stay with us, we've got all that we can do."

"But," said my friend the banker, "I don't know that I'm altogether sure about that. You must remember that this is a presidential year. None of us seems particularly anxious to reach out very far for business during the uncertainties and excitement of a campaign. There seems to be a change in the atmosphere of things. Some of the steel men are already looking round, I think. The export business isn't all that it's cracked up to be. Japan is canceling some of her tonnage—mostly with British mills so far, to be sure, but it's not going to be long in reaching us. And it is not only from Japan.

"And things are worth watching a little closer home. If other mills should shut down and industries slacken as they have done in the textile trade and with shoes and clothes, and wages should fall and the average workman find—as I believe he is already finding—that he must institute the long-forgotten economy that he's now thinking so hard about—if he should, for instance, have to put his automobile away because things had tightened up a little—maybe things wouldn't be coming so fast. It doesn't take a great change to do all this. A ten-per-cent decrease in a workman's income cuts heavily into his purchasing power. I'm not so sure but we may see something like that soon.

"The workman and the banker, the manufacturer and the office girl, the housewife and the merchant, all have begun to trim their economic sails, and the effect of their mass psychology is making itself felt.

"I know a young man who draws a fair salary. He has a thrifty, busy little wife who manages well. They have three children, with all the calls that means for shoes and clothes and food. Yesterday morning he gave his wife a ten-dollar bill—not that he rations her that way as a general thing. But so it happened this time. At night she told him her money was gone. So the two of them set down her outlay. They had been raised carefully, and ten dollars still looks pretty big to them."

How Ten Dollars Melts Away

"Well, she had a laundress in the house, and that was two dollars and sixty cents; she had bought four quarts of berries, because they were good ones and as cheap as she would be likely to get—twenty-five cents a quart; and four pounds of sugar to put them up with; and some soap and a bag of flour, a pound of coffee, a peck of potatoes, a piece of beef—and her money was gone.

"Now when a man of moderate income—and by that I mean a skilled laborer—finds his money melt like that he is going to do a lot of thinking for himself. He has already done it. There is a great psychological change taking place in our economic life. I don't believe so much sound economic thinking was ever done by any people as has been done in America the past six months.

"The bankers haven't done all of it—we deal in credits and funds, and it's our job to think along economic lines—but the other fellows have been doing some of it too. Your true craftsman is a sound, hard-headed fellow where his own money is concerned. He can't be fooled long at a time. He is neither foolish nor unable to think straight. He sees what is coming, and he also sees what has already come.

"If that young man I was telling of can't buy the ordinary necessities of life for his little family for ten dollars a day, what is the workman going to do who pulls down forty dollars a week?

"They've been telling us that he was spending it for silk shirts and sixteen-dollar shoes, and that he'd bought an automobile and his wife sported a diamond, and there have been weird tales about sixty-five-dollar suits of clothes and three-dollar neckties and four-hundred-dollar furs.

"But you can't get them for forty dollars a week. You can hardly buy groceries for a small family for that. There's been a lot of nonsense, to be sure. Some of the young people have been buying too much silk, and some of the older ones haven't been far behind them. But keep your eye on the forty-dollar man. He's fairly typical. The fancy wartime figures, when you could put in as much overtime as you liked and roll up eighty or a hundred at the end of each week, went out of fashion several months ago. The tide has turned, you'll find, since then.

"I don't mean to be a calamity howler. On the contrary I think it's a fine thing for us to be able to slip out of high gear as gracefully as we are doing. But our economic appetite is clogged.

"I went home last night and I was tired. I said to my wife, 'What have you got for supper?'—I don't eat dinner at night. 'Well,' said she, 'I've got a fine supper—chicken and boiled rice and asparagus and head lettuce, and some of that cornstarch pudding you like so much.'

"Well, I ate the chicken and a little rice, and I got away with the asparagus O. K., and a whole lot of the lettuce salad, and kept thinking about the dessert. And all at once I found I was full."

The Vacuum Filled

"'I'm sorry,' I said to my wife, 'but I'm clean, clear full up, and I can't eat that pudding that I like so much.'

"That's about the situation in many lines of trade. All at once we've found our appetite all clogged up, and we can't eat any more. We've got to wait before we can take a crack at the next meal."

"That's right," said a wool dealer to whom I talked about the textile trade. "So far as we are concerned, that's exactly right. The funniest thing about it is that we should be surprised. It was the same way twenty years ago. There was a big wool boom. We went everywhere to buy—Australia, the Cape, anywhere we could get it, and at a good round price. All at once the market got lost, and wools that were selling at twenty-seven and twenty-eight cents in two weeks fell with a thud to fourteen, and no buyers at that.

"It's the same way now. There was a big vacuum to fill after the armistice. The boys had to be fitted with civilian clothes, there were world markets to talk about, and everybody at home had a pocketful of money and was buying fine clothes. Suddenly the vacuum was filled, and we didn't notice it.

"Oh, it has been a seller's market all right! If the buyer had been halfway reasonable in his demands it wouldn't have been so bad. But he wanted things that the wool grower didn't have. Only the finest was good enough for him.

"Why, the United States Government owns to-day almost a half billion pounds of wool—almost enough for a full suit of clothes for every man, woman and child in the country. But the other day they withdrew practically all their offerings from sale. Only sold about six per cent, and the rest had no buyers. I am told it is largely because it is the lower grades of wool.

"Ohio delaines that brought a dollar-sixty on a scoured basis at the time of the first government sale soon rocketed upward to two-twenty, while lower grades have stuck at half that amount. We never knew such a wide spread.

"It takes about five pounds of wool to make a man a suit of clothes. It doesn't seem to matter much to the consumer whether he pays at the rate of a dollar-ten or two-twenty. But you start in with the raw wool, and let that basis go clear through and you can soon see why we've reached the point where many people have quit buying clothes."

So that's the crux of the situation—people have quit buying clothes until they are offered to the public at what they consider a reasonable price. And artisans, they say, are getting back to plain living and to incomes of forty dollars a week, and we're beginning to hear of workmen who are giving their employer an honest day's work. If we could do all that, and the pendulum wouldn't swing too far beyond, it would clear up a number of difficulties that have filled our minds. But human foolishness and human greed will probably go a little

This is the stropper that strops diagonally and the spiral cylinder, the secret of the diagonal stroke. As you pull the strop back and forth it turns this cylinder. The circular bands attached to the blade holder travel along the spiral track and move the blade crosswise while the strop is moving lengthwise. The exact diagonal stroke results.

WHETHER you use an old-fashioned razor or a safety, I want you to try *diagonal stropping* for 60 days *at my risk*.

You already know diagonal stropping is best for regular razors—good barbers always strop *diagonally* to make their razors glide smoothly over your face. Therefore, common sense tells you that *diagonal* stropping is best for *your* razor—old-fashioned or safety. There's a good reason:

A powerful magnifying glass shows that every shaving edge is a series of minute teeth. When you shave, your blade moves downward and forward at the same time, so the cutting is done by both the fronts and tips of these minute teeth, and they are gradually bent over at *all sorts of angles*. It takes *diagonal* stropping to completely restore the alignment of these teeth and give you the most satisfactory shave.

KANNER'S *Slyde-Stroke* STROPPER

Perfect diagonal stropping is difficult but Kanner's Slyde-Stroke Stropper makes it easy. All you do is to insert the razor or blade, give it a few strokes and the job is done. As you pull the strop back and forth *lengthwise*, the blade slides *crosswise*, first one side of the blade and then the other, at the same angle and the same pressure every time. The result is perfect diagonal stropping and your razor is ready for quick comfortable shaving.

This is the best stropper I've ever made. It will give you better results from an old-fashioned razor than you've ever known before and more and better shaves from any kind of safety blade. I guarantee it against any defect any time.

Get one at your nearest hardware, drug or department store—price $5. Try it for 60 days, then get your money back if you want it. If you cannot get it at your dealer's, send me $5 and his name and I will mail you one on 60 days' trial.

If you want more information send for my book, "How to Keep Your Razor Sharp." It tells the real facts about stropping all kinds of razors.

Samuel Kanner, 556 Broadway, New York

Representatives in other countries:

Canada: Hale Bros., Montreal, and C. C. Craig Co., Winnipeg. England, Scotland, Ireland, Holland, France, Spain and Italy: Seaton McLennan, main office, Barrowfield St., Glasgow, Scotland. Australia: Partridge Agencies, Sydney, N. S. W. New Zealand: H. E. Partridge & Co., Ltd., Auckland.

beyond the ideal stopping place, just as they have ever done.

The deciding factor will be found in the conduct of that reliable old firm, familiar to us all—Messrs. Supply and Demand, dealers in commodities, luxuries, credits, rents, economic mentors to us all.

This same supply and demand have probably controlled the destinies of more people and surprised more people than any other pair of inseparables known to history. They almost never function as they're expected to do. Just now the junior partner, staunch old Henry C. Demand, whose behavior has been so eminently satisfactory to a lot of people the past four or five years, is said to be out of town. That's an old trick of his. He is an eminently respectable old reprobate.

"He's just like an old fellow," said a banker to me the other day, "who used to go on a big spree every now and then. Everybody knew what he'd been up to, but he liked to keep up a pretense that no one was wise. So after a lively time with the boys he'd just simply and teetotally disappear until he got sobered up."

Old Henry C. has been on a most glorious bat. And now he's begun to take headache powders, and he'll be at the ice water before long. There are signs that Henry C. has begun to sober up.

The Break in the Wool Market

There's just a trace of suspicion, too, that artificial stimulants are being offered to Henry. There's just a faint idea that the old man is to be taunted into keeping on with the jazzing, and not allowed to disappear. But it's too late for that.

Several lines of trade have begun to feel it and to feel it rather hard. Did you see how the shoe manufacturers have begun to run on short time? I tell you, Henry C. haan't been seen in the shoe trade for some weeks.

Hides? They slumped last week so that Bogotas fell from forty cents to thirty-three, and that's a twenty per cent drop, if you please. Importers say they're looking for a further break. Tanners are running on a forty to fifty per cent basis, the leather market is dead, and demand is withdrawn all along the line. Frozen credits, too, must be liquidated before the tanners can afford to buy hides.

Why? Because old Henry C. is not among those present.

Retailers can no longer sell shoes at the prices asked by the factory, and are canceling orders. Then the manufacturer, loaded up with accumulated stock, takes fright and unloads at a sacrifice, and some big store holds sales of quality shoes at half price.

Have you noticed the primary markets? Cotton, wool, silk, copper, iron and steel, hides, textiles, hemp, naval stores?

There has been a big break in the London wool market. The Australian auction this spring was a failure, with heavy withdrawals, because old Henry C. wasn't there to bid.

Cotton goods, too, are struggling, and the mills in Fall River, New Bedford and other great centers are running on short time.

Consumers of cotton yarns, we hear, find themselves overstocked and are canceling orders, until in the grades used for the finer fabrics the business is about as flat as it could be. Forty-inch combed lawn, counting eighty and weighing eight and one-half yards to the pound, was bringing a few months ago forty-one cents at the mill. Now—early June—it's worth thirty-two—there's no demand for it.

Mills on Short Time

In England the lull in buying activity is pronounced. They've had heavy cancellations from Turkey and the East. There has been a collapse in Egyptian cotton; the great markets of China and India are sagging, and English mills are accepting orders in America to-day that they wouldn't have considered four months ago.

Yet in this country the labor situation continues to trouble the cotton man. In New Bedford they've had a continuous labor performance for months, until the unions ended it all by passing resolutions saying that they'd been misled.

Hosiery manufacturers, too, are in trouble. They say an unbelievable number of reasons are offered by jobbers to validate their claims for cancellations—all more or less vain and empty. There has been a marked softening in the market for mercerized hose. With the tumble in silks the working woman has turned more than ever from cotton goods—cotton must come down.

The underwear makers are threatening to close their mills, because buyers don't respond to the lower price levels that are being made. In one large manufacturing center the output has been reduced twenty-five thousand dozen a week. And in another—Cohoes—all the manufacturers have been shut down a month, hopelessly waiting for two rival unions to settle a jurisdictional fight. Silk mills in Paterson and woolen mills round Providence are quitting rather than pile up uncalled-for goods, and the market for raw cotton is at a standstill, because, though the growing season has been bad and the outlook is for a short crop that should under ordinary circumstances send the price booming, no one can tell whether we are going to have adequate demand.

And silks? They're having something very like a panic in Japan. Raw silk that sold at five thousand yen a bale four months ago is quoted at less than fifteen hundred yen now, and finds no takers

(Continued on Page 49)

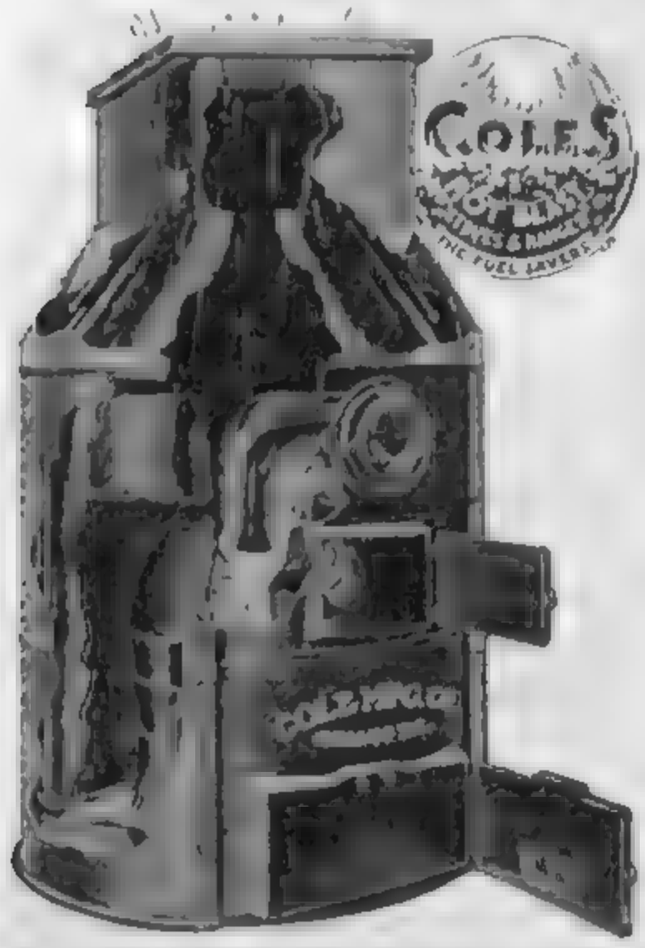
COLE'S HOT BLAST FUEL SAVING SYSTEM

Now the Heating Plant Complete

To further increase the well known efficiency of the fuel saving ***Cole's Hot Blast Furnace,*** the manufacturer has added the "Little Draft-Man" Furnace Regulator as regular equipment on this modern hot blast heating system.

This "Little Draft-Man" is a simple mechanical device which automatically opens the hot blast draft and closes the damper at any pre-determined time. It is set as simply as an alarm clock and, installed on the wall at elbow height in any room in the house, saves steps, time and fuel.

The "Little Draft-Man" has no electrical connections or complicated mechanism. It can be operated by everyone in the house and guards the health and comfort of the entire family. It assures a warm house in the morning—and gives ***Cole's Hot Blast Combustion*** a greater fuel economy than its well known 33⅓% saving. The "Little Draft-Man" greatly reduces ash production, and gives Cole's Hot Blast Furnace even a wider margin of efficiency.



Cole's Dealers everywhere supply the heating plant complete with the "Little Draft-Man"

The Little Draft-Man *Furnace Regulator*

Manufactured by

Sahlin Mfg. Co.

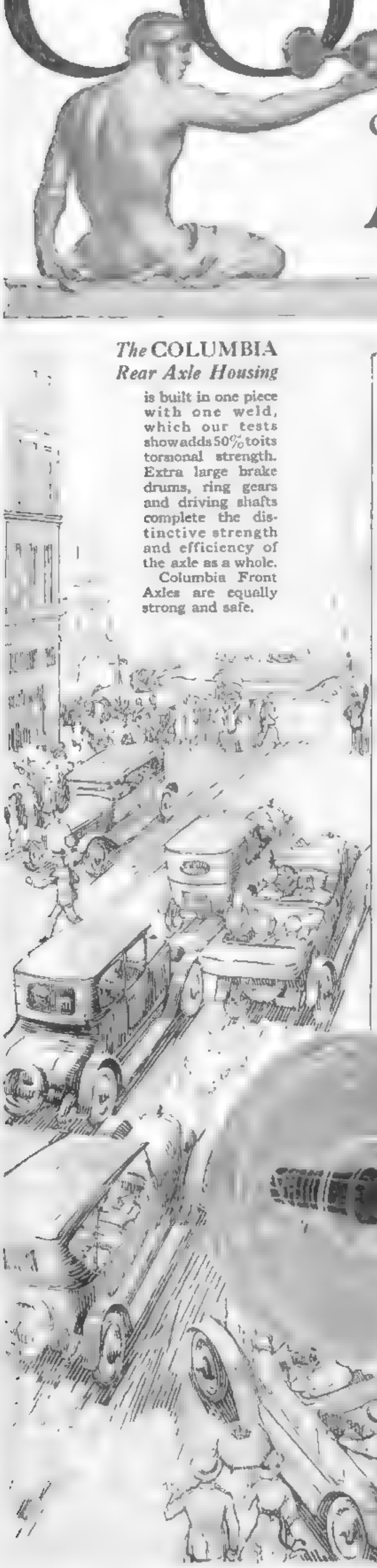
21 Ottawa Ave. N. W.

Grand Rapids, Michigan

Canadian Distributors:
McClary's, London, Ontario

COLUMBIA

ONE-PIECE-HOUSING AXLES



The COLUMBIA
Rear Axle Housing

is built in one piece with one weld, which our tests showadds 50% toits torsional strength. Extra large brake drums, ring gears and driving shafts complete the distinctive strength and efficiency of the axle as a whole.

Columbia Front Axles are equally strong and safe.

The Conflict of Forces

IMAGINE what would happen if you tried to start your car with the brakes set.

With the force of the engine exerting itself against differential, driving shafts, brake drums and axle housing, something must give way. If the brakes did not give or if the engine did not stall, the whole rear end system would be a mass of torn and twisted metal in a moment.

In a somewhat less degree, this same conflict of forces takes place every time you start, every time you shift gears. In place of set brakes, you have inertia. The engine being flexible, it is the rigid rear axle mechanism that must stand the greatest strain.

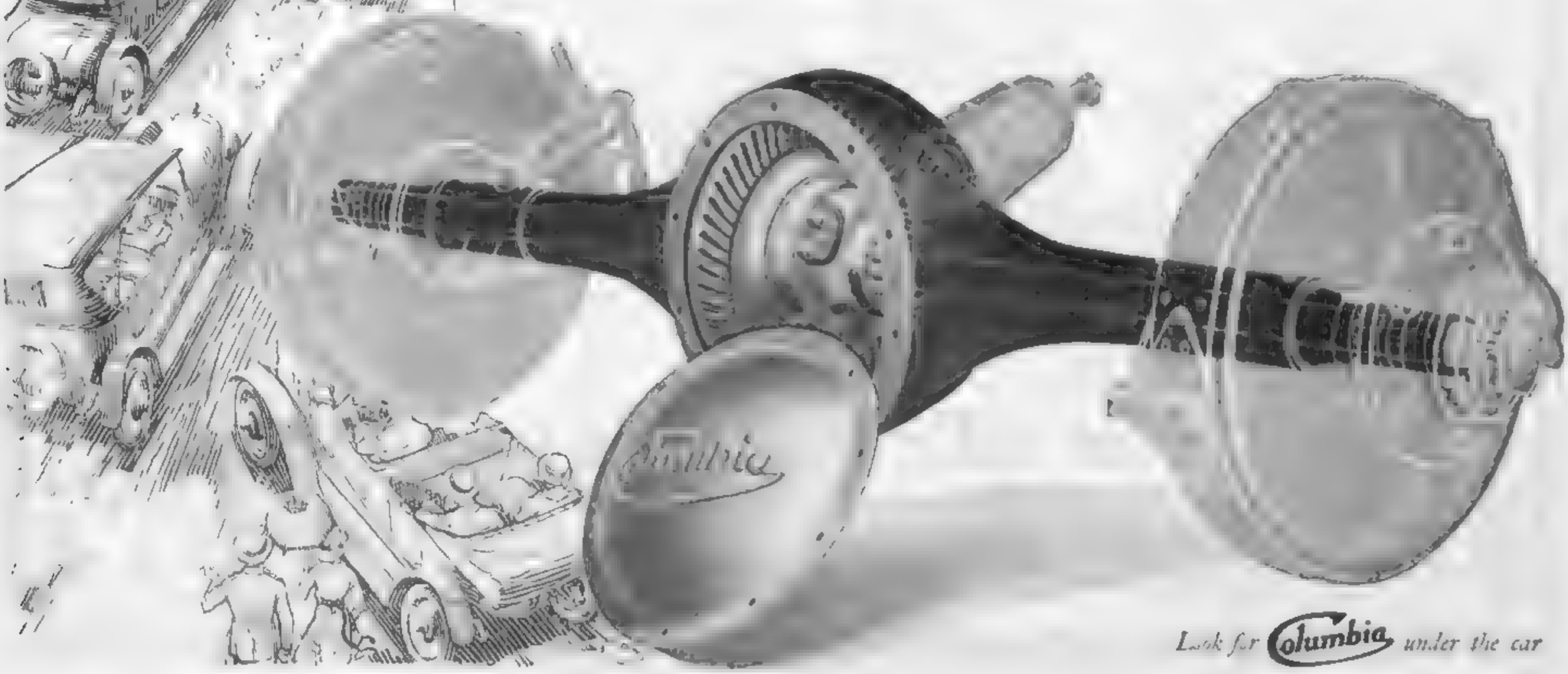
No other part of the car has such a multitude of duties to perform or so many antagonistic forces to resist as the rear axle.

Ability to perform these duties and to resist these forces has been built into Columbia One-piece-housing Rear Axles with all the skill and sincerity this organization of ours is capable of.

We are axle specialists. We believe that axles require special knowledge, special experience, special workmanship. We never for a moment forget our responsibility nor relax our watchfulness. The result is that Columbia One-piece-housing Rear Axles are known the nation over, by motor car owners and manufacturers alike, as reliable, durable, efficient, safe axles.

Will there be a Columbia under your next car?

Columbia Axle Company · Cleveland, Ohio, U. S. A.



Look for Columbia *under the car*

You Are Really Buying a Service—

YOUR dealer will go a long way toward delivering Hosiery and Underwear satisfaction when he realizes that he is selling a service, and not a mere commodity.

Mills make Hosiery and Underwear to specifications of size, weight, quality and appearance.

You buy these goods for what they will do. What you get for what you pay is not merely a pair of hose, or a suit of underwear, but so many weeks or months of wear and comfort and satisfaction.

You are really buying a service. So that the institution back of the goods—the intent and purpose of the Maker—is vitally important to you.

What is his point of view? How does he regard his business? Is he merely creating merchandise, or a service? Is he thinking of his product as goods, or is he thinking of it in its relation to you?

Too many women get different kinds of Hosiery every time they buy.

Too many men have several kinds of Underwear on hand—a mixed lot, instead of all of a kind, and just the kind they like.

There should be somewhere the exact thing you want—the kind, the price, the wear, the comfort.

In short, somebody should be offering the service you require.

For thirty years the Mills of the Allen A Company have been giving such a service to millions of men and women everywhere.

Their famous brands of Black Cat Hosiery and Cooper's-Bennington Spring Needle Underwear may now be identified by the additional mark—"Allen A."

"Allen"—the name of the owners; and "A"—the standard mark of first and finest grade.

A personal earnest of uniform quality and dependable value—the Maker's pledge of satisfaction and service to you.

Your dealer can supply you with Allen A Black Cat Hosiery for men, women and children, in silk, lisle, wool, or cotton—full length, of lasting shape and free from imperfections.

With Allen A Cooper's-Bennington Spring Needle Underwear for men and boys, in all weights and for all seasons.

If he hasn't them in stock, he can get them *direct* from the Allen A Company Mills.

Mills that build service and stores that sell service will find an ever-increasing business, a permanent repeating custom, from more people all the time.

Black Cat
HOSIERY &
Reinforced

Allen A

Coopers-Bennington
UNDERWEAR
Spring Needle

The Allen A Company
Kenosha, Wisconsin

Copyright, 1920, The Allen A Company

(Continued from Page 46)

at that. In this country silk dress goods that sold in the wholesale market last winter at three dollars and a half and four dollars, now bring one dollar to one dollar and a half.

Oh, Old Man Demand has been on a spree all right! Everybody's been wearing silks—silk stockings, silk shirts, silk dresses—and a lot of us were ready to pay any price that was asked. Silks, automobiles, player pianos have all been in great demand.

Did you hear about the piano maker who closed his shop the other day? Things had looked so good to his workmen that even in the palmy days he had trouble to keep his head above the waves. But when the demand began to fall off they weren't wise enough to let up on him, and he locked his doors.

Cigars, too, I am reminded by that, are a luxury. One of the biggest manufacturers of cigars in the United States has shut up his factory and moved to another city, where he is going to make cigars by machinery. All because his men, in defiance of their national officer's commands, simply tried to run him out of business. Practically all the cigar makers in Boston are out of work—walking the streets, some of them, along with the garment makers and piano makers and luxury makers who have been ministering to Henry C., and who are now being gradually released from that onerous task.

But luxuries aren't the only things that have been affected. Copper isn't a luxury. But it fell eight pounds sterling a ton the other day in the London market, and three more pounds a day or two later. Some of that goes back to the trouble in Japan. The Jap has been on a jazz trip that beats the record, it is said, and he's getting a dose of deflation medicine that is doing him good. He had speculated in copper, too, and with credits called on him he's shipping the metal back to London and other world markets, and shaking prices badly.

Here at home the long-continued strike in the brass-making plants of the Connecticut Valley is making the copper market hard hit.

Lead is just as bad—the lead market has been stagnant for so long that it would take a very sharp buying movement to give it strength. Zinc, too, shows no buying interest—consumers are not in the market.

Pig iron is needed. We're not making enough steel. That, as I explained, is partly because the transportation lines are clogged up. But there is little interest in new buying, the market reports say. The trade is weary and generally disgusted with one annoyance after another, and is waiting to see what will happen next. Premiums on finished products are gradually declining, due to a lack of consumer demand, and it's a question whether the time isn't in sight, or at hand, by the time this is printed, when we'll be making enough steel to meet the demand.

The Sugar Market

Meanwhile steel-plate production isn't much better than fifty per cent normal. In the steel mills there are faint rumors of permanent reduction in working forces—rumors that have been translated into very evident actuality during the present car shortage.

In short, after a most glorious drunk, in which workman and owner have joined alike, the morning after the night before is here, and it looks as though Henry C. Demand was going to lie down and try to catch a few winks before he starts after things again.

Did I speak of naval stores and hemp, of cottonseed oil and tin? The British market for tin has been showing a demoralizing influence of late. Tin fell two cents in New York the other day, and a further fall was only prevented by a material rise in sterling exchange. Cottonseed oil dropped in a day from twenty-two to twenty-seven points. There's been a general scaling down of prices in naval stores, and further reductions are looked for. The hemp market is dull and the buyers hold aloof for lower prices.

There seems to be a great anxiety to meet demand—to meet Mr. Henry C. Demand. Of course this isn't true in all lines. Fuel stays high and scarce, and foodstuffs come quickly to mind. There is no recession in these, because we have to eat, and the demand hasn't been jazzing so much as prices have.

Wages won't fall much, they tell me, while foodstuffs stay high. Yet there are signs of a future break there too. It hasn't reached the retail market yet, but this morning's reports tell us that on beef products the wholesale market was barely steady—that there was a disappointing hog market—and that on corn prices were nervous, a cent and a half lower.

When tanneries reduce to half capacity, shoe manufacturers cease work, woolen mills close down, cotton spinners run only a few days a week and steel mills operate only on a fifty per cent basis, there are likely to be a great many gentlemen of the slacker variety walking the streets out of a job. And with shortened hours and reduced incomes food will follow other commodities to a basis that will make for more real prosperity than we have known for some time.

There is no lessened demand in some things. We were using eighteen pounds of sugar per capita in 1865—last year we used ninety, even with the restrictions that then held. To-day we're probably using a hundred pounds—as much in nine weeks as our fathers used in a year.

But Cuban raws are down a shade, and though two-thirds of the Cuban crop was sold in June, we have attracted large tonnage from other sources on which this market doesn't usually draw. The crest has been reached, let us hope, and the price may fall.

Meantime our use of luxuries through all the period just past has greatly increased, our savings banks are full and we all own automobiles. The price of gasoline and grease is firm—crude rubber is in demand.

Only in one great industry did I find total gloom. I ran upon an ad the other day that made me smile. Surely here was a place where Henry C. was absent—a place where the cold gray dawn of the morning after cast gloom over all—"For sale—five thousand charred whiskey barrels. Make your best offer and they are yours."

Men With the Final Say

Seriously, there's economic encouragement in that. In fact there's encouragement for us on every hand. The future looks pretty good. Labor problems have gone a long way toward solution the past four years. We have cast off a number of garments that we will never again put on. We have come much nearer together as master and man. The principles on which we've got to work for the next generation or two have been pretty well laid out.

"I find," said a student of such things to me the other day, "that we've got three million men in organized labor to-day, and I read that we've made five thousand new millionaires. It seems to me sometimes that the two want to control the whole fabric of our life, while you and I and a lot of other men have been ignored.

"But it can't be done. Labor and capital have been thinking they'd just about decided what they were going to do about wages, earning conditions and all that. But they hadn't. You and I always have the final say, and we've said it again in no uncertain tone. We've issued the necessary edict that fancy prices and headlong economic speed must stop, and that the stop must be gradual enough so no one will get badly hurt, and it's going to be.

"The trouble with you and me and the rest of us ordinary folks is that it takes too long for us to make our convictions felt. We aren't organized. They're organizing unions of the middle-class folks over in England. I don't see why they might not be a pretty good thing. Our boys home from France have found a way to wield a great influence on the country's policies through their organization. If you and I and Mr. Jones could send our representative into the meetings where prices are raised and labor is given another hunk of our good money, and retailers discuss a mark-up that's too high, I think we'd save trouble for everybody.

"Someone said the other day that economic waves flow westward a thousand miles a month. I suppose if that's the case we may possibly hear of such unions on the Atlantic seaboard some time this summer, and in the Mississippi Valley three or four weeks later, where Mr. Capital and Mr. Labor will find old Henry C. Demand making himself felt in a new and tangible way.

"But I began to say that employer and employee had gone far—that the fundamental bases for their relationship had been laid down, on which they are to operate for the next ten or twenty years. The dignity of labor has become something

Millions Saved on Dinners

By serving Van Camp's Pork and Beans

Dinner always ready
Every can on your shelf means a hearty dinner, ever ready to serve, hot or cold

Van Camp's have made Pork and Beans a delicacy. They changed all old conceptions of this dish. They made it convenient, made it delicious, made it easy to digest.

Multitudes of housewives discovered this new dish. They serve it in place of meat at a fraction of the cost. They serve it often, for everyone enjoys it.

Thus millions of dollars have been saved on dinners by Van Camp's. Now this prize dish awaits you at your grocer's—in any size of can you wish. Find out how much it means.

This famous dish

The Van Camp beans are selected by analysis. They are boiled in water freed from minerals to secure tender skins.

They are baked in modern steam ovens—baked for hours at high heat without bursting or crisping the beans. They come out whole and mealy, easy to digest.

They are baked with a matchless sauce, whose tang and flavor give zest to every atom.

They are baked in sealed containers, so the flavor can't escape.

You will never know how good baked beans can be until you try Van Camp's.

VAN CAMP'S Pork and Beans
Three sizes, to serve 3, 5 or 10

Baked With the Van Camp Sauce—Also Without It

Other Van Camp Products Include

Soups Evaporated Milk Spaghetti Peanut Butter
Chili Con Carne Catsup Chili Sauce, Etc.

Prepared in the Van Camp Kitchens at Indianapolis

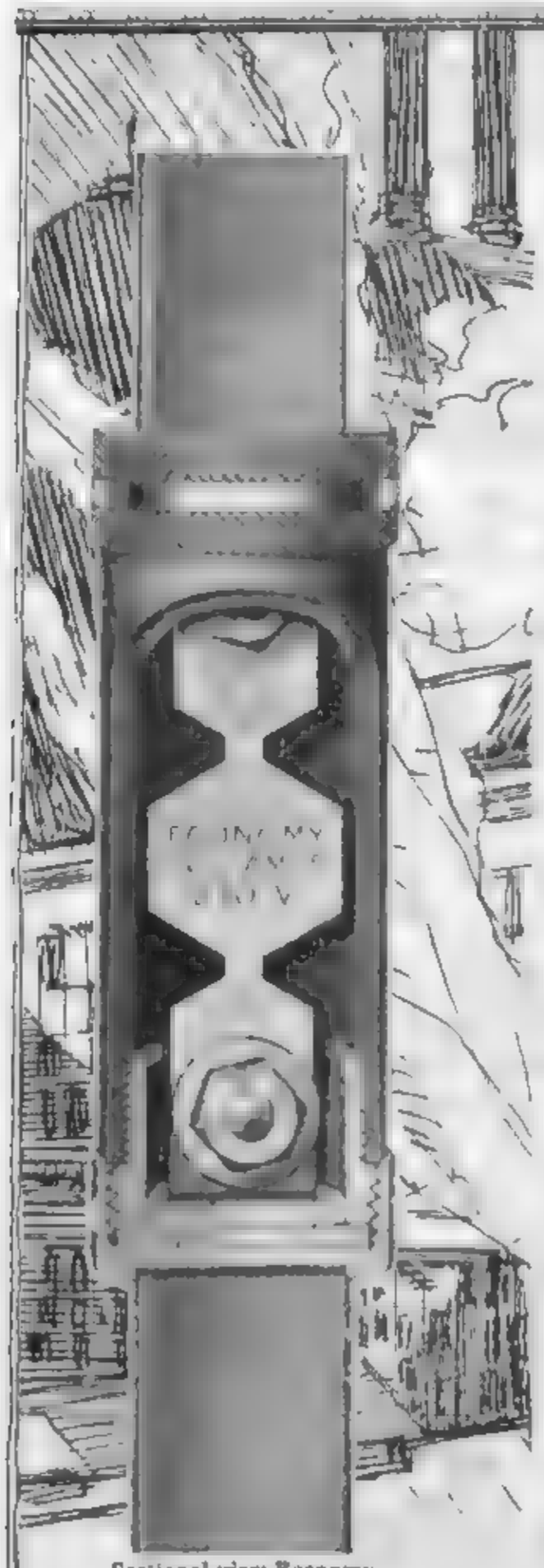
Van Camp's Tomato Soup
Also 17 other kinds, based on famous French recipes.

Van Camp's Spaghetti
Italian style, made with the rarest materials.

Van Camp's Evaporated Milk
From high bred cows, kept in sanitary dairies and inspected.

Sectional view Economy Ferrule-type Fuse and Economy "Drop Out" Renewal Link

ECONOMY *renewable* FUSES


Sectional view Economy Knife-blade Fuse

Consider the Fuses In YOUR Plant

Proper protection of lives, property and machinery in all industrial plants using electrical energy depends upon the accurate functioning of the fuses used.

Economy fuses are absolutely accurately rated. They operate unfailingly when overloads, short-circuits and lightning discharges cause hazards to lives, apparatus and property.

Nothing is destroyed but the inexpensive strip of fusible metal—quickly and easily replaced by a new Economy "Drop Out" Renewal Link.

This feature cuts annual fuse maintenance costs 80% as compared to the use of one-time fuses.

Avoid production delays; it requres but a minute to restore a "blown" Economy Renewable Fuse to its original efficiency.

Instruct your electrician to install Economy Renewable Fuses at once.

For sale by all leading electrical jobbers and dealers

Economy Fuse & Mfg. Co.
Chicago, U. S. A.

Economy Fuses are also made in Canada at Montreal

Economy Fuses were the first line using an inexpensive bare renewal link for restoring a blown fuse to its original efficiency to be approved in all capacities by the Underwriters' Laboratories.

more than a Fourth-of-July phrase. And the altruism of capital—do I see you smile?—the altruism of capital is among those present this day. It hasn't been with us long. But old H. C. D. has shown a liking for it—and here you are!"

Men with money are beginning to wonder how they may better use their responsibility. It has done a lot of them good to have to know a labor market that wouldn't let 'em come in until they had wiped their feet on the doormat and taken off their hats. Some of them needed that lesson pretty bad.

There is no reason why a wage earner shouldn't be allowed to dress and act just like any other man—always provided he really is like the other man. The one who has culture doesn't enjoy the society of him who is ignorant or uncouth. The man whose thoughts are decent doesn't mix well with the one whose mind is unclean. But just as all money fails alone to give a man prestige among real folks, so does the relationship of employer and employee cease to stack up as it used to. A man's intrinsic worth is therefore going further to-day than it ever went before. Old Man Demand has requested that all false-front fantasies be sidetracked, and he's gradually going to have his way.

"All men are free and equal?" said a manufacturer that I know. "Not by a darned sight! But you watch how all men are freer than ever before to have equal opportunity—and you watch how real worth is being appraised at its true value.

"Why, I've been through a regular education the past two years about that! My father, as you know, was of the old school. He made this business great, but he hardly spoke to his men. Even his sons were to him just so many producing units. Long service, humble faithfulness, brilliant work—he accepted and scrupulously rewarded all—but he never permitted any of us to approach him on a common level.

"I thought about him last night when I took two of my foremen home in my car. He wouldn't have stood for that. But I thought nothing of it—neither did the men. One of them was in my regiment overseas. You see how things have changed?"

Future Relations

All that has nothing to do with demand? It is the direct outcome of the all-controlling demand that has come upon us that every man be taken at his full worth just as fast as that worth is discovered. Who decided that? You and I!

We decided the needs and stress of the war, and we decided the terms of the post-war struggle we've been through, and now we're entering another era. Most of the war's disturbance has been mopped up, as we boys used to say.

The democratization of men, the education of labor, the equality of men who have character and quality alike—the readjustment of living conditions to a higher plane for him whom we have heretofore called the poor man—all these and much more are the outcome of the war and of conditions that followed in its train.

"What will be the relations of employer and employed from now on?" said an employment manager to whom I talked. "I think there is danger that they may not be so good in some respects. A wonderful lot has been accomplished the past year or two toward better understandings. Men have learned to give new dignity to labor, and particularly to show consideration for the workingman's rights. Workmen and labor leaders, on the other hand, have a new insight and understanding of the problems of costs and accounting.

"We're facing industrial relations with a new friendliness, as one manufacturer has said. Human engineering will get henceforth the same attention that mechanical engineering has had.

"Various plans for industrial education have sprung out of the stress. It would be regrettable to cut them all off. But some of the frills will have to disappear. Profit sharing, business control, housing, shop management—all have given rise to a good deal that isn't likely to prove permanent.

"A man who is looking for a job doesn't ask about housing, stock participation, or a hand in the management of the business. He wants to know the hours and the pay. I find that if I tell him something about a properly based system of bonuses he is interested. But even then he prefers the flat rate out of hand until he has got accustomed to us.

"The average workman is an honest man. Don't forget that. Much of the trouble about underproduction rises from misunderstandings and bad advice. Since the days of the introduction of machinery the loss of personal contact in large industrial plants has constantly increased, and misunderstandings are sure to result."

The Employment Department

But the kind of man with whom underproduction is a permanent disease got into industry while the buyer's market was suspended. He won't last long. In fact he's being weeded out quite rapidly. Old Henry C. has no use for him. But this readjustment is going to call for prudence and skill. Visionary plans will fall of their own weight, but sound methods must be carefully retained.

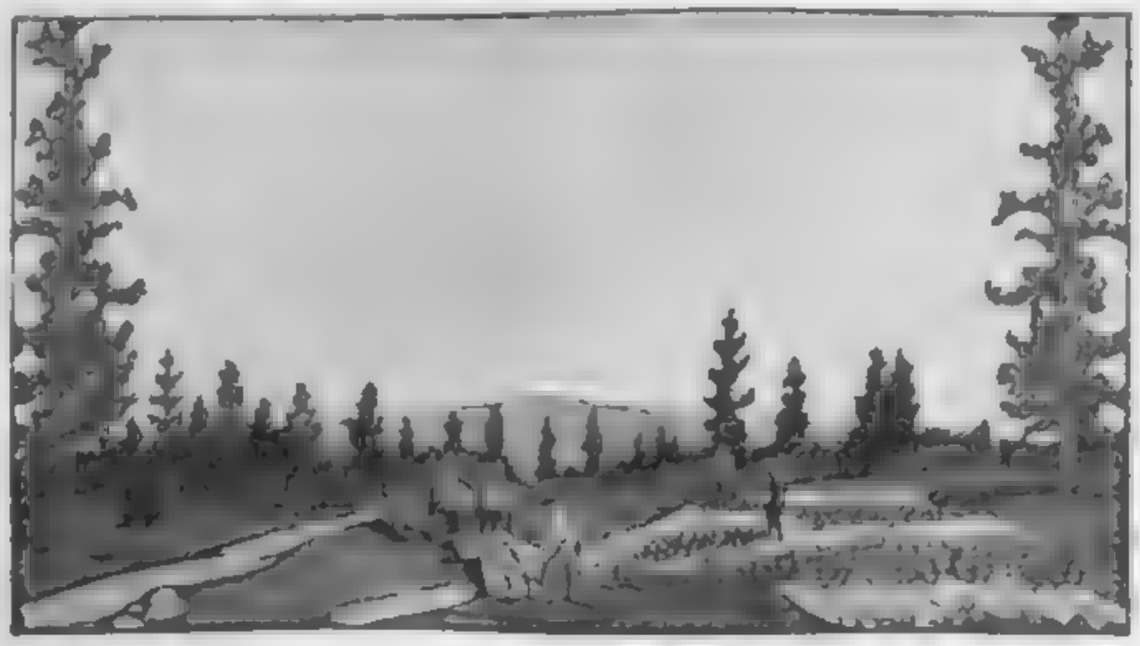
Some employers feel quite a good deal of resentment at what they've been through the past few years, and some of them say they are going to scrap their employment departments the minute labor is presented in a plentiful supply. That is bad, for a new relationship has been established in concerns that maintain a well-regulated employment office and organization—that is economically so sound that it would be a pity to cut it out. The employment department shouldn't become confused with other industrial frills and furbelows when the buyer's market arrives.

I read the other day of a Western firm that advertises a labor turnover of only five per cent. The question of a buyer's or a seller's market, so far as labor is concerned, is a small one to them. They have men in their workrooms, artisans of the old school, who have been with them forty years. What has been the trouble in other houses, where to keep a workman forty days has been considered something of a feat?

You may be sure of two or three considerations—there has been mutual confidence, ripening into something like affection, to keep these men at their benches. There has been a generous living wage; there has been workmanship of the highest type; there has been honest, earnest labor. It doesn't seem very complex.

But first of all, I wonder if there hasn't been a maintenance of the personal touch and a realization that the management didn't have any monopoly of brains?

Men respond to that. Lack of it causes industrial ills. If the ingenuity and enthusiasm of the worker are utilized he is more likely to be content.

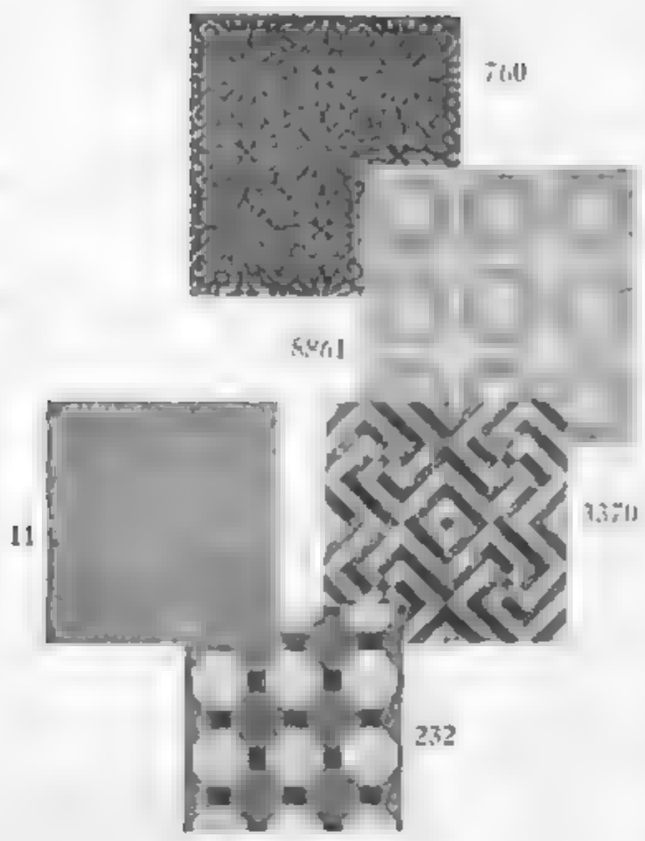


The Domestic plants at Cleveland and Norwalk contain 150,000 square feet of floor space and are devoted to the manufacture of fractional horsepower electric motors exclusively

The large proportion of American household appliances equipped with Domestic electric motors significantly indicates the degree of confidence which nationally recognized manufacturers place in Domestic design, Domestic policies of sales and service, and Domestic standards of manufacture.

THE DOMESTIC ELECTRIC COMPANY, CLEVELAND, O.
FACTORIES AT CLEVELAND, O. AND NORWALK, O.

Domestic Electric Motors



IF you prefer any of these Armstrong patterns to the one used in this hall, which is No. 690, order by number from your linoleum merchant.

The Decorative Floor

IN first-class European residences, because of its inherent sanitary qualities, linoleum is often used as the floor in preference to wood in all types of rooms, simple and elaborate. The well-appointed hall in the illustration shows one way this idea is being put into practice in this country. The floor is Armstrong's Parquetry Inlaid.

Whatever your color preference may be, you can secure designs and colors in Armstrong's Linoleum which will enable you to express your taste in the decoration of all rooms.

And real linoleum, such as Armstrong's, makes a *permanent* floor worthy of any fabric rug. It lightens housework, because it is so easily cleaned and kept clean. Waxed occasionally, it keeps like new. It is springy to the step, noiseless, and comfortable. Whether for the new house you are building or for the old floor you plan to relay, Armstrong's Linoleum is less expensive than other floors. If cemented down firmly over felt paper, as a permanent floor, Armstrong's Linoleum will remain attractive for years. In Plain, Jaspé, and Inlaid Linoleum the colors run clear through to the burlap back. You can make certain you are buying Armstrong's by the Circle A trademark stamped on the back of every yard. It is flexible, strong, and not easy to tear.

If you have never seen the many interesting ways in which linoleum floors may be used for decorative purposes, you should send for our book on interior decoration. It will help you make your home more attractive.

"The Art of Home Furnishing and Decoration"

By Frank Alvah Parsons, President of the New York School of Fine and Applied Art. Sent, with de luxe color plate of fine home interiors, on receipt of twenty cents.

Armstrong Bureau of Interior Decoration

Write this Bureau for advice as to patterns to match any scheme of interior decoration. Trained decorator in charge. No fees.

ARMSTRONG CORK COMPANY, LINOLEUM DEPARTMENT
903 Liberty St., Lancaster, Pa.

Armstrong's Linoleum

for Every Room (A) in the House

Inland Water Transport

By HENRY A. MEYER

Deputy Dock Commissioner, City of New York

IN THE June fifth issue of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST there was a timely and interesting article by Floyd W. Parsons, under the title of Inland Water Transport, some portions of which I heartily indorse; but some other portions I must take exception to; and I desire to point out wherein I believe he is in error. Regarding some of the interior and Western streams whose flow of water in the dry season is problematical and which are not so located as to insure a reliable shipment of products or merchandise, of course it is a waste of money, whether public or private, to develop them into efficient means of transportation; but to condemn the waterway development of the country as a whole, as this article attempts to do, and to say "A good part of the money that has so far been invested to develop inland water transportation appears to have been wasted" in my opinion is unwarranted and not in accordance with the fact.

I agree with the statement that "the time has come when waterway expenditures in the United States must be confined to projects where the probable traffic will be large enough to justify the outlay"; but coupled with that statement should be another, namely: That no waterway development should be handicapped by failure to provide it with the necessary modern terminal facilities to permit it to be fully utilized.

Panama Canal Business

Regarding the improvement of the Mississippi River, it must be borne in mind that the highways of commerce have been east and west and not north and south, and aside from purely local business confined to the Mississippi Valley itself and localities adjacent thereto, it could not be expected in the past to create any very large volume of through or export business over its waters.

The time is coming, however, if it is not now at hand, when as the result of the opening of the Panama Canal, and New Orleans' awakening to the possibilities and opportunities that commercial intercourse with South America offers her, the improvement of the "Father of Waters" will be fully justified, not only from the standpoint of flood prevention but also as a means of cheap transportation.

Mr. Parsons' article says: "We must dismiss right at the beginning all thought that inland waterways can be provided to carry traffic during those critical times when our railroads are swamped with business, and industry is suffering from a congestion of freight." Judging from the recent experience that we are having here in New York, when it is impossible to secure shipments in either direction over the railroads, the utilization of New York State's improved waterway has been the salvation of many engaged in securing and shipping foodstuffs and merchandise that otherwise could not have been moved; and in the very nature of things this statement cannot be true. Of course if a waterway has no equipment to operate upon it or no terminal facilities to aid in rendering expeditious and economical service, you could not expect it to do business and relieve congestion any more than you would a railroad without rolling-stock equipment of the necessary freight cars or freight terminals to handle the freight.

When he says that it is a fact that during the crucial war period of railway congestion our river-borne traffic showed a falling off, he should have added that it was because the Federal Government had control of all transportation, both rail and water, and that they insisted upon routing all business possible over the railroads, and prevented it going over the water routes, even when it could have gone quicker and cheaper.

This was specially so, as I am cognizant of, regarding shipments over the New York barge canal; and the action was so apparent that members of the New York State Waterways Association went to Washington and protested against such a policy being pursued; and this compulsory shipping via the railroads was done in order to give the railroads all the revenue possible so as to make a favorable showing for the Federal operation of the roads. But surely this cannot be used to show the waterway was a failure. In the first place, with the canal in Federal control, and all private companies, if formed, compelled to operate under the supervision of the United States Railroad Administration, with no guaranty that their boats would not be requisitioned by the Government for other purposes, it could not be expected that private capital would embark in the field of boat construction; and, in addition, no private companies cared to compete with the Federal authorities in the canal business. Hence, your statement, "Measured solely in the light of a business venture the New York barge canal is an out-and-out failure," is not a fair and just statement, and as yet there is no just basis for such a statement.

From an official statement made by the superintendent of public works—General Wotherspoon—in November, 1918, covering the war period, he said the total canal tonnage from May fifteenth, when the new canal was first opened its entire length, to November first, was 1,026,922 tons. The shipment of wheat was 1,391,181 bushels, an increase of 663,552 bushels over the corresponding period of 1917, in spite of the fact that the receipts at Buffalo of wheat available for canal shipment during 1918 were less than one-half of the total recorded for 1917.

Development of Commerce

And again it was important to note that for the first time in twenty-five years flour was transported by canal in large volume and with no more damage than as if shipped by rail. These shipments amounted to 20,794 tons up to November first.

He said the development of commerce in some directions was not satisfactory, because a vast amount of war materials and supplies manufactured in the canal territory and for which the canal would have afforded a convenient route was practically all forced to be shipped over the railroads. He, however, considered the new experiment showed splendid results and had gone far to remove from the canal the reputation it had acquired as being an instrument for the movement of low-grade commodities only, and had shown to shippers its possibilities as a carrier of high-class merchandise.

To show that Mr. Parsons' conclusions are not well founded regarding the usefulness of the barge canal and that it was premature to judge of its serviceability during

How we safeguard their sharpness—

WE think it is worth a half page in The Saturday Evening Post to tell you *how* we wrap Ever-Ready Blades and the WHY of it all.

We can hear you say "It must be SOME wrapping."

It is.

The fact is, we have got about the most delicate TRANSPORTATION PROBLEM that faces any industry. Talk about shipping radium.

After all, there is nothing to an Ever-Ready blade but service. You don't care about the expensive raw steel we put into them. You don't care about the 35 processes of refinement and coddling through which we put them. All you care about is SHAVES.

Well, the shaves are there, all right, and we have to see that you get them. They're there in that little thin silver-looking line one-ten-thousandth of an inch thick—the business edge of the Ever-Ready blade. We have got to deliver that edge to you as good as we make it. That's our delivery problem. We have got to safeguard little thin silver-looking lines one-ten-thousandth of an inch thick.

That's why we have covered our wrapping process with patents. That's why we go to all the trouble. That's what this ad is about. We wrap our blades as if they were treasures—and they are.

The next time you buy Ever-Ready blades, note the wrapping of each blade. First: a surrounding jacket of plain paper. (See how it's locked into the next layer.) Next: an envelope of paraffined tissue to keep out moisture. And third: a thick surrounding guard of projecting heavy cardboard specially treated.

See how this cardboard guard sticks out about an eighth of an inch entirely around the blade—so that it is really a DOUBLE guard of the blade's quality. You can knock this guard—actually step on it—and you can't hurt the cutting edge of the blade.

Thus do we insure the original perfect shaving service of every Ever-Ready blade. They may be tumbled and tossed, they may cross continents to reach you, but when you do get them finally, you get a full half dozen *perfect* shaving instruments for your 40c.

Such blades and such service! Isn't it final argument that you should buy an Ever Ready Safety Razor outfit? Still $1. Sold Everywhere.

AMERICAN SAFETY RAZOR CORPORATION
Brooklyn, N. Y.
Makers of the famous Ever-Ready Safety Razors and Ever-Ready Shaving Brushes

Factories:
New York
Brooklyn
Toronto
London
Paris

THE TROPICS WHERE THE HEAT THAT MOVES THE AIR CURRENTS IS GENERATED
PIPELESS
CALORIC
FURNACE
THE POLAR REGION WHERE THE AIR CURRENTS DESCEND AND BEGIN THEIR RETURN TO THE EQUATOR

HEATS YOUR HOME LIKE THE SUN HEATS THE EARTH

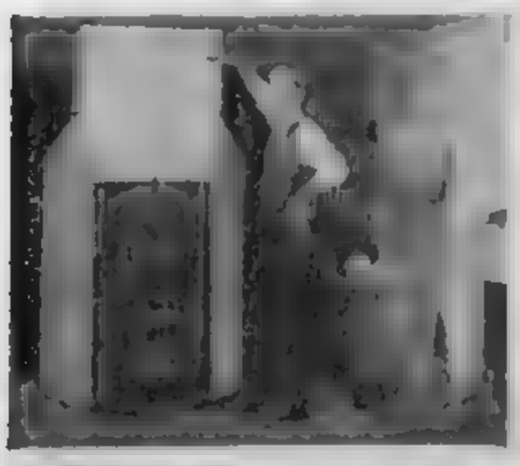
At last - *natural*, *scientific heating* that gives you summer warmth in every room in coldest weather - and saves ⅓ to ½ your fuel.

Luxurious - but not a luxury! Over 100,000 families enjoy this wonderful comfort at less fuel cost - with the patented *CaloriC*.

The CaloriC is Science working in partnership with Nature. Warm air rises - cool air falls; - this is Nature's law of air circulation. Utilizing this law, the CaloriC, through its one register, heats an entire building, just as one sun, through the operation of the same law, heats the earth.

OVER 100,000 SATISFIED CALORIC USERS

The CaloriC is made by the largest manufacturers of warm-air furnaces in the world. Sold on a Money - back Guarantee to heat your home to 70° in coldest weather. For old or new homes. No plumbing or alterations.



Only 6 foot basement necessary

The CaloriC patented triple-casing made pipeless heating successful - and bear in mind this fact - CaloriC patented advantages CANNOT be had in any other heating plant. Prepare for Winter NOW - protect yourself against the high price and scarcity of fuel. Get the fuel-saving CaloriC - be sure. See nearest CaloriC dealer or write today for details.

The Monitor Stove Company
(The Monitor Family)
101 Years in Business CINCINNATI, O.

CALORIC

THE ORIGINAL PIPELESS FURNACE TRIPLE-CASING PATENT

© The M. S. Co. 1920

the period the Federal Government had control of all transportation and was able to prevent shipments from going by water, and also before private operators could arrange for placing boats upon the canal, I refer to recent official statements made by the superintendent of public works office, wherein it is shown that in the first four weeks of navigation this year the canal not only handled ninety-four per cent more traffic than in the same period last year, but also that no less than five transportation companies, as well as a number of individually owned and operated barges, have inaugurated a regular service and are prepared to carry cargoes in both directions between New York and Buffalo and Oswego and all points between, as well as upon the Champlain Division to Whitehall and beyond.

In addition the Department of Public Works will operate a fleet of towing tugs on the Erie, Oswego and Cayuga Seneca divisions, for towing the barges of all comers.

Superintendent Walsh has more recently stated that the traffic on the canal this year has far exceeded his expectations and the demand upon canal facilities and equipment is unprecedented; that he hardly knows how to take care of the business that is seeking transportation over the waterway. He says he predicts the canal will move more than 2,500,000 tons of freight this year. This would be equal to 60,000 carloads of freight.

I am greatly surprised at Mr. Parsons' statement that "our important inland waterways have cost as much per mile to improve as the cost of building a first-class railway," but am not surprised at his statement that "the capacity of a waterway, as of a railway, is nearly always fixed by the capacity of its terminals."

The statement that steamship companies have been forced to abandon their business because of inability to compete with railway lines is hardly admissible unless the railroads have had control over the terminals and prevented a fair competition by exacting an undue and unjust charge for use of same.

Investigations in the past have shown that before laws were enacted to prevent, the railroads gave a rate in competition with boat service that was much lower than the cost of service and was intended to, and did, drive the water competition out of business; but, thanks to enlightened public opinion, laws have been enacted to prevent just that thing.

Herbert Knox Smith, former commissioner of corporations in the Department of Commerce and Labor, after an exhaustive investigation of the subject of transportation by water, said:

"Our increasing commerce demands that our waterways shall be made an active part of our transportation system. Waterways themselves and their condition must be so improved that they shall carry a share of the nation's traffic proportioned to their real possibilities, and shall so supplement the rail system as to prevent the recurrence of disastrous traffic congestion. Waterway traffic has its inexorable limitations. Waterways also have their enormous possibilities."

Water transportation on the Great Lakes, to which Mr. Parsons has referred, has demonstrated some of these possibilities; and they are not all the result of the installing of wonderful freight-handling machinery. This, of course, has been of great help, and such labor-saving and money-saving appliances should be provided wherever possible; but if the railroads which in a measure parallel the lake route and compete for the traffic could exactly duplicate all these freight-handling-machinery appliances, they never could secure the business or move the freight at a cost anything in comparison to that charged by the water route. It has been shown that freight by water can be moved on the Great Lakes from Duluth to Buffalo at one-tenth of the cost by railroads, and that the average throughout the whole United States is at the most one-sixth of the rail cost.

Mr. Parsons' statement that students of transportation are agreed that inland waterways can survive only by confining their traffic to low-value products such as stone, lumber, brick, ice, ore and grain, in my opinion should read that they are agreed that the waterways have a decided advantage over the railroads in carrying these products, and can, and do so, at much less rate; but they are not agreed that they could not carry other products of greater value, such as the productions of all kinds of manufacturing industries from factories adjacent to the canals or waterways, and which utilize the cheap water transportation to secure their raw material and which, I am sure, will and can use the same cheap route for their finished product when boat and terminal facilities are afforded them.

Mr. Parsons in his article would seem to imply that the generally accepted statements that the inland waterways of European countries have been the means of keeping them abreast of the commercial requirements of the times and have been directly accountable for their commercial growth and prosperity are not true. He tries to show that the taxpayers of France and Germany are ignorant of what is for their own interests, and by his argument would endeavor to show they are deliberately taxing themselves enormous sums to maintain their system of waterways.

To my mind a complete answer to this species of argument is that where they had the system of inland canals or natural waterways they had prosperity; and cities and localities that did not have them went behind until they were provided, and then they forged ahead; and the necessity for these waterways was so apparent that even during the World War—which damaged these countries more than others—they both, as much as they were able, continued the construction of the water highways, many of which were found to be especially serviceable during the war.

We agree with Mr. Parsons and Mr. Baker, of the Engineering News, that money expended for the benefit of water transportation should be spent on channels that would be used when completed, and also in the all-important necessity for supplying them with proper terminal facilities. In that connection we desire to say that in our opinion the New York barge canal will never serve the purpose for which it was reconstructed until there is provided at New York City the export terminal at Jamaica Bay, as recommended by the Barge Canal Terminal Commission, with all the necessary appliances, so as to transship the grain and products of the West expeditiously and cheaply. This has had the approval of the people of the state by a referendum vote, and if the coöperative agreement between the city and Federal Government to develop Jamaica Bay had been carried out promptly as it should have been, this export terminal, which will for all time to come make the new enlarged canal an assured success, would now be in process of construction.

THE DRIVE INDUSTRY

(Continued from Page 5)

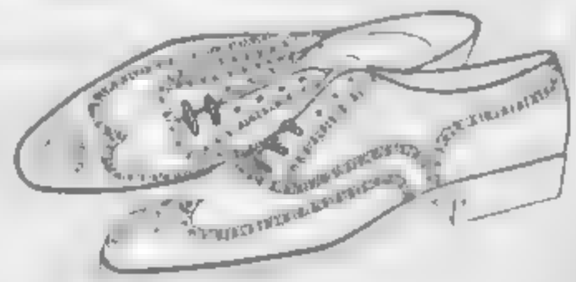
One religious money-raising project recently being conducted, but abandoned, was planned with a loose $400,000,000 to $1,250,000,000 objective. Figures compiled by the New York Times show an aggregate of more than $200,000,000 sought by seventy-five universities and colleges throughout the United States, ranging from $25,000,000 for a big university to $100,000 for Upcreek College in its obscure field. A bureau that makes a business of investigating national and interstate money-raising activities reported 634 organizations in 1919, of which 428 were concerned with war relief and 206 working in other fields. This bureau pays no attention to local projects whose activities are confined to one city or state, and as growth in local activities is the outstanding feature of the drive industry to-day the number of local projects undoubtedly exceeds that of the national drives in number, though perhaps not in money sought. By April of this year the number of national and interstate drives had risen to 1021, of which the bureau approved only 124.

One of the principal agencies in the management of money-raising campaigns furnishes figures showing its own activities the past year. For thirty-five institutions a grand aggregate of nearly $575,000,000 was sought, and more than $400,000,000 secured, some of these campaigns being still in progress during the summer. The majority were local in their nature, with a few

(Continued on Page 57)

AN increasing preference for low-cut footgear for fall and winter makes this Brogue Oxford model by Nettleton peculiarly interesting. The true brogue type in design and detail, planned to give the utmost comfort, it will afford ample protection and is absolutely correct, especially when worn with the stout yarn hose now in favor.

And, economically speaking, it is sound commonsense to buy Nettletons, which continue to look the thoroughbred long after less carefully made shoes have to be replaced.



A. E. NETTLETON COMPANY, SYRACUSE, N. Y., U. S. A.

Nettleton

Shoes of Worth

Records

Indianapolis Speedway—Ten cars finished in the 1920 International 500-Mile Speedway Classic at Indianapolis. Seven of these cars, including the winning Monroe Special, driven by Gaston Chevrolet, were equipped with Delco Ignition.

Fifty-Hour Record—An Essex stock car, in a grueling fifty-hour grind, covered three thousand and thirty-seven miles, averaging 60.7 miles an hour. The perfect performance of Delco starting, lighting and ignition equipment was an important factor in the establishment of this record.

Speed—"Tommy" Milton shot his Delco-equipped Duesenberg car along Daytona Beach at the fastest pace man ever traveled on the surface of the earth—at the rate of 156 miles per hour. This speed established seven world records and once again demonstrated Delco ignition efficiency.

Every-Day Record—The record of Delco performance on more than a million motor cars, day in and day out, on all kinds of roads in every part of the world is cherished by The Dayton Engineering Laboratories Company even more than the accompanying ignition achievements of note. None but the owners of cars Delco-equipped can fully appreciate the assurance of contentment Delco dependability gives to every automobile trip, for business or pleasure. The daily records of Delco reliability are so constant in repetition as scarcely to cause comment.

Trans-Atlantic Record—In his report on the memorable flight across the Atlantic Lieutenant Commander Read wrote: "The engine functioned perfectly all the way from America to Portugal." These words constitute a genuine tribute to Delco Ignition dependability—when dependability was vital.

Altitude—Major Schroeder's spectacular climb into the heavens February 27, 1920, for a world's altitude record was achieved with a Liberty Motor equipped with Delco Ignition. The Bureau of Standards' official calibration showed a height of 33,000 feet above sea level.

Trans-Continental Record—A seven-passenger Hudson phaeton stock car equipped with Delco starting, lighting and ignition covered 7,000 miles from San Francisco to New York and return in the remarkable record-breaking time of 10 days, 21 hours.

Delco

THE DAYTON ENGINEERING LABORATORIES CO., DAYTON, OHIO, U. S. A.

(Continued from Page 54)

national campaigns, and two raising money for foreign-relief funds.

Approximately $500,000,000 financed all our philanthropic institutions before the war, according to estimates by the Chicago Tribune's statistical department. By 1916 the aggregate had been doubled, and in 1918 $1,000,000,000 was exceeded. War brought increased contributions, but diverted money from charities, churches, colleges and similar home institutions. Since the armistice, however, the latter have been making up for lost time. The aggregate secured in drives during 1919 was certainly more than $1,000,000,000 and perhaps as much as $1,500,000,000, counting the innumerable local money-raising campaigns which have been conducted without attracting attention beyond the community concerned.

More significant than the estimates of sums collected or sought by deserving causes are the figures compiled by authorities like the district attorney of New York County to reveal the activities of money-raising frauds. Starting out upon the rumor that $50,000,000 collected for foreign-relief funds in the halcyon days before we entered the war had been fraudulently misappropriated in this country, that gentleman investigated 534 money-raising activities in 1918, and put 384 of them out of business. Some of their promoters were prominent and even titled people, who acted upon his suggestion to quit.

Others were convicted and sent to jail or became fugitives from justice. One gang of ex-convicts had obtained $500,000 in eight months, and it was estimated that $4,000,000 had been stolen from New Yorkers in one year through fraudulent money-raising schemes.

Long before the national pocketbook was drawn upon for hundreds of millions in our great country-wide war drives, enterprising foreigners had established a quiet and immensely profitable industry in the United States. Names of obscure relief societies appeared on doors in the office buildings of every big American city—British, French, Russian, German, Austrian, Italian and other relief funds, along with societies for the relief of humanity in general. Opening one of these doors you found a sleek, well-fed gentleman of foreign aspect, taking his ease in a comfortable office chair, surrounded by orderly piles of pamphlets. Perhaps two or three girls were busy mailing pamphlets or opening letters and extracting currency and checks. This would be the only relief work going on, and the foreign-looking gentleman its chief beneficiary.

The Golden Flood

Again, you would find a group of short-haired women, and sometimes there would be a lot of silent yet feverish activity on that floor after other tenants had gone home for the night. For sound magnifiers were concealed behind pictures or desks, and secret-service men listened and took stenographic records in adjoining offices. After we entered the war many of these enterprises were raided by the Department of Justice.

Some of them were swindles, others enemy-propaganda activities, others actual blackmail schemes. Money from wrought-up contributors of foreign birth poured into these offices in such sums that in one New York office building the colored janitors, reëxamining the letters thrown into waste-baskets every night, frequently picked up currency and checks that had been overlooked in handling the daily mail.

But it is during the year and a half following the armistice that money raising has grown into an industry, managed by professional campaigners, with a turnover approximating that of the automobile industry. However familiar billions may have become $1,000,000,000 to $1,500,000,000 is a lot of money, even the smaller sum exceeding the factory value of all but a few groups of our industries, such as textiles, meat packing, steel and lumber. The crook and the novice have figured in this new field of activity, but much of the money raised has been secured by worthy causes. Methods have not been so worthy. Professionalism, high salaries paid to experts, commissions and percentages on money collected, the setting of objectives beyond real needs, campaigning in one week for sufficient funds to last five years, duplication, loose accounting, coercion and hysteria generally—these have crept in during the excitement.

Perhaps for the best, growing like a mushroom, with its shortcomings and evils unchecked, the money-raising industry has run its swift course and in a few months reached the stage where it begins to check itself. That stage has arrived. The driven public has turned upon the drivers, and shows unmistakable signs of revolt. Despite the huge sums that have been collected the past eighteen months, there are still millions of dollars in the national pocketbook for any public institution that is delivering the goods.

But the time has come to drop hysteria and circus methods of raising money, and demonstrate that funds will be used on hard business lines.

That the national pocketbook is not so accessible as it was a year ago is shown plainly in the failure of recent money-raising campaigns.

One of the great humane organizations most generally supported during the war had 20,000,000 members, each contributing a dollar. Its last membership drive brought only 10,000,000 dollar bills. Another famous war activity that set out to collect $1,000,000 during the summer succeeded in raising barely one-fifth of that sum after a month of campaigning. An ambitious memorial project seeking several million dollars was practically a failure after expensive advertising.

What the Public Wants to Know

Dozens of smaller campaigns have fallen short of raising the sums desired, or even secured no money at all after incurring heavy preliminary drive expenses.

Still under the momentum of war giving after the armistice, the public good-naturedly recognized that rehabilitation of neglected institutions was one of its first peace tasks, and poured money into the empty coffers and coin boxes. But drive followed drive week after week, and then campaigns began to run simultaneously. Each deserving cause financed brought two or three others into view. The cities, particularly, were campaigned so steadily that citizens grew weary of being canvassed. New York, Chicago and Philadelphia, at least, have now shut down on contributions in self-defense to such a degree that even money-raising experts hesitate, and advise their clients to exploit the towns and country neighborhoods.

The public is beginning to ask questions.

How many of these money-seeking institutions are efficient and necessary, not to say honest?

Is it true that commissions are paid for collecting funds, and that large salaries are subtracted by managers and experts?

Who pays for all the brass bands, posters, display advertising, luncheons and other drive accessories which the public knows are not to be had for nothing?

How much does it cost to raise these huge funds, and how much of the contributor's dollar really goes for philanthropic work in the end?

Why are hundreds of institutions asking for money by millions, tens of millions, hundreds of millions—when almost nothing was heard about their needs before the war?

As a going business, the drive industry to-day is astounding in its magnitude. After an absence of a year in South America the writer vaguely knew that money-raising campaigns had gone right on after the armistice, apparently increasing in number, aggressiveness and the amounts solicited. Even in a country like far-off Chile, where such things as "organizations," "objectives," "angles of approach," and "results" are naïvely absent, one ran into amateurish drives, like an echo of our own money-raising boisterousness. Some bright morning all the pretty girls of Santiago, the cloistered, well-born señoritas, would pour into the streets to tie tags on fascinated caballeros. And next day the newspapers marveled at their success in raising 50,000 pesos for slum babies in a single day—which in our money is about $9000, or the average fee charged by an American drive expert to make a survey and lay out a money-raising campaign.

Somebody gave the name and address of such an expert in New York. The first expert mentioned another, and the latter mentioned two others. Presently there was a list of several dozen money-raising agencies throughout the country, and visits to their offices revealed suites of rooms with busy employees doing innumerable things essential to drives of every kind in every section of the United States.

Five Joys a Day

Which Bubble Grains Can Bring

Millions of people in these summer days revel in Puffed Grain delights. Morning, noon and night—in a dozen ways—they serve these fascinating foods.

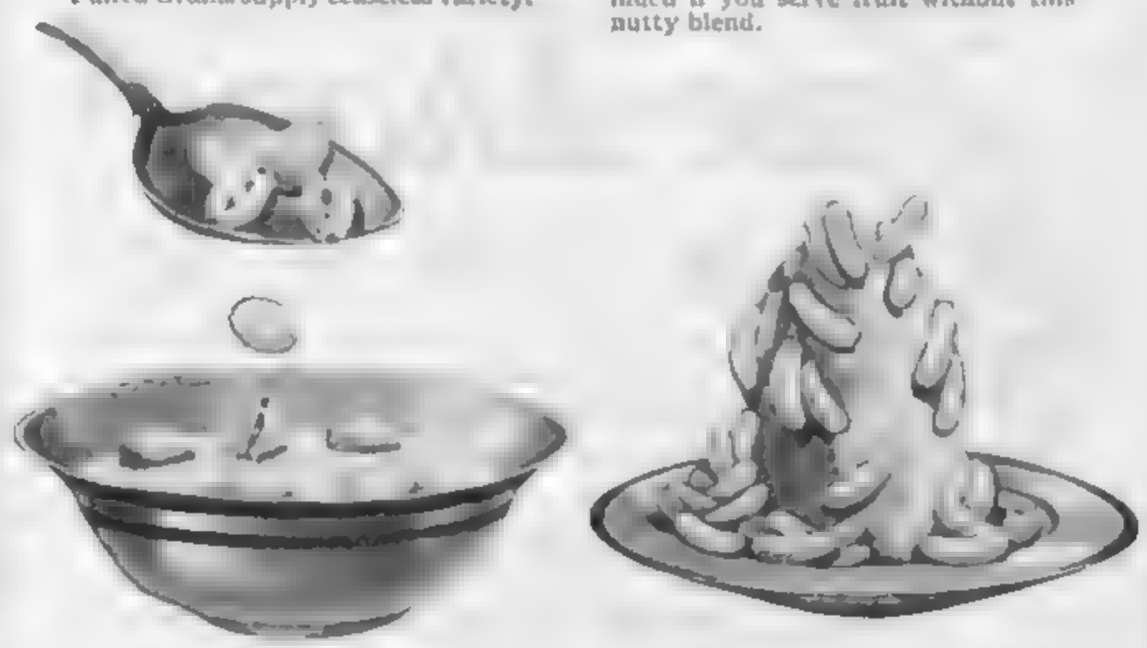
Here are grain foods puffed to bubbles—airy, flaky, flimsy. They crumble at a touch, then melt away into almond-flavored granules.

Two are whole grains. All are steam-exploded. Every food cell has been blasted for easy, quick digestion. The three Puffed Grains are in these ways the finest foods created.

Two Morning Joys

Puffed Grains with cream and sugar—the most delightful cereal dish that children ever tasted. And the three Puffed Grains supply ceaseless variety.

Also mix with your berries. The flaky, flavory morsels add what crust adds to a shortcake. You are missing much if you serve fruit without this nutty blend.



Two Evening Joys

Puffed Wheat in milk is the supreme dish for supper or for bedtime. It means whole wheat kernels puffed to eight times normal size. Being toasted they are flavory, and with every food cell blasted they are easy to digest.

Puffed Rice or Corn Puffs double the delights of ice cream. These fragile dainties fairly melt into the cream. And they add a flavor which suggests a toasted nut-meat puffed.

They are also used like nut-meats in home candy making.

All Day Long

Also crisp Puffed Grains and douse with melted butter. Then children eat them like salted nuts. Thus these grain foods largely displace confections.

Puffed Wheat

Puffed Rice

Corn Puffs

All Bubble Grains

Made by Prof. Anderson's process—shot from guns. A hundred million steam explosions occur in every kernel. The best-cooked grain foods in existence, and the most enticing.

The Quaker Oats Company

Sole Makers

3408

True Shape
HOSIERY

To thousands of discriminating women absolute hosiery satisfaction has been summed up in one number—*TRUE SHAPE* 564.

Note especially these features:

The beautiful silky texture will impress you.

The patented cross stitch in the garter top will absolutely prevent garter runs.

The flare top makes the stocking comfortable where it is often tight and binding.

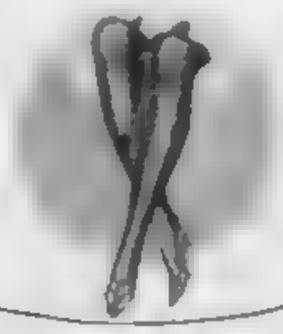
In addition there is the shaped and fashioned leg, the narrow, close-fitting foot, and the heels and toes are made of *four-ply* yarn.

Just buy one pair, then see how easy it will always be to remember *TRUE SHAPE* No. 564.

Wherever you are, you'll be sure of hosiery satisfaction if you insist on the TRUE SHAPE diamond on each pair.

TRUE SHAPE hosiery is also made for men and children. If your dealer cannot supply you, write us direct.

TRUE SHAPE HOSIERY COMPANY
PHILADELPHIA



Drives must be planned. Before plans are worked out there must be consultations and surveys. Committees must be formed, and groups of solicitors organized, and little pocket manuals prepared for them, containing arguments for each particular cause. Publicity articles explaining the worthiness of the cause in general terms must be furnished to newspapers weeks in advance, and when the actual drive begins interest must be kept warm by daily news stories. Trained reporters are enlisted for this work. Other experts survey and map the territory to be covered, card index the prominent people who are depended upon for ninety per cent of the money raised, lay out their angles of approach. Each prominent person is so cleverly assigned to a particular kind of solicitor that only a very small percentage of prominence can escape—the penalties of prominence are a story in themselves. There must be campaign leaders, and daily meetings of workers, and clocks or thermometers to register progress, requiring specialists in those details. Pamphlets, posters, moving pictures, brass bands and paid advertising are utilized, calling for copy writers, artists and specialists generally.

This industry is with us to-day, and growing lustily. It came out of the war. When the American Red Cross laid plans for raising $100,000,000 in May, 1917, a good many hard business heads thought the project impossible—even crazy. There was no experience in such a big national drive for funds; there were no experts to carry out the complex details. Here and there the promoters picked up a man with local experience in raising money on a moderate scale, and other men who had demonstrated ability in organization and leadership. Everything humanly possible in this line was done before the drive started. But its real success came spontaneously from the public. In their anxiety to provide everything necessary for winning the war the American people opened the national pocketbook and asked no questions.

Volunteer workers came forward in such great numbers that it was often difficult to assign them tasks. After the avenues of approach to prominent contributors had been mapped for experienced workers, and every factory, shop, store, church and school tabulated for systematic canvassing, there were so many boys and girls eager to do their part that they had to be turned into the streets to gather nickels and quarters in coin boxes—a phase of war enthusiasm that drive managers are now trying to eliminate.

Professional Experts

Picture to yourself the frugal, soft-spoken, slenderly paid institutional secretary who had been trailing well-to-do people, soliciting funds before the war. A $1000 check was a windfall, and the promise of $5000 in some rich maiden lady's will justified months of diplomacy, though the contributor might live for years. Picture the transformation when this quiet worker, really able in raising money this way, was sought out and made manager of a big war drive in some city. He sat at a desk and directed hundreds of volunteer solicitors. He addressed noonday meetings and found his ability and enthusiasm multiplied by the efforts of others. Checks for tens of thousands of dollars poured in almost automatically. Instead of a few hundred prominent contributors, there was a vast public with its five and ten dollar bills, rolling up in a single day more money than his most diligent canvass of wealthy people formerly yielded in a year. Little wonder that he saw new possibilities in money raising, new ways to apply his experience, wholesale new ways of appealing to people in the mass.

Profiting by their war experience, such men set up shop as advisers, planners and managers of money-raising campaigns after the armistice. The demand for their services was overwhelming. Hundreds of charities, colleges, schools, hospitals and religious causes set out to raise money on lines developed during the war. Experience in every phase of money raising was marketable at good fees, and the man who opened an office and got an organization together for carrying out different branches of the work had a dozen campaigns going simultaneously.

These early peace drives were almost invariably successful. War momentum carried them through. Each drive taught the new methods of raising money to the original experts' assistants. Presently some of the latter set up shop for themselves, and some of their assistants in turn acquired experience, and withdrew to set up shop. Advertising agents and publicity men took up money drives as a side line, and so the industry grew.

The demand for their services is even more easily imagined. Picture the church, charitable or educational institution which had always been kept going by substantial checks from well-to-do contributors. Very often existing just below the starvation line, and lacking money for expansion, the war left the greatest bequest of all time—the new national spirit of giving, which had materialized in the general public. Institutions compiled their yearly budgets, not upon the minimum amounts formerly expected from prominent contributors, but with generous provision for expansion. Requirements for the year were doubled and trebled, and then in many cases multiplied to assure funds for three to five years. Under the guidance of the experts, campaigns were inaugurated to collect such sums in brisk drives lasting from one to six weeks. Worthy people with ideas for original causes were not slow in discovering the new giving spirit, and numbered themselves among the experts' clients.

From Greenland's Icy Mountains

Thus there burst upon the public the epidemic of drives which, since the armistice, has grown in magnitude until it has become a pest. Whirlwind campaigns have followed one another until it is difficult to keep track of them. Quota clocks and thermometers have blossomed on every clock tower and steeple. Angles of approach surround every prominent citizen. If he seeks refuge in a shell crater he is bombed out by his church, his college alumni, his business associates, or his wife's fellow club members. The coin box and the tag pursue people in the streets, with brass bands, parades and cart-tail orators blocking traffic everywhere. From Greenland's icy mountains, where the children have no dolls, to India's coral strand, where there is a shortage of missionaries, the whole world seems to have turned beggar, and upon the assumption that America alone has a paying job endeavors to dip into the American pocketbook.

There is no escape in obscurity. Factories and shops are invaded and dollar bills extracted from John Smith's pay envelope automatically, making him a one hundred per center if he doesn't protest. During the war public opinion backed local drive workers in methods that were often frankly illegal. Failing to make his subscription or contribution, the individual was visited by a committee, and ostracism was hinted at.

Two young Scandinavians arrived in New York during a big war drive. One of them disappeared.

"He has gone to Yale," announced the other.

"Oh, yes; taking a course in one of our colleges," said an American acquaintance.

"No," was the vigorous reply. "Yale! Yale! Ole was walking in the street, and a lady said to him, 'Gif somet'ing to our boys in France.' Ole said, 'I haf already gif ten dollars.' The lady said, 'But you must gif something more.' And she made Ole mad until he swore, 'To hell with the boys in France!' And then he was arrested and sent to yail."

In the early campaigning for peace funds not a few workers failed to distinguish between war methods and peace methods. Unwillingness to contribute was still regarded as unpatriotic. Drive plans still included wholesale extraction from pay envelopes on the one hundred per cent basis. In one Eastern factory where workers had made war-fund contributions to a man, assenting to deductions from their pay envelopes, the first notice posted for a peace fund brought protest. Won over by plausible arguments, the management announced that two dollars would be deducted from every pay envelope on Saturday night, as a contribution to a drive not connected with war work, and soliciting money to be used abroad—that is, unless serious objections were voiced. The objections were voiced, seriously and promptly.

But now the tide is turning, full and unmistakable. Extract ten to fifteen dollars per capita for charity from even the American pocketbook in one year, and fifty

(Continued on Page 60)

What Is It——?

What is it that makes one man win independence where thousands are toiling and struggling for a bare existence?

Why do thousands of men fail where one succeeds?

Why aren't *you* earning more money—forging ahead more rapidly?

Have you found the answer yet? The moment you do, success is in your hands.

Are men *born* to succeed?

No! Decidedly—absolutely, No!

Today men *train* to succeed.

An average mind plus specialized training will win independence where untrained genius will never rise above the rank and file.

Consider the accountant—the attorney—the correspondent—the trained executive—the traffic manager.

These men make from two to ten and twenty times as much as the general run of office help.

And the difference is not in brain—it's the difference between training and the lack of it.

And the man with specialized training not only commands more money, but finds a steady and continuous market for his services.

Thru the medium of the U. S. mails, LaSalle will help you turn those "lazy hours" after supper into increased earning power for life.

And in addition to the fact that the reward is out of all proportion to the time and money it takes, LaSalle training is the most fascinating, interesting thing you ever touched.

For you learn thru the Problem Method, by handling actual business situations. You not only acquire specialized training, but you learn *how* to use it. LaSalle trained men are practical men and there are two hundred and twenty-five thousand of them today.

Can you truthfully say to yourself anything like this:

"Increased my income $2500.00 this year."

Or, "Am now practicing law."

Or, "Just passed state examination for Certified Public Accountant."

Or, "Promoted to General Manager."

Letters containing such statements as above lost their novelty, altho not their interest, for us long ago. They are a matter of daily occurrence. Now: Here's the nub of it all:

If you're not making the proper progress toward independence, recognize this big fact—the sole responsibility for your tomorrow rests with *you*.

You have the opportunity to take the step that will insure success, *today*.

J. R. Chapelle

President LaSalle Extension University of Chicago, Illinois

LaSalle Extension University

The Largest Business Training Institution in the World

No matter where you are, no matter what you are doing, you can get from this big organization of expert business and professional men the specialized training which commands the high positions and the big salaries.

You can get this instruction in your leisure time while you keep on at your present job, until you are prepared thru LaSalle training for a much better one. You need not lose a minute of time from the work you are doing.

There is no reason why you should remain in an unsatisfactory position when under the direction of LaSalle experts you can become a business specialist ranking in the executive class.

If you are a red-blooded, push-ahead man who wants to grasp modern business methods, this message ought to impel you to immediate action. The opportunity is offered. Will you grasp it?

To Employers

The person who wears this LaSalle button is preparing for higher responsibility and is worth watching.

From 50 to 2,000 or more students and graduates can be found with many of the largest corporations such as Standard Oil Co., Pennsylvania R. R., Ford Motor Co., International Harvester Co., U. S. Steel, Swift & Co., etc.

Large business corporations and industries throughout the United States are availing themselves of the free service of the LaSalle Placement Bureau to reach high-grade men of experience plus training. We may be able to put you in touch with the right man for the job if you'll write us.

LASALLE TRAINS MORE THAN 50,000 AMBITIOUS MEN EVERY YEAR

Already more than 225,000 ambitious men have become bigger business men because they realized what LaSalle training means to the man who wants to rise. Every year now over 50,000 men take the step toward larger success in the same way.

Find out what LaSalle has to offer YOU. Only a moment and you have the coupon marked, signed and mailed. This simple action may mean a vastly different future for you than you can look ahead to now. Do it!

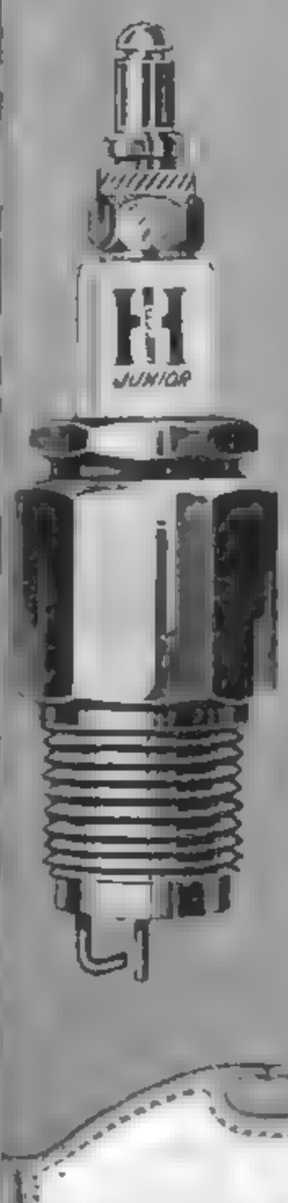
INQUIRY COUPON

LaSALLE EXTENSION UNIVERSITY, Dept. 871-R Chicago, Ill.

- ☐ **HIGHER ACCOUNTANCY:** Training for positions as Auditor, Comptroller, Public Accountant, Cost Accountant, etc.
- ☐ **TRAFFIC MANAGEMENT—FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC:** Training for positions as Railroad and Industrial Traffic Manager, etc.
- ☐ **COMMERCIAL LAW:** Reading, Reference and Consultation Service for Business Men.
- ☐ **EXPERT BOOKKEEPING:** Training for position of Head Bookkeeper.
- ☐ **BUSINESS ENGLISH:** Training for Business Correspondents and Copy Writers.
- ☐ **BUSINESS ADMINISTRATION:** Training for Official, Managerial, Sales and Executive positions.
- ☐ **BANKING AND FINANCE:** Training for executive positions in Banks and Financial Institutions.
- ☐ **BUSINESS LETTER WRITING:** Training for positions as Correspondent, Mail Sales Director and executive letter-writing positions.
- ☐ **COMMERCIAL SPANISH:** Training for positions as Foreign Correspondent with Spanish-speaking countries.
- ☐ **INDUSTRIAL MANAGEMENT EFFICIENCY:** Training for Production Managers, Department Heads, and all those desiring training in the 48 factors of efficiency.
- ☐ **LAW:** Training for Bar; LL.B. Degree.
- ☐ **EFFECTIVE PUBLIC SPEAKING:** Training in the art of forceful, effective speech for Ministers, Salesmen, Fraternal Leaders, Politicians, Clubmen, etc.
- ☐ **C. P. A. COACHING FOR ADVANCED ACCOUNTANTS:** In preparation for State Board and Institute Examinations.

Name Present Position Address

HERCULES



Special for Fords

Endurance

is one of the outstanding features of the Ford motor. It is worthy of equipment equally dependable and durable. In the HERCULES special model, above illustrated, we are offering a spark plug which was designed to meet the extremes of service to which the average Ford motor is subjected.

Added power, fuel economy, increased smoothness of operation, freedom from fouling and permanency are among its features.

Stone-like insulator, solid alloy reinforced electrodes, extension shell, non-housed points giving deeper penetration, and other items of advanced design are incorporated into this model.

It is in our opinion the finest spark plug ever designed and offered exclusively for the Ford motor.

Write us or ask your dealer.
Eclipse Manufacturing Company, Indianapolis, U S A.

(Continued from Page 58)

dollars more in taxes, along with the increased assessments of butcher, grocer, landlord and clothier, and eventually there must be a shrinkage in that pocketbook, no matter how fat, and a disposition to shut it up and strap it tight, and thrust it down out of reach.

"The cream has been skimmed off," said a New York campaign director who has planned and superintended some of the largest money-raising projects since the armistice. "The big cities have been canvassed again and again, until the people are fairly sick of the word 'drive.' Yet you will probably be astonished when I tell you that there is still plenty of money available for deserving, businesslike institutions. In the smaller cities, the towns and country districts, campaigning has not been so aggressive. The public in such places knows its institutions better, and thus does not give blindly like many city people, who for lack of knowledge have contributed to the undeserving and the fraudulent as well as the worthy causes. Even in the cities to-day there is money for good causes, the chief difficulty being lack of volunteer workers to carry out campaigns. The hurrah days are over. Public resentment has been roused by street collections, tag days, coercive methods and other abuses. But every institution making a public appeal for funds must be either deserving or otherwise. If deserving, its appeal can be backed by the straight business showing of service returned for contributions. Money-raising projects must now be put upon this basis of business and service, and the unbusinesslike projects weeded out."

Easy Money for Solicitors

If drive promoters are becoming more businesslike it is chiefly because the public has come to its senses and begun to ask some very direct business questions. Even during the war government officials and private investigators had begun to check up the innumerable drives, separating the goats from the sheep. But as long as circus methods brought in the cash they were utilized, and readjustments now being made in money-raising methods are to be credited chiefly to changed public opinion. One cannot escape the conclusion that the drive industry to-day is putting a lot of emphasis upon being ethical because the contributing public is becoming tight.

The public now wants to know all about the cost of driving. How much of its dollar actually goes to education or charity, relief or institutional work?

"An institution that solicits money on any other basis than the application of one hundred per cent of contributions to the actual work," says one expert, "is hardly considered decent nowadays."

"It is not fair to promise one hundred per cent," says another expert. "It costs money to raise money. Reasonable expenses are permissible, and should be stated to the public in an honest budget."

Costs in collecting money involve various factors, some legitimate and others decidedly questionable. High salaries or percentages for managers and commissions to canvassers are among the latter, and have created wide suspicion. Legitimate expenses include paid advertising, printing, posters, postage and overhead generally. The public knows that these cost money, and is very properly interested in these items.

It is conceded that enormous sums have been pocketed in both salaries and commissions. But professional money-raising experts declare that this practice is now becoming exceptional, and that most of the abuses have been due to frauds and fakers. High salaries and commissions have also been paid by deserving institutions without experience in raising money by general appeals to the public.

An Eastern hospital that had always depended upon private contributions from wealthy friends, facing a deficit, undertook a public drive for funds. Lacking experience, but determined to do the job right, its trustees engaged a manager for their campaign at $10,000, and a publicity man at $250 a week. Their drive was far from successful, realizing only $50,000. With expenses for printing, postage and other items added to salaries, the cost of raising this money was fully thirty per cent.

Another Eastern institution doing necessary work in a little-known field had always been supported by two wealthy contributors, a man and a woman. Originally they had seen the need for such work, organized the institution in a quiet way, and when the yearly balance sheet was struck they wrote checks to keep it going. Growth had brought debt, along with need for expansion. A drive for several hundred thousand dollars was decided upon, and a professional expert engaged for planning and supervision. He was selected after careful investigation, upon his success in raising money for other institutions. His references were excellent. This institution had no members who could be enlisted as volunteer workers. There was a committee, but composed chiefly of prominent people who gave little attention to details. The drive expert promised to overcome this handicap by enlisting a prominent business man as sponsor and leader in the campaign, one whose name had been associated with other drives that had proved successful. For his own services the expert charged $150 a week, and provided an organization of publicity men and other assistants at an aggregate of $500 a week. This charge was to be met out of the treasury of the institution, no steps being taken to finance the drive in advance. Ten weeks were spent in preliminary work, at a cost of $6500. The expert gave little of his own time, being busy with several other campaigns, and his assistants were obviously amateurs, thrust into hundred-dollar-a-week jobs at random, and chiefly making a mess of things. When the time came for actually soliciting money, after the public had been prepared by publicity articles, the institution had no solicitors, the prominent business man had not been enlisted, and practically no money was realized. The whole affair was a costly and humiliating fiasco, of a kind that has been too common the past year among organizations resorting to the drive method without experience or equipment to carry it through.

Soliciting of money on commissions and percentages has been common. Sometimes solicitors receive from five to twenty-five per cent of all money that they collect by canvassing for deserving institutions, while the fakers and the frauds are satisfied with nothing short of fifty to seventy-five per cent.

In one case a shrewd young man obtained permission to solicit money for a well-known but slenderly financed Eastern institution, on a basis of twenty-five per cent. Having always depended upon private contributions, and being short of money just then, this proposition was attractive to the trustees. Taking the New York telephone book this chap called up well-to-do people, one after another, introduced himself as representative of the famous institution, and without leaving his desk earned commissions of several hundred dollars daily. From the standpoint of educating the trustees to do that very thing themselves perhaps his share was a good investment in education. But the public paid the bill!

Personal Appeals

Not a few of the professional supervisors of money drives worked on the percentage basis when the industry began to grow, and their contracts were often very profitable. If the objective was $100,000 and the commission five per cent, money might be raised at fairly reasonable cost. It costs the professional money to plan a campaign, organize volunteer workers, prepare publicity and rouse enthusiasm. But if such a campaign brought in a few checks for $10,000 to $50,000, in addition to funds raised by moderate contributions, the commissions were pretty fat pickings.

The percentage or commission basis is now being abolished. In some cases, perhaps, it may have been justified as reasonable expense in soliciting moderate contributions by hard leg work, where a canvasser on a three to five per cent commission, collecting a couple of hundred dollars a day, would be earning fair wages. Personal canvassing is held to be absolutely necessary by most drive experts. Publicity creates the disposition to give, but must be followed up by personal appeals. Commissions may be unreasonably high, however. One instance of this is the commission basis laid down by a successful money-raising gentleman classed among the fakers.

"Now if I sent you out in one of our districts," he said to an unsuspected investigator, "and you collected money for us, we would expect ten per cent here at headquarters. After that, you and the district manager could split the rest your own way. But suppose we sent out a poor woman to solicit. If she was a very poor woman probably we would take ten per cent for headquarters and let her keep the rest."

Institutions have two distinct kinds of costs: First in importance is the cost of doing their particular work, whether it be educating, relieving poverty or similar activity; second is the cost of raising funds for that work.

There has been so much looseness and amateurishness in institutional accounting that many worthy causes are still slack in accounting and making statements to the public about their work. The cost of raising money is given even less consideration, because it has come to be of popular interest only since the great national war drives made everybody a contributor to institutions. If considered at all the cost of raising money is probably lumped in with the general working expenses, though it is a separate item of information belonging to the public, and if intelligently used could be made beneficial to institutions.

Claims of economy and efficiency in collecting money are now being put forth by institutions soliciting funds. One familiar claim is that of assuring the public that all expenses are paid privately by friends. Another sets collection costs at a very low figure—as little as one per cent.

Concealed Expenses

But there is room here for trick bookkeeping. As an example, one of the largest philanthropic institutions in the country asserts that its costs for collecting money do not exceed one per cent. This is technically true, and an auditor would find nothing to the contrary on that institution's books. But money cannot be collected for any such trifling cost, say experienced workers. The real costs are between five and ten per cent. They are carefully masked by this institution. One per cent is the figure shown on the books at central headquarters. But money is collected by branch organizations, which meet items of expense such as printing, advertising, postage, clerical work, rent and overhead generally. A contributor's dollar puts ninety-nine cents into the national treasury, but somebody has to pay expenses, and these come out of local members. This organization is well managed. Its collectors are volunteers, who work without compensation and usually pay their own expenses. Yet there is sophistry in its bookkeeping.

Many of the professional experts state with satisfaction that their charges average only one per cent of the money collected in successful drives. This does not mean that they take one per cent of every dollar raised, but that their salaries or fees for planning, organizing and managing a drive approximate that amount. Other expenses, such as printing, rent, travel and the like, must be met by the soliciting institution.

Figures for a successful college drive in which more than $8,000,000 was raised in six months show expenses slightly over one per cent. But $4,000,000 came in one contribution, and nearly $1,250,000 from a small group of wealthy graduates. This left slightly less than $3,000,000, which was collected from 9500 contributors—the real drive so far as work was concerned. Charging the expenses against the latter sum, they work out at 1.6 per cent. Costs comprised rent, printing, clerical salaries, travel, publicity, postage and telegraphing, telephones and entertainment. Practically all the work of canvassing was done without cost by graduates and friends of the college.

"Don't let anybody fool you with that one per cent stuff!" said a woman with wide experience in money raising. "The lowest possible figure is five per cent, and from that it runs on up to twenty-five cents on the dollar.

"There are three ways of campaigning for money," she continued. "The first is the drive, most familiar to the public, and the cheapest when successful and carried out with an honest volunteer organization. It can be put through for five per cent of the contributions if you get a large enough turnover. The planning, organization and supervision of a successful drive for a deserving cause will cost at least $10,000. This includes printing, advertising, publicity and the fees or salaries of professional experts. There is considerable criticism of the professional supervisor just now, but a competent man can save far more than

(Continued on Page 63)

ALFRED CORTOT

Another of the World's great Master Pianists who are making Replica Rolls Exclusively for the

DUO-ART PIANOLA

ALFRED CORTOT, the famous French pianist, is one of Europe's most distinguished musicians and teachers. He is a Chevalier of the Legion of Honor, and has been signally honored by his government in other ways in recognition of his scholarly attainments and brilliant talent. The concerts given by Cortot in this country last winter were among the season's most important musical events. And his tour of the country this coming season is eagerly awaited by critics and lovers of the pianoforte. Cortot's genius places him in the first rank of the pianists of this generation.

Testimony of the World's Most Eminent Experts

ON every "replica-roll" used in playing the Duo-Art Pianola, there appears this statement:

"This roll is my interpretation. It was made by me for the Duo-Art, and I hereby authorize its use with that instrument."

This statement is signed by the pianist whose actual playing upon a *recording* piano *made the roll.*

The statement "This roll is my interpretation" is comprehensive and unequivocal. "My interpretation" means not only the artist's technique, touch, tempo, phrasing, pedaling, but his ideas, imagination and mental grasp of the spirit of the music.

In addition to Cortot, Paderewski, Hofmann, Bauer, Gabrilowitsch, Ganz, Grainger, Novaes and dozens of others of the world's most famous pianists have made and are making replica-rolls for the Duo-Art Pianola and have signed this statement.

Consider the impressive significance of this. The Duo-Art Pianola is upon the market and available for purchase at a relatively moderate price. Its possession carries with it privileges never before available to the music-lover. In his own house and at any time he desires, he may play these rolls and listen to and enjoy *the most superb piano playing that is heard in the concert halls of Europe and America.*

The Piano of the Present Day

THE Duo-Art Pianola includes all previous piano developments. It is really three instruments in one—a piano of unexcelled musical quality for hand playing, a Pianola of latest design and a reproducing piano with capabilities far beyond anything hitherto known in such instruments. The pianos used in building the Duo-Art are the Steinway, Steck, Wheelock, Stroud and famous Weber. A catalogue and address of nearest representative exhibiting the Duo-Art will be furnished in return for accompanying coupon.

THE AEOLIAN COMPANY · AEOLIAN HALL

LONDON PARIS NEW YORK CITY MADRID MELBOURNE

Makers of the internationally famous Phonograph—the Aeolian-Vocalion. Foremost Manufacturers of Musical Instruments in the World.

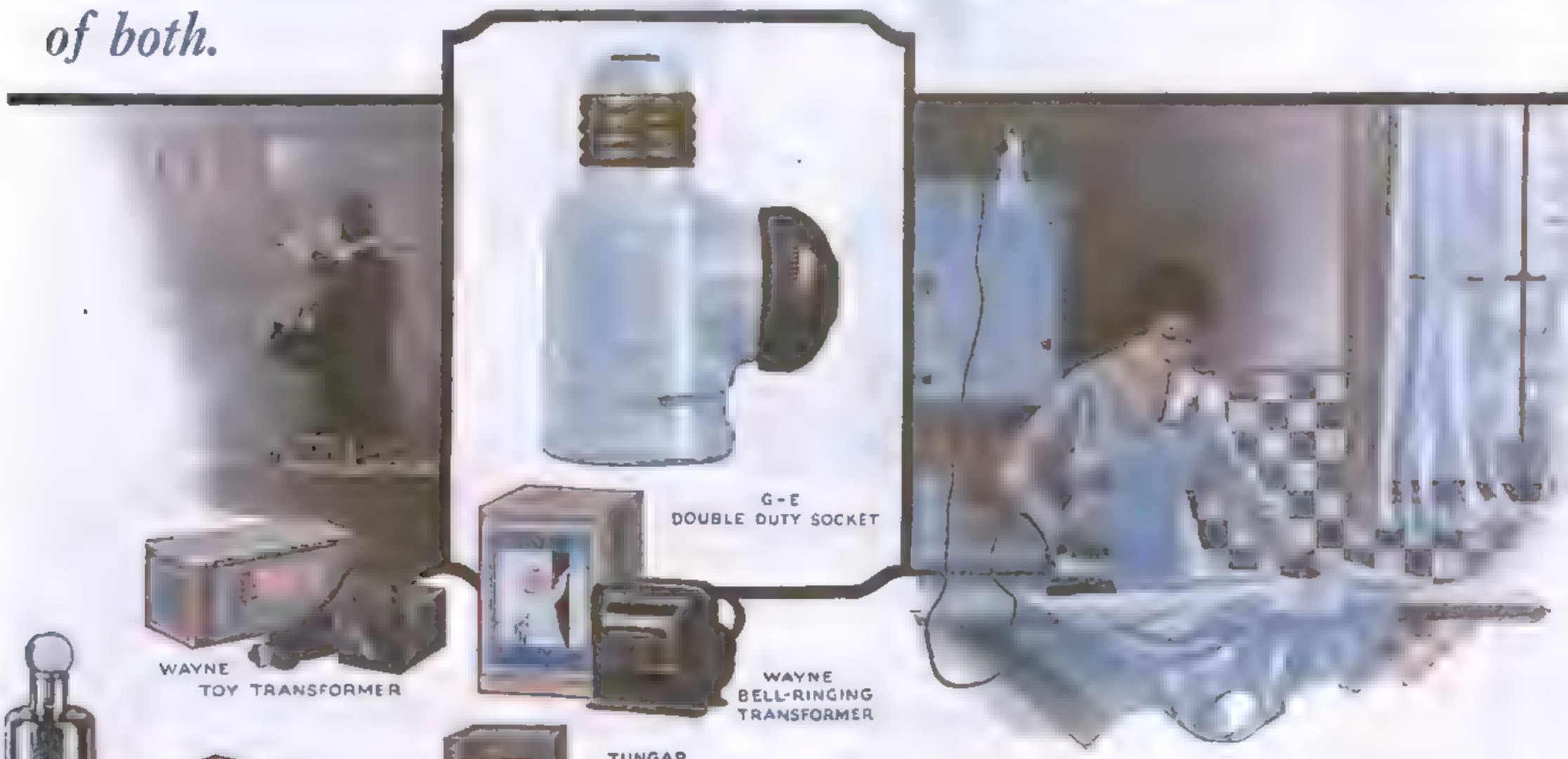
THE AEOLIAN COMPANY
29 West 42nd Street, New York

Gentlemen: Kindly send me your illustrated Duo-Art catalogue.

Name _____

Address _____

Modern housekeeping demands greater production, the same as modern industry; and electricity, if permitted, answers the problem of both.



Making one socket do the work of two

HOW often have you wanted to use your electric iron in the evening or on a dull day but had no place to connect it without sacrificing your light? Here is a suggestion to help you out.

If you want light and utility in one room, with only one outlet available, there's a Double Duty Socket with a place for the light and a place for an iron, fan or cooking appliance.

A G-E dealer near you carries this device in stock—you'll recognize it by the blue and orange picture package. It is all ready for you to screw into any lamp socket.

When you are enjoying the usefulness of this little device, remember that it is but one of 3000 G-E Wiring Devices that bring added comfort or efficiency to the use of electricity. G-E Wiring Devices cover all wiring requirements.

An interesting booklet on electric wiring and wiring conveniences, written in language you can understand, may be had free by addressing *Section 4197, General Electric Company, Schenectady, N. Y.*

G-E electric conveniences

Sold and installed by electrical contractor–dealers 41 97

GENERAL ELECTRIC COMPANY

(Continued from Page 60)

his fee or salary by preventing wasteful expenditure. The amount of money that amateurs may fritter away during a drive is appalling, and it is wasted simply for lack of experience in preparing publicity, selecting advertising mediums and adjusting the printing to the end sought. A drive goes quickly, with a hurrah, and very often the expert injects ideas into it during the excitement which mean the difference between success and failure. Turnover enters into the cost of a drive no less than the output of a factory or the sales of a merchant. To raise $25,000 by a well-planned drive would cost $10,000, but the same plan and organization might raise $100,000, or a quarter of a million.

"The second method is known as the mail-order method—circularizing lists of possible contributors. It is expensive, but more certain than the drive. A drive can be conducted only once. It is an excellent way of advertising a new institution, and though overdone in our large cities to-day it is still effective in small towns and the country, where nothing of the sort may have been conducted. Circularizing costs ten to fifteen per cent of the money collected. It is continuous, but must be handled with considerable expense for clerical work. Lists of possible contributors have to be compiled, and shrewd judgment must be used in the appeals. For example, discretion must be used in asking money from people who have just given substantial sums to other causes—ask them several months later.

"The third method is to organize branch committees through the territory to be canvassed. This involves large initial expenses for organization. The most effective way of accomplishing the purpose is to send out lecturers who talk about the institution seeking money and rouse interest. Then skillful organizers can form the committees."

This lady frankly says that it is hard to be honest with good people who are bent upon raising funds through the fascinating new method of the drive. They want circus stuff. Give them details about the cost of planning, publicity, postage and overhead, and they find such items tame, even sordid. Sitting down beforehand to estimate costs, keep them within reason, and provide the money in advance, is not congenial to managers or committee members, who want to hear the band play, and the coins chink, and see the crowds gather, and tabulate the fat checks for the daily objective.

What Experts Charge

But the expense fund comes first of all, and without it there may be disaster. Many a campaign has failed the past year through neglect to finance the drive itself properly beforehand.

Charging the expenses of raising money to contributions is regarded as bad practice. To avoid this an expense fund is first raised from wealthy contributors, so that advertising may bear the reassuring statement, "The expenses of this campaign are contributed by friends of the organization—every dollar given by the public will be devoted to the work." In many cases these wealthy contributors underwrite the campaign. If the objective be $500,000 and the expenses $25,000, ten contributors will give $2500 each to finance the drive, and also obligate themselves to make good their share of any amount short of the objective after the drive is over. Should only $400,000 be secured, then each contributor adds $10,000 out of his own pocket. The individual underwriter may name the amount for which he will be responsible. Perhaps he is able to give only $1000 to expenses and $5000 toward making up any shortage, while a wealthier contributor will give $5000 toward expenses and pledge $25,000 in the event of a shortage.

Five per cent commission for the mere planning of a drive was a common charge among professionals one year ago, and such professionals frequently had half a dozen drives on hand at the same time. But these methods have become known to the public, checking contributions to such an extent that they are now discountenanced by money-raising advisers who hold that they are rendering necessary service to institutions. Fees or salaries have replaced the percentage plan—the expert tells the institution just what he will charge for so many weeks of work by himself and his assistants. If the institution is extravagant in its ideas about the amount to be raised, or lacks volunteer workers to carry out the campaign, or even lacks leaders who can inspire workers, this kind of expert will say so frankly.

In one instance a college asked an expert to plan a $3,000,000 drive which would realize that sum in a month. He demonstrated that this was impossible for their institution, advised cutting the objective in half, and the substitution of a quick intensive campaign for part of the money, followed by a year's patient work for the rest. On this basis, with the interest roused by the quick campaign, more than $2,000,000 was raised the year following. Another institution had been paying forty per cent commission to solicitors to raise a few thousand dollars monthly. Its trustees believed that no more could be expected from the public. This same expert planned a quick drive which secured $1,500,000 in a few weeks. His fee was $10,000 and additional expenses were $20,000, so the money was raised for two per cent.

Bureau Requirements

But even this fixed-fee basis leaves ample room for the sharper and incompetent—so much room that professionals working to put their kind of service beyond criticism believe the time has come for plain speaking. The sharper is just as well satisfied with a fee as with a percentage. He gathers up clients among the guileless trustees of obscure local institutions, assures them that there is always plenty of money if one knows how to get it, and quotes them a weekly price for the services of himself and staff. That is even better than a lump sum from his standpoint. For he immediately assigns assistants to the preliminary work, at $100 or more weekly salary each, probably paying them not more than one-quarter as much, and pocketing the difference, with a larger weekly salary for himself. Eight or ten weeks of preliminary work is necessary before efforts can be made to collect money. If the drive is not successful at the start he counsels patience—the field has not yet been fully prepared. The institution maintains his expensive staff week after week in the hope of getting back what it has already spent. Cases are recorded in which men have been transformed from taxicab chauffeurs to drive assistants overnight by this type of expert.

Abuses of this sort, together with the downright frauds, have led to supervision of money-raising activities. Like every other industry, this has its credit agency, in the National Information Bureau, located in New York and described as "a coöperative effort for the standardization of national, social, civic and philanthropic work, and the protection of the contributing public." This is supported by members who pay annual dues, chiefly business and community organizations concerned in knowing what's what in money-raising drives. Supervision is confined to national and interstate projects, it being assumed that local campaigns will be passed upon by the community that is asked for funds. The bureau grew out of the war-chest plan of raising money, and was continued because this developed peace-chest methods. Under the war-chest plan, it will be remembered, cities consolidated the innumerable war and philanthropic drives into one or two money-raising campaigns yearly to provide funds for all deserving causes.

"Which are the deserving ones?" was a question that rose immediately, and to answer that eight leading war-chest cities formed a bureau to investigate and pass upon every cause. As a peacetime institution the bureau furnishes information to chambers of commerce, merchants' associations, civic clubs and like organizations, and these meet its expenses.

Reduced to eight simple standards, deserving and undeserving money-raising projects can be separated very easily. With some rearrangement in order, here is what the bureau requires:

Complete audited accounts by a certified public accountant, showing receipts and disbursements. If the project is new it must begin keeping books honestly, under the supervision of a certified public accountant.

Instead of a loose sight draft upon the public for so much money, with the familiar push over the top, requirements must be budgeted, classified and itemized for the coming year only.

The cause must have a necessary purpose, and not duplicate the work of other institutions. This point is determined by investigation.

The institution must be adequately equipped for its work, and efficient in management and operation—also determined by investigation.

There must be active directors, not dummies; at least five unpaid responsible people, meeting four times a year or oftener.

Money must not be solicited on commission, nor by street collectors, tags, buttons or similar schemes, except during drives.

Money must not be solicited by sending out tickets, trinkets, or other articles on the remit-or-return scheme.

Money-raising entertainments must be held down to a cost of thirty per cent of gross receipts, the institution getting seventy per cent.

These requirements hit the evils of money raising exactly.

Beginning with accounting, millions upon millions of dollars have been raised in this country for worthy and worthless causes without any accounting to contributors or anyone else. The well-meaning philanthropist with ability to raise funds for a necessary and worthy cause frequently turns them over to an organization without knowing just how much money has been collected, much less what goes for salaries, expenses, commissions and the like, and what is finally left for actual work. Fraudulent charities, not required to make any accounting, collect money from a careless public, and devote none of it whatever to the announced purpose. One illustration of this is an organization which for years has maintained coin boxes in public places. Ostensibly the pennies and nickels dropped into these boxes were to be devoted to a home for blind girls. Investigation showed that there was no such home. Whereupon the appeal was modified—"to build a home for blind girls." Further investigation revealed no building plans, and the purpose became even more vague—"for the relief of blind and poor girls." This activity has made no financial statement in the past five years, and the last one showed a very trifling expenditure for relief work. Another case is that of a welfare league, supposed to be busy in slum neighborhoods. It has been driven from one city to another by exposures, yet persists and thrives, collections being made by solicitors working on large commission. Still another enterprise, of a religious nature, when asked for an accounting, made the statement that "money is collected in answer to prayer alone, and no report considered necessary."

Duplication of Effort

Proper accounting and detailed financial statements show where the money goes. The facts are brought out, and the public is able to decide as to the worthiness and efficiency of each institution. Few contributors have the time to look up such financial statements, however, nor would the ordinary person be able to check them like the investigating expert.

To budget requirements in advance gives a sound basis for efficient solicitation, making clear to the public why money is needed, and precisely what for. If accounting to contributors after money has been spent is an assurance of worthiness, budgeting adds to this assurance, being, in effect, double accounting. In war days an odd five or ten million dollars over the top was regarded tolerantly—people assumed that it would be applied to good purposes, and even if a little was wasted—what matter so long as we won the war? Practically everyone who has had experience in money raising the past year agrees that the public has learned its end of this drive business faster than some of the experts have learned theirs, and that people show a practical interest in budgets for institutions. Both budgets and accounting will be necessary in the new methods of money raising which promise to displace the drive.

Duplication of effort is very very common—as are also foolish money-raising projects. Broad knowledge of what is going on in different fields, and what is really necessary, often makes it possible to squelch drives for work already being done, or for projects that serve no real purpose.

An excellent example of duplication was found in a committee for after-war relief which proposed raising money in this

(Concluded on Page 65)

LONDON DUPLEX

PELTERS

Reversible Leather Coats

Need a motor coat, a rain coat?
Town or country, ship or train coat?
Need a coat to serve you all
Winter, summer, spring and fall?

Get a Pelter!
It's a shelter

From the winter's sleety gust,
From the summer's blinding dust;
Pelter coats are double-sided—
Thus on one side you're provided
With the finest sort of leather
Built for cold or dusty weather;
T'other side is gabardine
Proofed against the rain-god's spleen.
While a Pelter's snug and warm,
Laughing at the wildest storm,
You won't swelter
In a Pelter,
For it's light!
Then, too, it's smart—
Has distinction, looks the part.
It's a coat that's trig and trim,
Full of youth and zest and vim.
You'll find comfort, thrift and shelter
(And you'll look a whole lot swelter)
In a Pelter.

For men, women and children. Look for the name on every "Pelter."

A store near you sells Pelters. Do you know which one? If not, write us.

International Duplex Coat Co.

Pioneer Makers of Leather Coats

114–116 Fifth Avenue New York City

450 Per Cent. Increase In Eighteen Months

The Effect of the *Aero*-EIGHT on Cole Motor Car Company Business

	1916—	$ 5,556,259.00	
	1917—	5,196,029.00	War Year
Aero-EIGHT Introduced	1918—	4,652,304.00	War Year
	1919—	13,235,400.00	
First 6 Mo.	1920—	13,142,620.00	
Estimated	1920—	27,775,000.00	

The increase of more than 450% in the business of the Cole Motor Car Company since the introduction of the *Cole Aero*-EIGHT is accounted for by one thing alone—the constantly increasing demand for *Cole Aero*-EIGHTS in automobile markets of the world

For whatever success the *Cole Aero*-EIGHT has enjoyed, its owners and users are responsible.

They, alone, may be held accountable for the fact that since January, 1918, when the *Cole Aero*-EIGHT first made its appearance, we have been forced to increase our volume of business 450% and still are unable to supply the demand.

Where can you point to another such record in the annals of the American motor car industry over the same period?

When has another motor car so thoroughly established itself or gained such splendid recognition in so short a time?

What is more significant of the value of a product than the sweeping demand created for it among discriminating buyers?

Not only in the United States and Canada but throughout the world—wherever motor cars are used—the *Cole Aero*-EIGHT has gained the admiration and respect of every motorist.

It has substantiated every claim made for it. It has proved itself equal to every demand.

15,000 MILES ON TIRES
50% Higher Fuel Efficiency
Zero-Balance Roadability
Greater Used-Car Value

These are the distinctive characteristics of the *Cole Aero*-EIGHT—features which have established new standards of performance and value in the motor car industry.

There's a Touch of Tomorrow In All Cole Does Today

COLE MOTOR CAR COMPANY, INDIANAPOLIS, U. S. A.

Creators of Advanced Motor Cars

(Concluded from Page 63)

country to be sent to a devastated section of Central Europe, with the setting up of an organization there. Investigation showed that ten American relief organizations were already working in that territory. When the facts were laid before the promoters they decided to make no appeal in this country, but to raise their funds in a near-by European district that had not been touched by the war, and which was prosperous. Moreover, instead of adding to the relief machinery abroad they made arrangements to turn funds over to established organizations.

Foolish projects range all the way from proposed funds for the spread of harmless cults to amateurish methods of conducting commendable work. An enthusiastic committee sending individual packages of cigarettes to our soldiers during the war was astonished when investigators demonstrated that each dollar spent in this way carried a thirty-cent profit for tobacco dealers, and immediately took steps to buy and ship cigarettes wholesale.

Directors who do not direct are the camouflage of many a questionable money-raising scheme. The public has thus far been guided by names rather than financial statements in its judgment of money-raising projects. The sharper knows this, and provides names, plenty of them, names of people of unquestioned prominence. Senators, congressmen, governors, mayors and government officials generally are excellent bait. He asks them to let their names appear as directors or honorary vice presidents, with the assurance that they need give neither time nor money to the cause. Business men are often secured in the same way. In the investigation of questionable money-raising projects nothing is stranger than this—that hard-headed business and public men should permit their names to be used without investigation. Again and again a one-man institution has been found raising money from the public with the indorsements of governors and mayors, sometimes with permission secured from a vague letter sent by a secretary in reply to a vaguer request, and sometimes without any permission whatever.

Not long ago a prominent Chicago banker discovered that he was being exploited as treasurer of a questionable money-raising scheme, though he had never heard about it. "Join first and investigate after," seems to be the rule of many public men in indorsing unknown schemes. Most of them never investigate at all, and many a prominent man has been helped to climb off a questionable band wagon by those who apply the acid test to pseudo charitable schemes. Many prominent persons seem to lend their names for personal advertising motives, though the advertising may work in the reverse direction.

Wasteful Methods

Another wasteful method of raising funds is by entertainments, and the mailing of trinkets and tickets on the remit-or-return plan. This is objectionable because part of every dollar contributed must be spent for the entertainment or trinkets. In one classic case a war bazaar cost the public over $71,000, and yielded just $645 for relief work after expenses had been paid. A society circus for charitable purposes paid eighty per cent of its receipts to the professional producers who put on the show. Another entertainment cost $1.15 for every dollar taken in at the door. Still another was promoted by mailing ten tickets at a dollar each to a large list of prospective contributors. A large sum was realized, but ten cents on every ticket went for amusement tax, fifty cents to the promoters of the show, and only forty cents to the cause. Discharged soldiers and sailors selling a magazine on the streets of New York disposed of thousands of copies. Investigation showed that they were earning good wages, that none of the money realized went for any public cause, and that the periodical sold was really disguised Bolshevik propaganda. It is argued that people who patronize an entertainment or buy novelties get something themselves while contributing to charity. But the cost of raising money in these ways is considered too high—a straightforward appeal for a deserving cause should bring funds more economically.

One characteristic of the sharper and fraud is timeliness. He is keen to find out what people want, and give it to them. He follows the news closely, thereby getting his publicity for nothing. During the war he was solicitous in a double sense for our boys in France, the poor Belgians, devastated Poland. Since the war he has turned to fields like Americanization and the harmonizing of labor and capital. His idea of Americanization is to make up from the telephone book a list of citizens and firms with Teutonic names, and assure them, personally or by mail, that a substantial contribution to his Americanization work will overcome any doubt there may be concerning their one hundred per cent Americanism. And he usually harmonizes capital and labor by circularizing a few hundred thousand manufacturers for contributions to adjust industrial relations in some way so broad and vague that he alone ever knows what is done with the money.

That the public has finally been driven to revolt against innumerable money-raising schemes is a good portent for its own pocketbook, and also for deserving institutions.

This industry has grown so amazingly largely through the public's own carelessness. During the war it ran on hysteria. Since the war it has been running on sentiment. Again and again level-headed managers and directors have tried to raise money on a straightforward business basis, only to find that sentiment brought in more cash.

Hints for Useful Giving

During the last Liberty Loan campaign a large Eastern city fell far behind the rest of the country in its quota. New appeals were published in its newspapers, showing the soundness of government bonds as an investment and spurring people to meet this last war obligation. These had no effect. Then shame was tried as a theme—how could the city face its soldiers when they came home if it failed in its quota? This had no more effect. But when the sob stuff was resorted to—the blind soldier, and the old mother waiting for her boy to come home—the city rose and went over the top. Hundreds of other cities asked for the sentimental pictures and copy. In a campaign to finance a club for street boys in an Eastern city straight business arguments about the possibility of fitting these boys for life were as nothing compared with a picture showing a waif sleeping in a barrel with his little dog. Not long ago a wealthy Easterner, with plenty of money and nobody to leave it to, asked an institution for advice about endowing work for the blind. He was told that blind people are usually looked after better than any other class needing help, yet it took several months to replace his project with one grounded in good business sense. As long as sentiment rules the public, exploitation will be easy, and businesslike institutional work difficult.

There are a half dozen simple rules which, if followed by people who give money to institutions, will lead to efficiency in the use of funds, and the elimination of incompetence and frauds.

The first rule almost does this in itself. It is: Always get a receipt for contributions from a responsible party. Every trustworthy institution gives receipts, and a receipt is the beginning of proper accounting.

Do not give money on the street or allow yourself to be tagged, no matter how pretty the girl. Such methods of collection are expensive, irritating, and are being discouraged in the raising of money on a business basis.

Send back all the entertainment tickets and other remit-or-return articles received in your mail, and keep entertainment separate from your charities generally. Buy your entertainment in one market, and public service through your contributions in another.

Limit contributions to institutions with which you are personally familiar. Regular support of a few institutions counts more than promiscuous giving. Put yourself behind your contributions by following their work and participating in it if you have time. Institutions need you as well as your money.

Take an interest in the budgets and financial statements of your institution and find out if their directors really direct.

Remember that philanthropy is business too. In a simpler scheme of society you would do things for needy people directly. To-day you hand the job over to an institution. See that it does as businesslike a job as you would do yourself.

Why don't you play Auction?

IF you don't play cards you are not only depriving yourself of a most delightful mental stimulus but you are cutting yourself off from much of the society of your group. Ability to play a good game of cards is not only a social but a business asset. Many a man has been able to meet people he wanted to know because he played a clever hand at Bridge.

Auction at a Glance

Auction is supplanting Bridge at social gatherings as Bridge supplanted the older Whist. We are sending free to anyone mailing 20 cents for our "Official Rules of Card Games" a copy of our newest publication, "Auction at a Glance," by R. F. Foster, Bridge expert. It gives in a few pages the complete rules and directions for playing Auction so clearly and simply that anyone can quickly learn.

If you play cards, improve your favorite game and learn new ones by a study of the Official Rule Book—Hoyle up-to-date. This is a complete 250-page encyclopedia of card games—including rules and directions for playing 300 games, with suggestions for fine points of play, written by experts.

BICYCLE PLAYING CARDS

will insure a pleasant evening, whether a formal card party or an impromptu family gathering. They are known the world over for their delightful playing qualities. Their ivory or air-cushion finish insures the proper slip. Easy to shuffle and deal. Large club indexes prevent errors and eye-strain. Unsurpassed in wearing qualities.

Congress Playing Cards are especially designed for more formal play. They have gold edges and full color backs—reproductions of attractive paintings. Come in telescope cases stamped in gold. Make attractive gifts or prizes.

"Let's Tell Fortunes"

Revelation Fortune Telling Cards make fortune telling easy. The old appeal of fortune telling is as potent today as centuries ago. Everyone wants his fortune told. Order a deck and add to the entertainment of your guests. One color back, 75c; colored back, gold edges, $1.00. In Canada, $1 and $1.50.

Send coupon or write for the Official Rule Book and "Auction at a Glance" today. 20c postpaid.

THE U. S. PLAYING CARD CO.

Dept. A-12
Cincinnati, Ohio, U. S. A., or
Windsor, Canada

Dept A 12
The U. S. Playing Card Co., Cincinnati, O., or Windsor Can.

Please send postpaid the new "Official Rules of Card Games" and "Auction at a Glance." I enclose 20c.

Name _____

Address _____

The
BELMONT
NEW YORK

One of the great Pershing Square Hotels

Under the Direction of
JOHN McE. BOWMAN *President*

OPPOSITE GRAND CENTRAL TERMINAL

Hand your bag to the Red Cap and say "Belmont"

JAMES WOODS
VICE-PRES & MANAGING DIRECTOR

Its quiet, conservative luxury makes a universal appeal. It has always been particularly attractive to men and women prominent in the business, financial and professional worlds.

The Belmont is famed architecturally for the restfulness and beauty of its interior, the accessibility of its public rooms and its absolutely fireproof construction. 27 stories, 800 outside rooms. Every modern comfort, with the concentrated effort of expert management along personal-service lines, makes The Belmont mean Home in New York.

As with the other Pershing Square Hotels, the traveler arriving at Grand Central Terminal goes directly to The Belmont without taxicab or baggage transfer. Close to theatres, clubs, libraries, music and art exhibitions and but a few steps from Fifth Avenue—the heart of the fashionable shopping district. Surface cars and elevated at hand. Direct indoor connection by subway with all parts of the city.

Other Hotels in New York under Mr. Bowman's direction:

The Biltmore
Adjoins the Grand Central Terminal

HotelCommodore Geo W Sweeney Vice Pres
Grand Central Terminal
"Get off the Train and Turn to the Left"

Murray Hill Hotel James Woods Vice Pres
A Short Block from the Station

The Ansonia Edw M Tierney Vice Pres
Broadway at 73rd Street
in the Riverside residential section

PERSHING SQUARE HOTELS
NEW YORK

BUSINESS IN DIPLOMACY

(Continued from Page 30)

It would be entirely possible for a young secretary of embassy, assigned to a post in a foreign capital, to avoid the common herd altogether, to rise through all stages up to counselor, and never meet a man or woman outside of the social and political aristocracy.

The consul deals with merchants and sea captains, with clerks and common sailors, with all sorts and conditions of men. His is the very experience to give breadth to the senior service. I could name offhand half a dozen consuls and consuls general who would do a fine job in any diplomatic post. Every year we are ignoring such men as these in filling up our diplomatic corps, and taking on in their places young men who have a single eye on social advantages. And this opening should still further advance the efficiency of the consular service. With the highest positions in the range of possibility, it should attract more young men of large ambitions. I for one can see no valid objection to opening the way of promotion between the two corps.

Linked with this is the proposal to choose ministers and ambassadors from the diplomatic corps itself. As I have said before, entirely too often during the late revealing strain on the diplomatic corps one found an incompetent executive with an able, expert lieutenant from the regular force actually doing the work, saving the situation and getting only kicks for his pains. The conclusion is obvious. The lieutenant should have had the job. In any well-managed private business he would have had the job.

British Protection for Americans

Without any special sanction of law the present State Department has gone further than any of its predecessors in promoting from the diplomatic corps. Three young men trained in foreign embassies or in the State Department, have within the past year been promoted to ministries—Gibson in Poland, Crane in Czechoslovakia and Phillips in Holland.

Gibson, first secretary in Belgium when the war broke, was from the first a success in the diplomatic corps, showing that combination of courage, tact, personality and understanding which the situation demanded; revealing a power to understand foreign peoples without conceding any of his Americanism.

Crane had a course of intensive State Department training, in which he made good. He belongs to a family with strong international interests; the political and social troubles of that corner of the world to which he has been called he learned with his primer.

Phillips, as an Assistant Secretary of State, worked in Europe all during the war, and having been mixed with him in a certain branch of our foreign work I can personally testify to his knowledge and his ability.

These were good appointments—experts all, head and shoulders above the average bewildered retired business man or politician who usually gets a ministerial post. Note, however, one necessary concession to the existing system: Each of these three men has more or less private income. Otherwise they could not even have considered such appointments.

Now at first sight this looks like the ideal system. It is exactly the plan which experience has shown works best in a business corporation—the presidency open eventually to the youngest office boy; the president a man who has been in the business all his life. One does not usually select for manager of an electrical works a doctor or a lawyer, but an electrical expert. But when one casts his eyes over our diplomatic corps as it is, when he calls to memory the existing condition of European diplomacy, he hesitates.

Long, long ago the diplomat managed somehow to divorce his business from life. Into the traditions of the game he introduced the notion that diplomacy was some high sport of the upper class, not only its results but its working methods a dark secret of the clan. With this grew up the tradition of indirect methods—to come down to the language of the simple common people, plain lies. The idea that a diplomat never means what he says is more nearly accurate than most popular notions. As a class, these diplomats of Europe have been remarkably able and expert on their jobs, often tremendously useful to the immediate interests of their own nations, though not to the general interests of the world. But looking back over fifty years of European diplomacy one is obliged to consider it a washout. Again and again an upper-class diplomatic ring has committed its people to some adventure in territory or sphere of influence which popular common sense would never have sanctioned in the beginning. The system scored its supreme failure when it did not prevent the Great War, as it might have done—score against it twenty million lives and a continent crippled for a generation.

Let us study, for example, British diplomacy, obviously most successful of all. On the surface it is a wonder. The British send to their foreign embassies and legations no pikers. Usually the ambassador or minister has come up from the ranks of the corps; he has known no other trade since he left the university. By exception they often appoint as head of missions a man from outside the corps; but he is always a member of the able governing class, with experience of foreign affairs, not a retired business man taking his first steps in French. Year by year the diplomatic corps has gone on, comparatively indifferent to changes in ministries and governments, building it must be admitted, with great devotion—the British Empire. It has been able to create and to pass on from generation to generation its own body of traditions. Chief among these is prestige of the empire. Hence that instant and almost quixotic protection it gives to every British subject in any remote part of the globe—not only British subjects. It is a rather humiliating fact that Americans who encounter trouble in foreign lands often find that they come off better when they seek British protection than when they wrap themselves in the Stars and Stripes.

During the bewildering days of 1914-15, when the war seemed a kind of private enterprise, the newspaper correspondent could do nothing without risking arrest. He simply went where he wasn't wanted until he got into jail. He who writes these lines has been under arrest eight times since 1914. In that period two correspondents for American journals, whom we will call Smith and Jones, sneaked up to the Front in an embattled kingdom which we will denominate Ruritania. They were arrested, taken to the police station and lined up to hear an order which read about as follows: "Smith and Jones, American correspondents, are given liberty, but if they are not on their way by train to Port Nemo within twenty-four hours they are to be rearrested and shot."

The Prestige of the Empire

Frantic search of railway schedules showed the joker. The next train to remote Port Nemo would not start for forty-eight hours. Now Smith was a simon-pure American. Jones, though he had lived in the United States most of his life, was born in Canada and had never been naturalized. Smith rushed over to the American ambassador or minister—as the case might have been—to demand protection. This functionary had only recently arrived; he knew so little of Ruritania, Ruritanians and the Ruritanian tongue that he was afraid to take a step.

"Well, you got yourself into this fix, didn't you?" he asked wearily. "Get yourself out of it. You had no business here anyway."

Smith rushed back with the alarming news. Jones, feeling a certain delicacy about asking protection from a nation which he had repudiated since early childhood, went to see the British ambassador or minister—again as the case might have been.

"My dear sir," drawled the British representative, "the matter can easily be arranged. In a controversy between a British subject and a foreign government the foreign government is invariably wrong."

"Will you throw in my American pal for good measure?" asked Jones.

"Oh, certainly," responded the British diplomat.

That afternoon bowing Ruritanians escorted the two correspondents to a train running back toward civilization.

This principle, prestige of the empire, guides not only the diplomatic corps of Great Britain, but even the consular service. It has minor tactics unknown to the general.

A United States consul, newly appointed, arrived at a post in the Far East. Shortly afterward the British consul called him up by telephone.

"An American has beaten a hotel bill here," he said. "The hotel keeper has tried to trace him, but he can't be found. He unquestionably did it with criminal intent. I suppose you have a fund to cover such cases?"

"I'm sorry to say we haven't," replied the American.

"H'm, that's awkward," replied the Briton. "I'm afraid we'll have to pay it."

The pride of the American could not quite permit that. He dug down into his own pocket. But his curiosity led him to make some investigations. He found that never in the memory of man had the British permitted a British subject to evade a just debt to a native of the Far East. In case the consular service could not search out the occasional dead beat and make him pay it satisfied the bill from a special fund kept for that purpose. And as Americans, speaking English, are confused with Englishmen by the natives, it paid the bills of recalcitrant Americans also. Usually the creditor was made to believe that the money came not from the Imperial Treasury but from the debtor, who had just happened to overlook this little matter. Prestige of the empire—every native must understand that the English superman can be absolutely trusted.

The British Diplomatic Ring

That is one side of the picture; now for the other. A most able member of the British diplomatic corps said to me just after the war: "Oh, it doesn't matter what government is in, or what Parliament does. Parliament is only a bother. The King and the Civil Service—that is all we need to govern the empire."

The British diplomatic corps—exactly like all the other diplomatic corps of Europe—has tended to become a ring, a kind of powerful freemasonry, entirely divorced from the British democracy, regarding the expressed will of the people as only a bother. Governments change from Unionists to Liberal to Labor; members of Parliament play their brief parts in the drama of politics, go down to defeat and are seen no more. But year after year, its personnel changed only by death, the diplomatic representation goes on with its set, persistent traditions.

At this very moment the British diplomatic corps is working at cross-purposes with what is probably the specific will of the British people. The war tremendously democratized Great Britain, and especially England. Moreover it furnished in such countries as Germany, Bulgaria and Greece living examples of the danger in the institution of monarchy. Beginning about 1916 the British began to question the whole institution. Those about the King saw the signs of the times. His Majesty changed the name of the dynasty in order to kill the reproach of Germanism. He cut off many of the prerogatives of the nephews, nieces and cousins of royalty. I have heard that he employed a press agent to popularize the royal personality. The Prince of Wales, being an engaging youth with the qualities which make the crown popular in Great Britain, was shoved to the foreground. The incipient wave of republicanism died to a ripple—so far as Britain was concerned.

At this moment the attitude of the average Briton toward kingship, as I read it, is quaint and engaging. He has his affectionate and quietly emotional feeling for the royal family. It is a venerable old British institution, from time out of mind the focus of his patriotism. He flatters himself, too, that he has kingship just where he wants it—decorative and harmless. If another King Charles should rise to wrest from the British some of their blood-bought liberties he would meet the fate of King Charles.

But on the new republics grown out of the war, on republicanism in general, your average man in the streets of London or

(Concluded on Page 69)

The water swirls through the clothes in a figure 8 motion four times as often as in the ordinary washer.

HAPPY sunny windows with crisp, frilly curtains—what a snug, cozy appearance they give as they are backed by gay cretonnes of smiling colors, or guarded by silent hangings of rich rose or blue! What a joy to see them always fresh and white!

And how simple a matter—with a 1900 Cataract Electric Washer! Down come the mussed soiled curtains, into the 1900 they go, and swiftly, thoroughly the soapy, cleansing water swirls back and forth through them, in the magic figure 8 movement—that wonderful, exclusive feature of the 1900 which makes it the *perfect* washer.

Not a single part in the shiny copper tub to cause wear and tear! Nothing to catch the most delicate lace or the finest frills! In 8 to 10 minutes the curtains come out, all the original whiteness and freshness restored, all ready to be put through the swinging reversible wringer which also works electrically.

Everything from delicate sheer blouses to heavy blankets and table linen is thoroughly washed in the 1900 by that magic figure 8 movement—and at the cost of less than 2c an hour to operate. *You can buy a 1900 Cataract Washer on deferred payments.*

1900 CATARACT WASHER

1900 WASHER COMPANY 203 Clinton St., Binghamton, N. Y.
Canadian Factory and Office, CANADIAN 1900 WASHER CO., 357 Yonge St., Toronto

1900 WASHER CO., 203 Clinton St., Binghamton, N. Y.

Please send me the name of the nearest 1900 dealer, and a copy of the book, "George Brinton's Wife," interesting fiction with some surprising facts included.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY AND STATE _____

The Westinghouse Automatic Electric Range is "the range with the clock." It is the only range that turns the current both on and off automatically. Ask your light and power company or electrical dealer to show it to you.

"I go any time— I've an Automatic Cook"

Wouldn't *you* rather be motoring, golfing, playing bridge, reading a good book or doing any one of a hundred things than standing over a hot stove in a hot kitchen?

Wouldn't *you* like to put your dinner in the ovens any time of the day you please and not need to give it another thought until you serve it—or put breakfast in the night before and find it ready for the table at any hour next morning?

Wouldn't *you* like to escape the many little cares and worries without sacrificing any of the delights of well-cooked meals?

Thousands of women are doing just this today with the help of Westinghouse Automatic Electric Ranges—and at a cost so reasonable that it surprises those who have never tried it.

A time-clock on the Westinghouse Automatic Range turns the current *on* at any hour you choose. A heat-controller turns it *off* when the desired temperature is reached. Cooking is then done by means of the *accumulated* heat in the ovens, which stay hot for hours.

Food cannot scorch or burn, nor does it dry out, shrink or lose its flavor even if left in the ovens long after the current is turned off.

WESTINGHOUSE ELECTRIC & MANUFACTURING CO.
East Pittsburgh, Pa.

Westinghouse

ELECTRIC RANGES WITH AUTOMATIC CONTROL

(Concluded from Page 66)

Manchester or Newcastle looks with a favoring eye. Royalty is all right for the British, but all wrong for inferior peoples who do not understand.

It is quite different, however, with the corps of men under the Foreign Office. Upper class almost to a man, holding their prerogatives and titles by nominal virtue of the royal favor, many of them regard republicanism a little as the rest of us regard Bolshevism. All too many signs show that they are working cautiously toward a restoration of monarchy in the new republics.

I have not made this digression into the ways of British diplomacy for the pure pleasure of writing it down. The example is pertinent to our own situation. An American diplomatic corps composed entirely of specialists engaged in no other business all their lives would probably tend in the same direction—a kind of silk stocking push, probably very efficient in the immediate work, but tending away from popular ideals, and able through continuity of policy to set at naught the feeble, impermanent opposition of Congresses and Presidents. For all men are made by their environments, and the American diplomatic representative abroad knows no other environment than silk stocking stuff. His associates in his hours of work and his hours of leisure are people with the aristocratic theory of society and the medieval mind. Above all, the working method which he encounters is the old-fashioned diplomacy of indirection, lies, perfect immorality. The average man cannot long live in such surroundings without himself changing to fit the picture.

Baffling Frankness

The old-fashioned system of appointing ambassadors and ministers mainly because they wanted the job and could afford to support it has had, after all, its beneficial side. These men were usually not without ability, though utterly untrained for the special job in hand. In those circumstances it was too much to expect that they could meet the skilled indirection read into European diplomacy by generations of able liars like Talleyrand and Metternich with the same skilled indirection. To do that required a lifetime of practice.

Our diplomacy simply had to be honest, as diplomacy goes. We were forced into that method which has become traditional with our State Department—doing government business in the business spirit. Usually the American representative went into negotiations with the attitude of an honorable commercial firm about to put through a deal. He stated frankly just what we were willing to do, and proceeded with the argument from that starting point.

In the beginning this method was very effective. It baffled the foreign diplomat. Literally he could not conceive that any man treating for a government was telling the truth either about the facts in the case or his own intentions. It has probably become a little less effective recently, since the foreigner has got it into his head that this is our simple, naïve way. It is still fairly effective nevertheless, and it harmonizes with the future of diplomacy, since after the great airing of diplomatic sins which followed the war the business simply cannot go on in the old way. The peoples of the world will not stand it forever. But the diplomacy of gumshoes and lies is not yet dead. It may have its recrudescence for a time, and it appears to me that an American diplomatic corps composed entirely of experts would be likely in the end to adopt the system, lock, stock and barrel.

What then are we going to do? An organization which offers no hope of promotion to the higher ranks, which puts a discount upon experts, does not obviously make for efficiency. The act of this Administration in lifting Gibson, Crane and Phillips out of the ruck and creating them ministers has already done a great deal to put life into the young secretaries of the embassies and legations abroad—and a trained expert of course usually does better work in an administrative position than any outsider.

The solution is probably a mixed system. How that can be accomplished it is for some legislative expert to say—it is beyond me. I should like to see not two or three embassies and legations but the majority of embassies and legations headed by men who have worked up through the ranks and know the job. I should like to see a strong minority filled by able American men of affairs who enter the game from the outside, renewing its force with the outsider's point of view, preventing it from becoming a ring, out of touch with the real America.

Only, the old method of selecting the personnel for these higher appointments simply will not do any longer. Our foreign representation is growing too important. If, as the writer of these lines fervently hopes, we enter a League of Nations, it will become more important still. Even half of our big diplomatic jobs cannot be intrusted to men whose qualifications are merely party service and wealth.

That word "wealth" brings up a quandary. Doing diplomatic business in Europe involves entertaining. Diplomacy circulates about society. One of our able ambassadors was talking business to me during that period of strain which preceded our entrance into the war.

"So many things to do that I don't know where to begin," he said—"and now I must drop everything and go to a week-end house party. You see, General Blank will be there, and also the Prime Minister. I want to exchange some delicate information with the general, and I've something I must arrange with the Prime Minister. Both are important, and this is the only way to do it. But I wish I could do things by calling up a man over the telephone or taking him to luncheon, as I used to do when I was running my business at home. However, I must take the game as I find it, I suppose."

The game as he found it, as all our ambassadors and ministers find it abroad, involves giving and taking entertainment. It is the way of foreign diplomacy, one of the methods by which it has been kept upper class. Commercial treaties are broached in conversations through cigar smoke after a dinner party. The hints which may precipitate war or avoid it are passed over a cup of tea. That, like the lying tradition, may change; foreign business may come to be transacted in an office. But so it runs at present; and if we, somewhat new in the full business of diplomacy, try to change it we shall simply count ourselves for a long time out of the game. Yet if we are going to get adequate heads of missions from either within or without the diplomatic corps we must make it possible for a comparatively poor man to accept an important foreign post. To confine appointments to those who have much money and are willing to blow it for the privilege of entering foreign society narrows impossibly the range of choice. The wonder is not that we have come out so badly in the past, but that we have come out so well.

Democratic Simplicity

The wisdom of the proposal to buy, furnish and keep permanent residences for our ambassadors and ministers in foreign capitals strikes the open-minded observer of foreign affairs as self-evident. Because entertaining is an integral part of the game, the ambassador's house is his office. Congress comes through liberally for a Federal building at an obscure hamlet; but the proposal to furnish a house, which is essentially an important government office, for a foreign embassy or legation starts at once a ferment in the digestion of the grass-fed.

I miss my guess if at present nearly every American ambassador is not paying more than his salary for house rent. In two or three cases I know this to be true. Going further, I am almost bold enough to suggest that our foreign representatives should have a moderate entertainment account, such as a commercial firm grants as a matter of course to its sales agents. However, that would probably blast the foundations of the Constitution or undermine our blood-bought liberties—or something.

In building or buying residences for our heads of missions we need not go to the other extreme and start out to make the

foreign capitals sit up. The reaction of America on the European mind is curiously subtle. Unfortunately, but truly, part of the success of an American ambassador lies in making himself socially agreeable. And by and large, the European likes best those Americans who match his picture of Americanism, with its democratic simplicity.

History records the furor made in Paris by Ben Franklin with his brown coat and his simple ways. Ben was simple like a fox. When he introduced backwoods ways, tempered by genuine courtesy of the heart, into the formal salons of royalist Paris, he probably knew exactly what he was doing. A century and a half has passed, but the principle remains the same. One of our greatest of modern Englishmen, a shrewd observer of all the whimseys of his time, once spoke to me with brutal British frankness concerning the ways of expatriate Americans in London society.

"Their mistake is aping us—that and spending too much money," he said. "The American man or woman who begins by setting up a luxurious establishment and employing a teacher of the English accent has really started with a handicap. We have luxurious establishments and English accents of our own. Of course one may arrive by such a method, but it's a hard pull. We're rather expert, you know, in telling shams—and these people give themselves away frightfully. Americans who get on with us are the genuinely good and interesting people—and themselves. We like them because they are themselves, and different. Do you know who among your countrymen made the greatest social success in my time? Wilbur and Orville Wright. They had something on them, as you say, and for the rest they were fine, simple, native Americans. They never tried to be anything else. When Wright was beginning to fly down at Pau the King of Spain came up to see the machine. The King and Wilbur Wright seemed to like each other. Wright explained the machine carefully to him. Next day the head mechanic of an automobile works came over to see the show. Wright liked him too. He explained the machine to him as carefully as he had to the King, and with exactly the same good, simple manners. We liked that tremendously. It was what we expected from an American.

"Mind you, we shouldn't have liked it from a European. It would have appeared to us an affectation. Why cannot these climbers in London be themselves?"

A Critical Decade

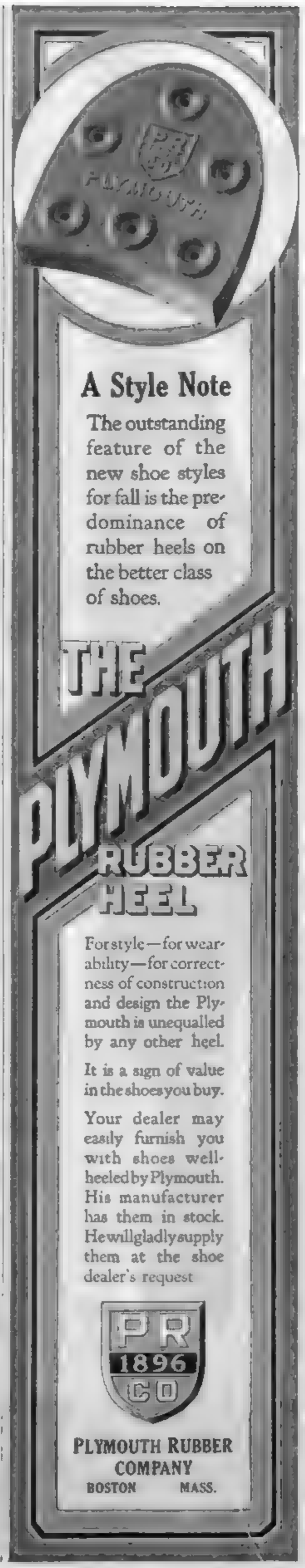
Years ago an American ambassador with a large fortune served out his term of eight years in a foreign capital. Having money to burn, he leased almost the biggest and most elegant residence in town, and entertained on a huge scale. Now, though he was in general a success, his splurge is criticized to this day.

"It didn't somehow suit our ideas of democratic simplicity," say the natives.

Had he only known it, his lavish expenditure handicapped him in his business.

What we want is modest and adequate residences, large enough and convenient enough for the necessary entertaining, simple enough so that they will shine by contrast with the frowning mansions which Germany, for example, sprinkled over the capitals of the world. If we adopt the daring plan of an entertainment account, that too should be modest—just enough so that a man without much of any private fortune can undertake the job and carry it through successfully.

And whatever we do, let us do something, if it is only to experiment. Whether or not we enter the League of Nations, isolation is over for us, and especially commercial isolation. American production can no longer regard the rest of the world as a dumping ground to be used only in times of overproduction or scant consumption at home. The diplomatic corps, rightly used, is going to lay out and lead the strategy of foreign business, while the consular corps attends to tactical details. The political function of foreign representation so far as politics can be separated from the business of the world will be even more important. Whichever way the cat jumps for the League of Nations, the next ten years must settle the question of our permanent foreign policies. On that job we need men—not mere tea drinkers, nor yet retired gentlemen seeking to crown their careers with the tawdry bauble of social success.


A Style Note
The outstanding feature of the new shoe styles for fall is the predominance of rubber heels on the better class of shoes.
THE PLYMOUTH RUBBER HEEL
For style—for wearability—for correctness of construction and design the Plymouth is unequalled by any other heel.
It is a sign of value in the shoes you buy.
Your dealer may easily furnish you with shoes well-heeled by Plymouth. His manufacturer has them in stock. He will gladly supply them at the shoe dealer's request
PR 1896 CO
PLYMOUTH RUBBER COMPANY
BOSTON MASS.

FISHING *isn't merely getting fish!*

IT'S getting sunshine. It's hearing singing brooks—it's feeling outdoors peace—it's letting go to get a firmer hold!

That's why Owl goes with me. Owl's just *made* for fishing—makes the sunshine mellower—makes the brooks sing sweeter. Like a good rod, Owl is carefully fashioned. Every leaf is aged to mellowness—a $3,000,000 leaf reserve attends to that. *Try Owl!*—that's my advice.

General Cigar Co., INC.

DEPENDABLE CIGARS

119 West 40th Street, New York City

8c *straight*

Box of 50: $3.75

The OWL Brand

With the Brown Band

THE STARTER

(Continued from Page 9)

loving me a little—and I'll keep on loving you all the rest. I'll work it out somehow." Then he kissed her—once.

Before Angela could get her feet untangled from her skirts she heard the front door close behind him.

II

YOUNG Mrs. Eddie O'Hara dropped her sewing into her lap, carefully lifted the coil of brown hair which nestled modishly over her right ear, and listened attentively. Eddie was late to-night, very late for him, and she had begun to form mental pictures of all the various and terrible things that might only too easily have befallen him. Even the quiet coziness of their well-furnished little living room could not console her. He might have been run over. He might have been held up. He might have got into a fight. Eddie had been pretty good about staying home. He went out only every other week, and then to meetings, but you never could tell. So young Mrs. O'Hara listened like an animal about to jump. Presently, however, she patted the coil of dark hair back into place and smiled contentedly. She knew the sound of that motor. Only Eddie's flivver made a noise like that.

She heard the car turn at the driveway and roar past the house. Then followed the slamming of doors out at the little portable garage by the kitchen stoop, and next, after a long stretch of moments, Eddie himself—big, curly-haired, rosy-cheeked, smiling—came stamping into the house.

"Gosh, Lil," he said, kissing her soundly, "you shouldn't have waited up. It's after twelve. Sorry, but big doings, both at the legion and the local. I had to stick."

His wife smiled encouragingly.

"What happened, Ed?" she asked.

"Well," he began, throwing himself leisurely into a chair, "first I was at the local. Big dope. There's a strike goin' to be pulled off, they say—all trades."

"What for?" inquired young Mrs. O'Hara. "Seems to me we've had enough strikes."

"We have," said her husband, "that's a cinch. But this one's goin' to be a whale. All on the quiet yet, of course. None of us guys take much stock in it, but they say it's comin'. A couple of loud-mouths were there givin' us an earful. The railroad men are goin' to start it, and then the rest of the works will come in."

"Now, Ed," began young Mrs. O'Hara plaintively, "you're not going to strike again. What in goodness' name do you want to strike for?"

"Me? I don't want to strike," Eddie protested. "None of us do. We're fixed all right. I was just givin' you the dope. Probably just a lot of Bolshevik talk. I thought you'd like to get the inside stuff. Nobody believes these guys, but it's fun to listen to 'em. They'll have us makin' ten thousand a year before long."

"It seems to me," young Mrs. O'Hara observed, "that the sixty or seventy you drag down every week, what with your overtime and everything, is pretty good. You'll find yourself high and dry if you don't look out."

"Who will?" he asked belligerently. "What's the public got to say about it? Aren't we the public? And anyhow, we've got 'em cold. They've got to pay just about any wages we say. But don't worry about that. I was just talkin'. This strike I was telling you about is startin' out in the West—the railroad switchmen are out."

"I don't understand it," his wife affirmed.

"Aw, that's all right, Lil—nothin' will happen. There's always a lot of talk. Like the bonus business for the Army. They're still hashin' that out at the legion post meeting, I guess. I just left—went there after the local meeting. Funny thing, Lil—you remember Bob Carnon—sure, you were at grammar school same time we were. You know he was first lieutenant in my company—regular guy. Well, he gets talkin' with me at the legion meeting to-night—funny—never seen him that way before—sort of embarrassed. He asks me how much I'm makin'—see? And I tells him, and he says it's just three times what he's makin'. So I tells him he'd better start carpentering then, and he says by gosh, he wishes he could. Then he asks a lot of other questions. We certainly got it on those birds, haven't we, Lil? He hunches up on a stool all day long and makes a third of what I do. That's a great joke." Eddie O'Hara threw back his head and laughed. "And he was an officer at that. Well"—he stood up and yawned—"you got to pay for bein' a swell."

"He's no sweller than you are," said young Mrs. O'Hara indignantly. Whereupon her husband kissed her.

"Don't forget to set the little old alarm," he said, putting his arm round her shoulders. "House all locked? All right—let's go."

III

IF EDDIE O'HARA was skeptical about the strike that was being started by the railroad switchmen in the Middle West, the public was more so. Even the newspapers gave it little space. It was an outlaw strike; the American Federation of Labor was against it, and, of course, it wouldn't last. So one morning along toward the middle of April, when Montclair and all her sister towns of New Jersey woke up to find themselves isolated, bound hand and foot, with scarcely a wheel turning on any rails except the local trolley tracks—well, to put it reasonably, the public sat up and rubbed its eyes. All through that first day the commuters ran round like rabbits, struggled frantically to get to their offices on all manner of conveyances, fussed, fumed, hung on trolley cars, dashed for ferries, burned the telephone wires with indignant inquiries. For the hundredth time since the theoretical end of the war they were being ground between the upper and nether millstones, and it was beginning to hurt on the raw.

Robert Carnon fussed, fumed and struggled with the rest of them. He managed to reach his office two hours late by wedging himself sardine fashion into three successive street cars, finishing the journey on a motor truck loaded with sewing machines. It began to dawn on Bob rather slowly that this sort of thing was utterly ridiculous. What the business men ought to do, he determined, was to take the trains and run them themselves. They could do it all right if they'd only get together, and it would bring the strikers to terms more quickly than anything else. Bob Carnon scowled as the truck lurched aboard the ferry. He was thinking. It did not occur to him then that others might be thinking too.

As he stalked into the office the telephone girl checked him with a smile.

"Message for you, Mr. Carnon," she said. "On the wire now. Will you take it on your extension?"

It was one of the older residents of Montclair, a close associate of Bob's father.

"Robert," said the man, "have you ever run a steam locomotive?"

"No, sir."

"You can shovel coal, can't you?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, Robert, come to my house to-night about eight-thirty. There'll be a number there. We're going to see if we can't take this situation into our own hands."

"What do you mean, Mr. Martin?"

A gleam had come into the boy's eyes.

"I mean that we're going to run the trains ourselves—man 'em and run 'em."

Bob Carnon laughed aloud.

"Gosh," he gloried, "that's great! That's the first good news I've heard since the war. You can count on me, Mr. Martin, dead sure. How long will it be?"

"Oh, I don't know, Robert. Anywhere from two days to two weeks. The railroad people are behind us, of course. They'll furnish instructors and all that. All right, Robert. See you this evening."

Bob Carnon shot the receiver between the jaws of its hook and slapped his desk a resounding whack. On all four sides of him his fellow clerks raised their eyes in silent reproof, but Bob only laughed. He stood up, straightened his coat, strode over to the door marked "Mr. Opdyke, Private," and walked in.

The head of the business looked up coldly from the swivel chair which enthroned his bulk. He was surprised, but he had schooled himself never to show surprise.

"Well?" he curtly demanded.

"Mr. Opdyke," said the boy, "I want a two weeks' leave of absence without pay. I'm going to help run trains over in Jersey. We're going to smash the strike."

His employer measured him frigidly.

(Continued on Page 72)

LAFAYETTE

If you were to ask what has contributed most to LaFayette reputation we should tell you—engineering.

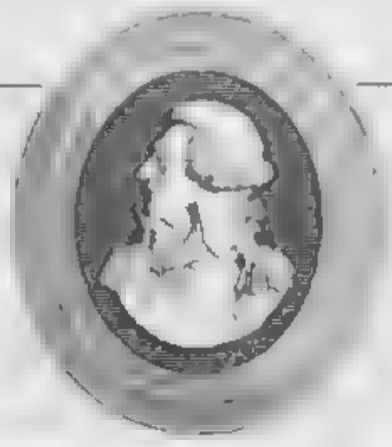
For nowhere has this car won higher favor than in the large motor car manufacturing centers.

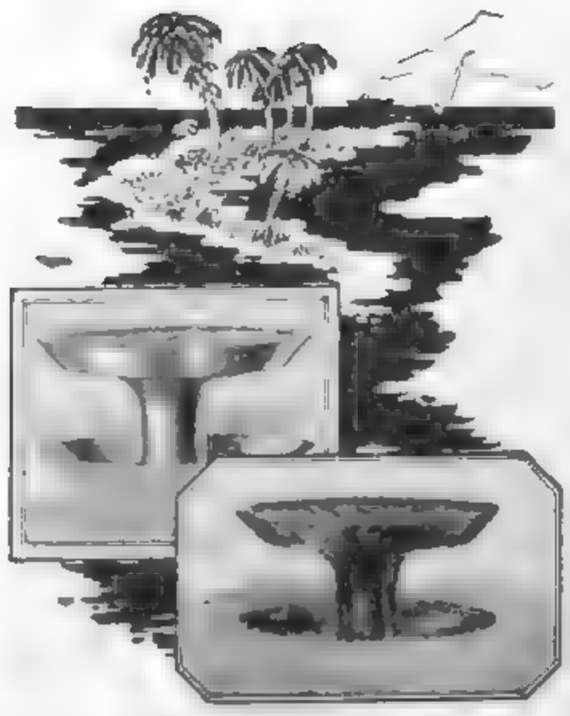
Here, the people through long association with fine cars are keenly appreciative of real engineering achievement.

Here, also, is a public familiar with the professional record of the men who conceived and created LaFayette.

If there is basis for this impression, you, too, when inspecting the car, will read eminent engineering in its mechanism.

LAFAYETTE MOTORS COMPANY at *Mars Hill* INDIANAPOLIS





Carbon builds like coral—

—it builds flake upon flake on your valves and robs your engine of its power

Carbon is hard—flint-like in its hardness, and it builds, flake upon flake, in uneven scars and ridges on your valves and valve seats—destroying compression, wasting gas and robbing the engine of power.

This it does by preventing the valve from closing tight, by letting gas work through the valleys in the little carbon hills. When you need power most, power isn't there. You strain your engine at tasks it should conquer easily.

your valves need CLOVER every 2000 miles

Clover Valve Grinding and Lapping Compound grinds valves and grinds them clean. It cuts fast and cuts true and soon the coral-like ridges are gone and your valves bright and smooth and tight as the day they left the factory.

be sure you get CLOVER

Clover is fast cutting and smooth working. The solid oil stays and gives correct lubrication. Clover contains no emery, glass or grit.

Remember, too, no piston-ring is better than its fit. Clover will lap in piston-rings carefully and surely. It gives your pistons an air-tight fit. Here's another way to save compression for your car.

get samples of CLOVER

Before you have the valves ground again, send for samples of Clover to try on your car. We'll send you, too, the Clover Instructional Bulletins No. 75 and No. 80. They're full of interesting facts for owner and mechanic alike.

Experts agree that Clover is the best compound for cylinder lapping, fitting piston rings and for use in machine shops and factories.

CLOVER Grinding and Lapping Compound

CLOVER MFG. CO.
110 Main Street
Norwalk, Conn

Technical questions gladly answered.

Please send me the Clover Instruction Bulletins and samples of Clover Compound for—

[ ] Car Owner [ ] Distributor [ ] Tractor
[ ] Utility Engines [ ] Machine Shops [ ] Garage

Name_____

Address _____

(Continued from Page 70)

"I don't like that spirit, Carnon," he finally said. "Your first duty is to this organization. We need you here."

Bob's eyes opened wide. It had not occurred to him that any citizen would demur in a public crisis such as this, a crisis inconveniencing thousands of people, perhaps even endangering them.

"About two million people need me there," he retorted. "Everything's tied up tight. I can't get in on time, anyhow, without getting up at four in the morning."

The manager's eyes narrowed.

"If that's your attitude toward your obligations and your opportunities here, young man, it seems to me that it would be better if we let your million people have your—er—services altogether." Opdyke leered. "Don't you think so, Carnon?"

"Yes," snapped the boy, "I do. When can I quit?"

"Your work is not so invaluable that your leaving would paralyze the establishment at any time," his employer drawled.

"Good," barked Carnon. "I'm done now."

"Of course you understand," fussed the older man, "that unless you finish the week your pay ——"

"Oh, rats!" said the boy, and marched indignantly out of the room. He found his hat, picked a few things from the drawers of his desk and walked to the elevator.

"Thank heaven," he thought, "that's over! Damn place, I hope I never see it again this side of hell!"

IV

BOB CARNON wiped the crumbs of a ham sandwich from his lips with the back of a grimy hand, yawned leisurely, then lithely rose to his feet and swung up into the cab of the hissing, panting, soot-fouled switch engine which he and young Ferguson, a senior at Stevens Tech, had been fathering and mothering between them for the last three days. Bob had been lunching luxuriously, comfortably reclining on the sun-warmed cinders beside the track. But Ferguson, a slender, sober-faced youth, who wore large metal-rimmed spectacles, consistently refused to desert his valves and gauges, and ate with one hand while he polished with the other. He had qualified as an engineer easily enough, for he had been specializing in mechanics, and after the second day he and Bob, as driver and fireman, had been left alone. The railroad was wasting no unnecessary time on instruction.

"It's a shame," Ferguson was muttering as Carnon came up beside him. "It's a darn shame the way they let these engines go to pot. I'll bet this baby hasn't had a real cleaning since 1892."

He breathed gingerly on the water gauge, then rubbed it assiduously with the rag in his hand.

"Forget it!" laughed Bob, waving an unfolded newspaper under the other's nose. "Turn your lamps on this! Beauty and the beast." He smudged his dirty forefinger across a picture on the newspaper page. "Me and you," he said, "with our pictures in the paper, same as Mary Pickford and everybody. And look what's under it 'Young Social Leaders of Jersey Man Indignation Special.' That's a fine ripe line of junk. Did you ever lead society, Ferguson?"

The spectacled engineer grinned.

"The papers make me sick," he observed. "And where do they get off to call this an Indignation Special? I'll have you know that this baby is a highly respectable switch engine and nothing else. Time to go to work, isn't it, Carnon?"

Bob yanked open the fire-box door.

"Sure!" he said, spitting on his hands.

"Say, watch that combustion!" the Stevens man called out. "You blew her off four times this morning. Too much steam's as bad as too little. We'll get bawled out good and proper."

"Leave it to me," Carnon jeered cheerfully. "At least I didn't pull the drawhead out of a perfectly good B. & M. gondola."

"That car was falling to pieces," retorted Ferguson, and laughed. "All ready, boy? Let's go!" He grabbed the reverse lever, moved it and tenderly opened the throttle "We pick up that string of empties on Track Six," he called out above the snort of the exhaust, "then we cut out that Nickel Plate furniture car and the two Reading hoppers and push the whole works up on the hump." The stubby, chunky little six-wheeled engine veered, lurched, heeled and righted as she took a switch.

"Yea, bo!" Ferguson sang out. "This is the life, all right!"

"You betcha!" shouted Carnon, heaving a scoopful of coal into the fire-box door and scattering it professionally with a jerk of his right wrist. "But I won't be happy, Ferguson, till they give me a Mallet—one of those elephants with a fire box two blocks long and a block wide."

Ferguson was giving the little locomotive the air, and with a clashing of couplers she jarred to a stuttering halt against the pallid white end of an M. D. T. refrigerator car.

"I'm gunning for a Mallet," said Bob as his engineer turned to catch his words. "Right now that's my life ambition, and I'll bet I can handle it too."

"How do you mean?" asked Ferguson. "We'll be done here inside two days, the way things look now. The men are coming back in droves."

"Not me," returned Bob Carnon. "I'm going to stick."

Ferguson's jaw dropped.

"Honest?" he asked. "What do you mean?"

"Honest!" Bob crossed his heart, laughing. "I've been laying for something like this for a long time, Ferguson, and now's my chance. I suppose I wouldn't have done anything if this strike hadn't come along—but it did, and from now on I'm a railroad man."

Up the track a volunteer switchman—it was Jack Thornton, Bob saw—was waving his arms violently, but the Stevens man paid no attention to him.

"This is interesting, Carnon," he began gravely. "Where are you going to start?"

"Just what I'm doing now—firing. I like it."

"But can you?"

"Surest thing you know! I've had it all out with the super himself. Some roads start you in as a hostler, but the Jersey roads break you in firing. The super says he thinks I can have a local freight run—none of the older men seem to want it much. Too stiff. Do you know what it'll pay?"

"More or less."

"It'll pay me between two hundred and two hundred and fifty a month, counting overtime and all." Bob paused. "Do you know what I was earning in that office, Ferguson? I was earning twenty a week, and that's better than some fellows I know who are just starting in. And gosh, how I hated it! This is a real job."

"Yes," said the Stevens man, "but it's a dirty job. The other wasn't. The average college man wouldn't want this sort of job."

"He wouldn't, hey?" blazed Carnon. "You just take it from me—he would! It never occurs to him, that's all. Everybody goes into an office, so he goes into an office."

"He has to," argued the engineer. "That's where he learns business methods."

"You said it exactly," the other retorted. "He learns methods, all carefully predigested for him. But the man that works in a flannel shirt, the man who actually carries on the business—he's the man that learns the business itself. Where do the big men start? They start in flannel shirts and overalls. Look at Willard, of the B. & O. He started as an engineer. Look at Underwood, of the Erie. He started as a conductor. Look at Stone, of this road—started as a yardman. The list is a mile long, Ferguson. I'm not saying that some big men don't come out of offices. I'm simply saying that for a man out of college or school, office work is the wrong thing. He's full of theory. What he needs is practice."

Ferguson had forgotten his engine. He sat in a brown study, one hand on the throttle, his eyes far away.

"I wouldn't be surprised, Carnon," he finally said, "if maybe you were partly right. I hope you give it a try. It'll be interesting to see what happens."

"I'm going to give it a try, all right." Bob Carnon's jaw was set grimly. "I've got a hunch, Ferguson—a big hunch."

"Hey, you birds," a voice shouted up at them from beneath the cab window, "are you dead or just dying? I've been wigwagging at you for twenty minutes. There's six whole trains to sort, and another one just pulling in. This isn't the Biltmore, you know. Get awake! Move your feet!"

Bob Carnon let a large chunk of bituminous roll out of the tender on the side from which the voice had come.

"Jack, old dear," he said sweetly as he heard a sudden scuffle of feet, "you rough yardsmen must always be respectful to engine crews—particularly this engine crew. Our work is important. Go ahead and throw your old switches. They're beneath us, but we'll condescend to use 'em. Use 'em all, if you like—every one in the yard. What ho, Ferguson! Give her the gas!"

As he jerked open the fire-box door and reached for his heavy slice bar Bob began to sing. It was an old, old song, as modern songs go, and he had forgotten most of the words, but he sang it with gusto:

"I love the cows and chickens,
But this is the life, this is the life;
I love to raise the dickens,
But this is the life, this is the life."

"Some job, this combustion business," he interrupted himself, working at the white-hot coal. He straightened up, kicking the door shut. "Gosh," he said to nobody in particular, "I haven't felt so good as this since the day I got my commission!"

■

OF COURSE everybody knows to-day what Bob Carnon's hunch was and how it worked out. Any man who was featured in the papers as much as he was, and even in some of the magazines, would be bound to become something of a public character.

Angela Jardis' name did not come into the thing at all. There was really no reason why it should have. Yet even Angela must have had a sneaking suspicion as to who had touched the match to the fuse. Had the match not been in her hand, Angela naturally enough could not have kindled it. Had the fuse not been laid, the match could not have set it sputtering. But Angela and the match and the fuse and the charge at the end of the fuse were all there and ready for business.

If Angela hadn't existed it is not improbable that Fate would have found another hand and another match; but that is speculation. For if ever anyone was thoroughly alive Angela Jardis was—as tiny as ever, as blue eyed as ever, and as golden haired, but prettier day by day, if such a thing were possible, and with something different about her as the weeks wore on—a peculiar look about her mouth and eyes that made people wonder what manner of secret she might be cherishing. Of course everybody coupled it with Bob Carnon, but her insistence that she had not seen him for almost two months rather served to spike this theory.

Angela had not seen Bob, that is true, but almost every day, in one way or another, his name had come to her ears. In the first place there had been his decision to stick by his railroad job instead of giving it up, as the other volunteers had done, at the end of the strike. That had set Montclair buzzing from Caldwell to the Orange line. Then an article about him had appeared in the Montclair paper, and not two weeks later one of the big New York dailies had run his picture in its Sunday supplement, entitling it, "Princeton Graduate, War Hero and Montclair Social Leader Becomes Railroad Fireman," as if he had been triplets.

Angela had laughed at that, but the mirth in her eyes gave way to something deeper when on the following Sunday Dot Hollister passed her another New York paper in church. Angela glanced at it hastily, then hid it beneath the pew and read it surreptitiously during the sermon. Bob had a whole page this time, an interview; and in it he was quoted as saying in the boldest terms and at some length that after graduation every college man ought to spend at least five years at work that dirtied his hands.

Suddenly Angela knew that she wanted to see Bob—wanted to see him badly. She must know—she must ——

And that evening he called her up.

"May I come round?" he asked.

"I thought you'd forgotten all about me, Bob." Angela's voice quavered a little.

"You know that isn't the reason, Angel."

Her heart was thumping riotously.

"Will you wear your overalls, Bob?"

"Not unless you insist," he laughed. "I haven't forgotten how to wash, you know."

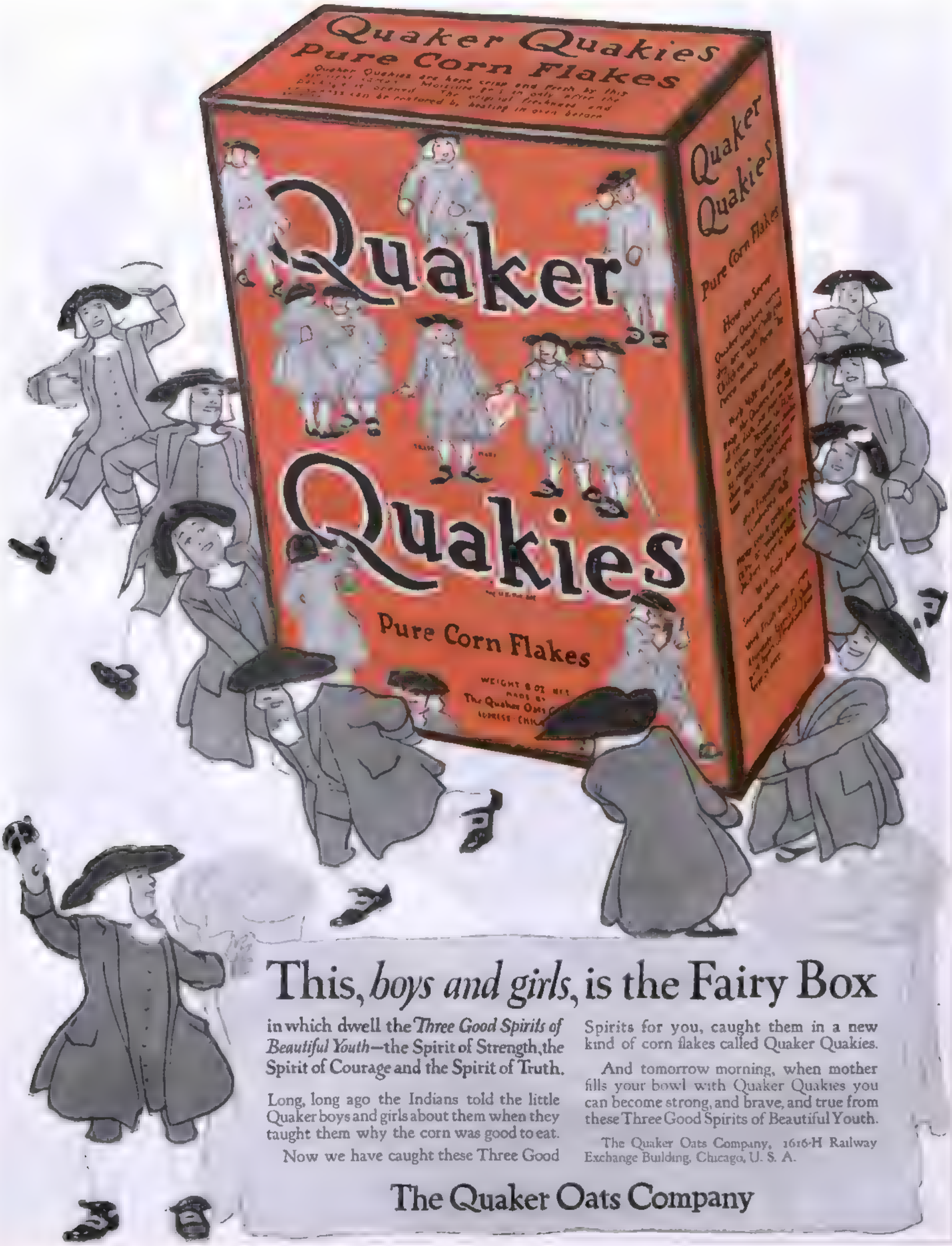
At eight o'clock sharp he came. She held out her two hands and he took them, his eyes drinking her in.

"I could eat you up, Angel," he said after a moment.

"Bob," said Angela, trembling, "do you still love me?"

"Love you!" he began. Then he saw her eyes, and a look of incredulous amazement

(Concluded on Page 75)



This, *boys and girls*, is the Fairy Box

in which dwell the *Three Good Spirits of Beautiful Youth*—the Spirit of Strength, the Spirit of Courage and the Spirit of Truth.

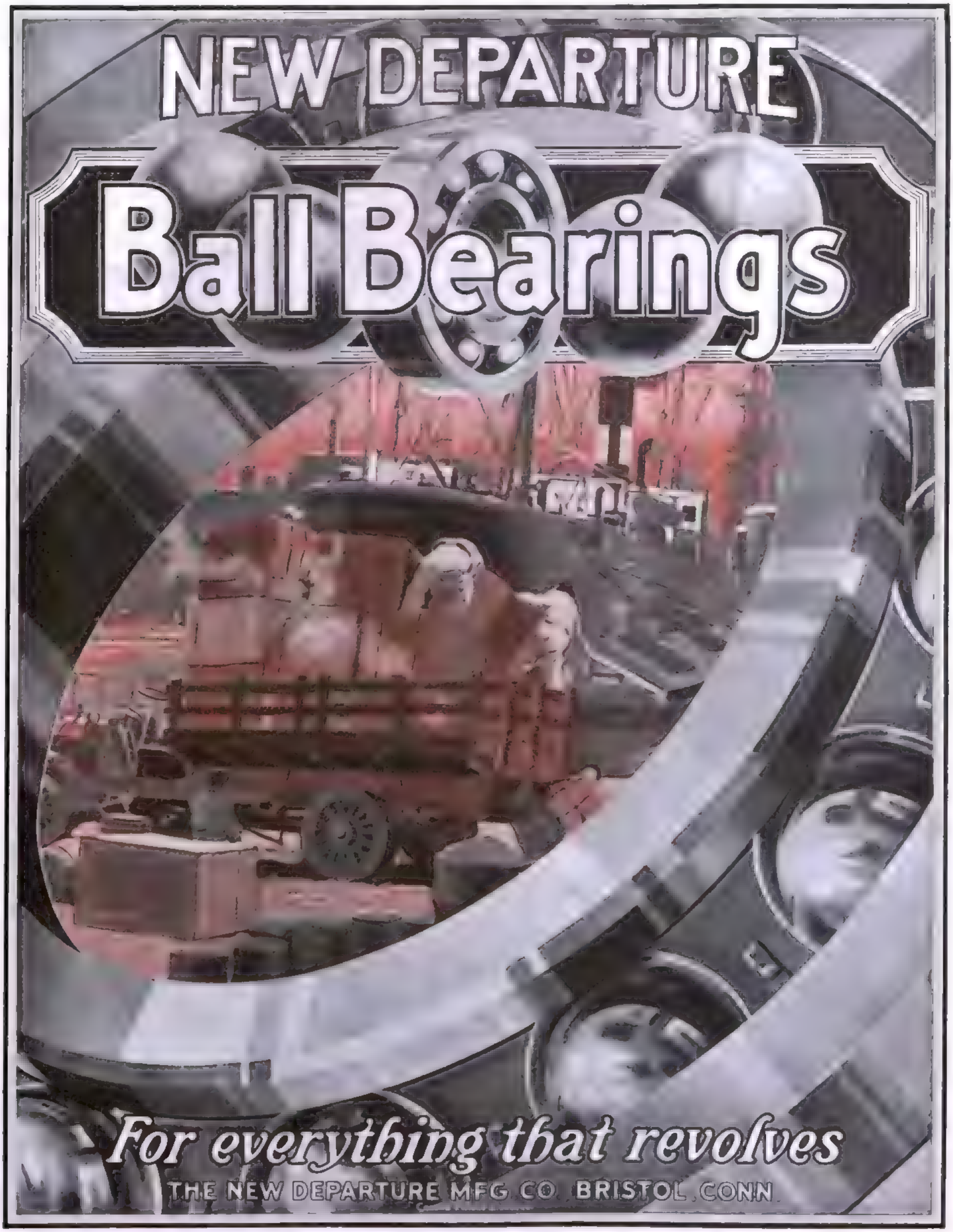
Long, long ago the Indians told the little Quaker boys and girls about them when they taught them why the corn was good to eat.

Now we have caught these Three Good Spirits for you, caught them in a new kind of corn flakes called Quaker Quakies.

And tomorrow morning, when mother fills your bowl with Quaker Quakies you can become strong, and brave, and true from these Three Good Spirits of Beautiful Youth.

The Quaker Oats Company, 1616-H Railway Exchange Building, Chicago, U. S. A.

The Quaker Oats Company


NEW DEPARTURE
Ball Bearings
For everything that revolves
THE NEW DEPARTURE MFG CO. BRISTOL, CONN.

(Concluded from Page 72)

filled his own. "Good Lord, Angel!" he breathed, and found her laughing hysterically within the circle of his arms.

Out in the conservatory a half hour later Bob Carnon was trying to tell her a thousand things at once.

"I'm just crazy about it, Angel," he was saying. "Awful hard work, but it's work—man's work. Long hours too. Lots of the men take it easy—work only three or four or five days a week—but they're not pushing ahead. I'm taking all the overtime I can get, and I'm cleaning up. They had me on a bobtail first ——"

"What's a bobtail, dear?" Angela smoothed a lock of hair back from his forehead.

"Switch engine—stubby little devil. But now I'm handling a twelve-wheeler—Consolidation. Old boat, but pulls like a son of a gun. Local freight work, stopping at every station. That pays best. Most fun too—you get to know so many kinds of people. My engineer's a prince—been on the road thirty-five years. Hard as nails—you ought to see him. Name's Anderson."

"But, Bob," said Angela, "won't you have to join the union and go out on strikes and all that?"

"Have joined. If there's real cause to strike of course I'll stick with the men. They're dandy men, most of 'em—mighty intelligent too. But the real men don't strike unless there's a darn good reason. But let me tell you my idea, Angel."

For the next hour Bob talked and Angela listened. Only once she interrupted him.

"I love your mouth," she said.

But the boy, pausing only to grin and kiss the soft palm of her hand, forged ahead, his face exalted, his eyes alight.

"I think I can really do something," he finally concluded. "The railroad people will back me to the limit. And believe me, Angel, I'm going to try!"

"How are you going to start, dear?"

"I'm going down to Princeton next week. The general manager of the road has arranged it with President Hibben. I'm going to give 'em a talk—both upper classes."

Little Angela Jardis lifted her eyes.

"Bob, dear," she said, "I think you're perfectly wonderful!"

VI

IF THIS story were fiction the plot would have to be rearranged entirely. In fiction the climax has to come where the hero gets the girl. If the whole story doesn't lead straight up to that point and end there with a bang, then the writer has committed one of the seventy-seven deadly sins of authorship, and the story is politely but firmly junked, because no reader is supposed to care what happens after the big love scene. But this particular story is an account of something a good deal more important to the American people than how or why Bob Carnon swept Angela Jardis off her feet. That was only a way station.

Bob Carnon talked at Princeton. He talked straight from the shoulder, and though he had expected to be embarrassed to death, he was merely thrilled. He confessed afterward that he had felt all the time as if somebody else were talking from inside him—as if his mouth and his voice and his hands and his arms were just parts of a machine. Most of the two upper classes were there, and a good many members of the faculty. When he finished there was silence.

"Any questions?" he asked, peering keenly about the hall.

A member of the senior class rose to his feet.

"I may want to ask a couple of questions in a minute," the senior said, "but I just want you to know now that you've convinced me. I'm with you. Can you get me a job?"

"Yes," Bob shot back at him, "you bet I can!"

At first diffidently, one by one, then by twos and threes, twenty-two men stood up—twenty-two men half shamefacedly ready to take a chance on Carnon's enthusiasm.

The newspapers got hold of it somehow, probably through their correspondents in the student body, and Bob found that he had let himself in for a good deal of chaffing, some of it ugly chaffing, when he reported for work at the Jersey City yards next morning.

"What are you tryin' to do?" one hulking switchman demanded. "Are you tryin' to get a lot of dudes in here to cut us out of our jobs? That's a hell of a way to act!"

Bob only grinned.

"You don't belong here, anyhow," growled the switchman. "You ought to be sent back to your country club or wherever you belong."

"It'll take a bigger man than you to send me there," said Bob, still grinning.

The switchman muttered something, at which Anderson, the boy's veteran engineer, broke into a laugh.

"This kid's all right, Larsen," he said. "And if he can get some real live men in this game I'm for it."

A clerk came weaving down the yard at a lope, waving a yellow paper in his hand.

"For you, Carnon!" he called.

Bob took the paper and scowled.

"The super wants to see me," he said. "Now what in hell does he want?"

The superintendent, leaning heavily across his desk, came straight to the point.

"I have three letters here," he announced. "The Old Man sent 'em over. One's from Yale University, one's from Cornell and the other's from the University of Chicago. That Princeton affair of yours has apparently raised quite a smell. These people want you to talk to them."

"But I can't," Bob protested.

"You can," said the superintendent, "and what's more, you will. You go on the special list to-day. Here—answer these letters. We'll see to your transportation and your expenses. When you get through your run'll be waiting for you."

So Bob Carnon talked at New Haven, at Ithaca and at Chicago. The University of Pennsylvania asked for him next, and got him.

What Bob had to say was simple indeed.

"Gentlemen," he began—this was his Cornell talk—"we've all had a lot of advice about what to do when we get out of school, particularly from older men. I'm not qualified to give any advice. All I can do is to see things as you men see them—same sort of eyes. I've had a year in an office, clerking. Everybody told me it was a good job and that I ought to be crazy about it. I learned to dislike it the second day, and after the second week I hated it. It paid me twenty a week, which I believe is pretty fair for a job of that sort. A college man, you know, isn't supposed to be good for much."

He paused.

"Now here's my dope. As far as I can see, the first five years out of college or school are formative years—experience years. Look at all the men you know about ten years out and count up how many of 'em are holding the jobs they started with. Mighty few of 'em. Why? Because their first jobs were just learning jobs. All right—fair enough. We'll admit we've got a lot to learn. Everybody says so, and I'm beginning to realize that it is so.

"Where does that get us? It gets us just here: If we've got to learn, why not do our learning on jobs that will not only pay us something but teach us something at the same time? What we need to learn is how to produce—how to make things, how to do things. What we need to learn is how men work and why they work and why they don't work—and how they feel about it all. Can you learn that in an office? You can, like thunder!"

He fumbled in his inside coat pocket and drew out a paper.

"If you start clerking," he said, "you'll make fifteen or twenty or maybe twenty-five a week. Now listen to this: A railroad fireman on the Erie can earn as much as two hundred and ninety-eight dollars a month. That's in freight service. Any one of you men can start in as a fireman, as I did. If you work right along you'll average about two hundred and fifty dollars a month. I suppose that's bad pay! A freight brakeman averages two hundred and thirty dollars a month, an engineer over three hundred dollars. And believe me, gentlemen, railroading is some game!

"But it isn't the only game. There are lots of others—lots of jobs where a man can learn the things every educated man ought to learn before he can consider himself educated at all. Suppose you want to aim at the building business or contracting or electrical work or any one of a dozen such lines. You can start in the office as a clerk at fifteen or eighteen or twenty a week—or you can put on a flannel shirt and sweat. In the metropolitan district carpenters are getting eight dollars a day right now, and in some suburbs they're getting ten a day. Double time for all overtime too—evenings, Sundays, holidays. Masons are getting eight dollars a day; bricklayers, ten; steamfitters, eight; painters, eight; plasterers, eight and a half. Even hod carriers are getting seven dollars a day. Is there any man here who couldn't carry a hod?"

A roar of laughter answered him, and Bob laughed himself.

"That's about all," he said. "If I were going into the decorating business I'd start out as a painter. If I wanted to be a builder or a contractor I'd start out as a carpenter or mason. Electricians get eight dollars a day—and don't forget that overtime counts double. Who's going to be a better electrical man—you who have done wiring installation or the man who has read about it? And as for railroad work—gentlemen, just ask me questions! I'm full of it!"

Bob got thirty-seven men at Cornell. Yale had yielded sixteen; Chicago and Pennsylvania produced fifty-two between them. Bob was taking their names now, and for the next few months he attempted to keep track of them. About forty tackled railroading, a half dozen tried carpentry, four or five started in as electricians' helpers, fifteen went into garages as mechanics, and various other trades claimed the rest.

The newspapers cut loose on this new manifestation of college eccentricity. News items and Sunday pages bolstered each other in squeezing every living atom of interest out of the fact that it had suddenly become the style for white-collar men to go in for flannel-shirt jobs. The cartoonists took it up, calling the new laborers Coxey Carnon's Army. Then the magazines got hold of it. Economists discussed it. Some laid it to the war. Others pointed out that labor had defeated its own ends by insisting upon the unprecedented wage increases of the past few years, for now laboring jobs had been made remunerative enough to attract the most intelligent type of man. And so on and so on.

Bob Carnon only smiled as he swung his slice bar and tooled the shimmering coal in the fire box of his old Consolidation. Because he knew that in offices all over the country, in the universities and colleges and in schools everywhere, there must be boys who at last were starting to think.

In November, 1920, the superintendent sent for Bob.

"I thought you'd like to know," said the older man, "that your preaching has been bringing results. We've got thirty-nine new college men on our lines now between here and Chicago, and eighty-six boys—dandies too—just out of high school. That doesn't seem very many perhaps, but I understand that the Pennsy, the New York Central, the New Haven and all the other big roads have just about the same proportion—Southern Pacific too. It looks to me as if the young men of this country were beginning to wake up." He leaned toward Bob intently. "I've been preaching this for years, young man. Time and again I've told my clerks to get out on the road—to get out on the road. And they wouldn't. But I think we've got 'em going at last."

The boy fingered his black-visored cap uneasily.

"All they wanted," he mumbled, "was a starter."

MILTON
Kills Microbes

MILTON is one of the most powerful agents known to science for the destruction of disease germs—yet is harmless to human and animal life. It destroys germs wherever it comes in contact with them: in cuts and abrasions, in the nose and throat, on food receptacles, in drinking water, in dark corners about the house.

2 SIZES 50c and $1.00

EACH MAKES GALLONS

Does 101 Things and really does them

MILTON is a combined germicide, antiseptic, sterilizer, deodorizer, stain-remover, and bleach—differing from anything ever before known.

MILTON *is just* "MILTON"

Use MILTON in a mouthwash, gargle or nasal spray, to kill infectious germs in mouth, throat and nose and to relieve irritation caused by the pollen of plants. Use it for sterilizing babies' feeding bottles and other food receptacles, and make them pure and fresh. It imparts no taste or odor to the milk. Add MILTON to all water used in housecleaning; it makes the home sanitary, as well as clean and sweet.

Safe and Efficient

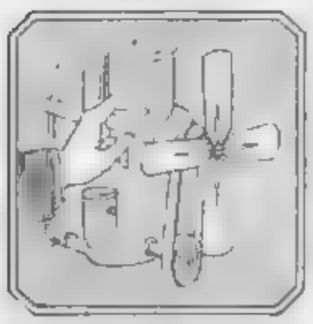
MILTON is not poisonous, will not burn the skin, cannot take fire; yet is marvelously efficient in each of its many uses.

Get the Booklet with each Bottle. Write for it. If your Druggist or Grocer does not yet sell MILTON.

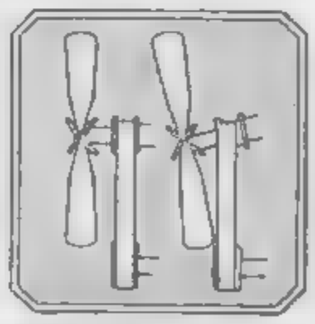
ALEX D SHAW & CO
New York
General Sales Agents for the United States

Take This Two Minute Course in Automobile Economy

The Right Way to Adjust a Fan Belt



Be careful to avoid adjusting the belt too tightly. A tight belt draws the pulleys and the pulley bearings out of line. When the belt is on, place your hand on one of the fan blades. If the fan turns with the weight of your hand, the tension is right.



Before putting on a new belt place a straightedge against the fan pulley and power pulley to see if the pulleys are in line. Be sure they are lined up properly before the belt goes on. Unless you are experienced enough to make this adjustment yourself, see a repairman.

What Happens to Your Car When the Fan Belt Fails?

1. Scored cylinders.
2. Burned out bearings.
3. Any one of a number of serious injuries to vital parts of the car that may result from an overheated engine.
4. A break-down perhaps at the most inconvenient time.
5. The inevitable repair bills.

What Makes Fan Belts Fail?

1. Oil.
2. Heat.
3. Moisture.
4. Dust and grit.
5. Friction
   (all these enemies of fan belts are present under the hood whenever the motor is running).
6. Stretching, slipping, cracking, separating of the belt or breaking at the joint.

What's the Answer?

Gilmer WOVEN ENDLESS FAN BELTS

Here is the Reason Why!

KNOWING that the reputation of their cars largely depends on the proper functioning of the fan belt, automotive engineers constantly subject fan belts to the severest and most pitiless tests which science can devise.

However widely these engineers may differ on other equipment, they are almost unanimous in their selection of a fan belt—so nearly so that more than 80% of American-made cars are Gilmer equipped at the factory.

You cannot do better than make your next fan belt a Gilmer—the belt best calculated to withstand oil, heat, moisture and friction—the belt which is woven endless to fit snugly each particular make of car, and without a joint to stretch or break. Depend on the car maker's judgement and say "Gilmer."

L. H. Gilmer Co., Philadelphia, Pa.

Manufacturers of Solid Woven Power and Conveyor Belting

EVERYBODY'S BUSINESS

(Concluded from Page 38)

peacetime, equally effective educational work can be done, and library systems established to serve every community, school, penal and charitable institution in the country. A part of this program is a plan to give practical aid to business concerns in organizing special libraries, and helping them in the selection, ordering and cataloguing of books. Another phase of the proposed work will be a campaign of publicity to increase the use of libraries and the reading of good literature.

Every effort is being made to provide the foreign-born portion of our population with translations of some of our best books so as to inspire in them the American spirit and prepare them for a worthy citizenship. There are approximately 15,000,000 people in the United States who were born in other countries, and more than 6,000,000 do not read or speak the English language. Approximately 2000 foreign-language newspapers and periodicals are published here, in forty-three languages and dialects, with a combined circulation of 8,000,000. There is no better evidence to show our past neglect than the positive truth that about one-half of our foreign-born population know nothing of American history, traditions and ideals. The chief reason for this is that they have been entirely dependent for information on books and publications printed in their own language.

A number of our educational leaders believe that the libraries of the country owe a far greater service to our civilian and soldier blind than has so far been given. There are 75,000 blind in the United States, while only a dozen American cities can boast libraries having worth-while departments for the blind. England, with only 35,000 blind, has facilities for printing matter for this class that are far superior to ours. We have no newspapers for the blind in this country, and because of the lack of vocational books for our sightless citizens most of these unfortunates are barred from the higher professions and crafts, and are practically compelled to confine themselves to such tasks as chair caning and basket weaving. Type standardization is absolutely essential if the literature of the world is to be opened to those who sit in darkness. A blind person who has mastered a type in one part of the country must learn to read another type if he is compelled to move to a new community, as different types are used in different states. It is a fact that hundreds of the blind have read every available book so far produced in the type with which they are familiar. During recent months the American Library Association, in an attempt to better the situation, has spent a small sum of money in producing twenty-six of the forty books now available in Braille.

There is also much work to be done in supplying reading matter to those of our people who live in isolated coast-guard stations, of which there are 273, and lighthouses, numbering upward of 1000. More than 350 of the latter are inaccessible to cities or towns. But aside from this, and even of greater importance, is the fact that more than 50,000,000 Americans do not now have access to free library service, and one-half of those who do have not been educated to take advantage of the opportunity presented them.

Thousands of people now spending a large part of their spare time in small, ugly rooms should be taught to know both the benefits and the joys of reading good literature in surroundings that are pleasant and wholesome. When given the opportunity, practically all our libraries justify their existence in the fullest measure. Conditions would be even better, however, if we adopted more of the foreign viewpoint and learned to look upon our librarians in much the same light and gave them practically the same standing as is now accorded instructors and members of the faculties in our various colleges. In the British Museum the department custodians are for the most part men of letters whom England has been proud to honor.

Like most professions where the members are largely unorganized, and where the workers do mental rather than physical work, our library attendants are now receiving such relatively low salaries that a serious shortage in this profession has occurred throughout the country. The salaries in one of our greatest libraries range from $520 to $1200 annually for routine workers. As a result of this low pay the institution in question has been obliged to face the problem of filling the places made vacant by several hundred workers who have resigned and gone into other pursuits. Such disrupting of library personnel tends to destroy organization efficiency, and slows down the development of the movement to spread free education. In this day, when our big libraries are establishing advanced practices, such as a photostat service and other methods requiring skill and intelligence, success cannot follow the employment of people who lack both training and experience in this line of work.

Our chain of American libraries forms the people's university. They not only supply the need of those who were unable to spend years in schools and colleges, but they provide a means whereby educated people may continue their studies and thereby keep in step with the mental progress of the world.

DIAMONDS FLUSH

(Continued from Page 11)

The explanation is that many artificial pearls are now made of such fine quality and beautiful texture that only the expert can distinguish them from the genuine article. As in the case of rubies, but to a much less marked extent, this state of affairs has had its effect on the pearl, keeping the market within bounds.

Yet let no one get the impression that the pearl is to be had at bargain prices. A good pearl for necklace purposes, which is to say a perfectly round one of good medium quality, will now command at least $2000 for a single specimen of ten-grains weight. Such a pearl brought about $800 shortly before the war. Pearls for earrings—not perfectly round—bring about $1000 for the ten-grain size. They formerly commanded about $400.

Yet, with all these enormous jumps in prices, the American public is buying as never before and diamond merchants tell me that their jewels are going in large share to people who never previously rose to the extravagance of jewel buying. The worker at war industries has been paid high wages, and he has bought diamonds. The small merchant, I am told, the retailer of the necessities of life, has prospered as never before, and he, too, has been buying diamonds. Parts of the country where there was formerly little or no demand for high-priced jewelry have been disposing of precious stones in great quantities. Finally, it is true, many men grown rich through the industries which mushroomed in the course of the war and just afterward are putting considerable sums into precious stones. Many other men and women are adding to their collections. The explanation? No single theory covers the whole. No one can say outright why many persons buy jewels when the prices are so high as at present, among them many who have long owned gems and know what their value used to be.

First of all there is the factor of general prosperity. Again there is the fact that women in this country are dressing with constantly waxing luxury and extravagance, perhaps a reflection merely of our prosperous conditions. On the other hand, many dealers tell me that there is a tendency to put money into jewels because many bond issues, such as those of public-service corporations, have suffered through the increase in costs and have declined in the market, occasioning losses to their holders. Such people are always inclined to turn about and put their cash into something tangible and movable. Many people have long bought diamonds as an investment. The stage was always notable for this. Many races of men from Europe, particularly those often subjected to oppression and persecution, have historically chosen gems and similar movable articles for the investment of their money. As immigrants they have brought this custom with them. But if it is true that wealthy men and women are turning from securities and putting their money into gems—a statement made to me over and over by

When Your Springs Break
put on
VULCAN
The Replacement Spring
We have provided a better spring to replace your broken one. An exact duplicate in shape, but with VULCAN Quality in every fibre.
Demand this!
This name plate we proudly show on every genuine VULCAN. Under this name no risks of Quality can be taken. All VULCANS are made with faithful care.
Ask your dealer for a VULCAN to fit your car.
JENKINS VULCAN SPRING COMPANY
Factory:
Richmond, Indiana
IN EVERY TOWN for EVERY CAR

Cold Water

I DON'T suppose there is anything in the world that will make a man fly off the handle and bawl out the world in general, like finding there is no hot water when he wants to shave.

To most men, the idea of shaving with cold water is like catching a train before sunrise on a rainy morning, or rebuilding a furnace fire when you get home from a week-end at midnight with the house down to zero.

That is why I have never made much of an effort to put across the idea that Mennen Shaving Cream works exactly as well with cold water as with hot—and nearly two million men know whether or not it works well with hot. It has been difficult enough to wean men away from hard caustic soap, without advocating anything so cheerless as shaving with cold water.

Yet the funny part of it is that you are likely to prefer cold water with Mennen's, if you will try it a few times—especially in hot weather. Cold water is stimulating—wakes you up—keeps your skin in good condition.

Anyway, there will be occasions this summer when you won't have any choice. At summer hotel, boarding house, camp, on yacht or Pullman, it is usually cold water or nothing.

That will be a good time to give Mennen's a tryout. If you can draw a bucket of ordinary pond water and in three minutes build up a lather so firm and moist and marvelous in beard softening power that shaving is more like a caress than a major operation, the experience will confirm your belief that Mennen Shaving Cream is one of the finest things that ever came into your life.

If our giant size, 50 cent tube, seems too big an investment for a tryout, send 15 cents for my demonstrator tube.

Jim Henry
(Mennen Salesman)

THE MENNEN COMPANY
NEWARK, N.J. U.S.A.

some of the most important jewel importers in the country—here is a significant fact.

As things stand at present, the diamond has proved itself a most superior investment. It has constantly gone up in price for many years and the recent jumps have made collections which were formerly quite modest into veritable treasures.

Here we come to the retail prices of diamonds—the thing which interests the individual buyer, every second American, it seems. How have the prices of the retail jewel merchant gone up? How much must I pay now for a good carat stone? How much are my old diamonds worth? These questions come up every hour of every day.

Mr. Andrew Alexander, Junior, of Philadelphia, a well-known authority on the higher classes of precious stones, has obligingly given me some figures, recorded over many years. The reader should remember that these prices refer only to what are called fine diamonds, the strictly first quality. Such stones are to be found only in the largest and most exclusive shops, and allowances must be made when comparing the ordinary good stones and their prices with these jewels.

Prices Then and Now

Fifty years ago, says Mr. Alexander, after consulting his memoranda, diamonds of the first water could be bought at retail in the best shops at sixty to seventy-five dollars a carat. In 1905 the price over the counters in the best places had risen to $200 a carat. In 1910 it was $250; in 1914, just before the war deluged the world with blood and tears, the carat price was $335. By 1917, when America joined the issue of battle, the price had not gone beyond $365. To-day the same quality of diamond in the same house commands the incredible figure of $825 a carat.

A two-carat stone of this excellence commands $2000 to-day, and one of three carats may bring $3500 to $4000. A first-water diamond of five-carats weight, such a stone as might be selected for a really fine solitaire, will cost the buyer the trifle of $8000. Such a jewel might readily have been bought fifty years ago for about $600.

Do these figures startle you? If not it may disturb your sense of economy to know that a fine emerald of only three-carats weight may command $7500.

Sapphires of the best quality are now bringing $400 to $500 a carat in the smaller sizes, and much more in the larger. They are more expensive than were diamonds before the war.

But such jewels as these are the vintage wines of their field. They are reserved for the collector, the connoisseur of gems, the very rich. The ordinary American does not go in for this quality. The jeweler he knows and deals with cannot sell such extravagant and yet profitable trinkets, nor does he have them in stock. Instead, the better jewelers of the inland towns and minor cities keep a good average quality of diamonds, generally known as standards. These stones are good in every way, practically flawless, pure white, and good enough to pass muster anywhere. Such stones sold for about $200 a carat in 1910 and $275 or $300 in 1914. To-day they bring $650.

Below these range almost endless other grades, from good white or blue-white diamonds with slight flaws or carbon dots, through diamonds of poor cutting and poor shape, through those of inferior color, those with yellow or brown tinges, and on down to the black diamonds and bort used in industry. One statement covers them all: They have gone up in price enormously, the finest diamonds most markedly and the poorest least.

No one need look twice at these figures to see that any diamond bought even at a high price ten or twelve years ago has proved a good investment. And perhaps this is one of the reasons why Americans of large means and small buy and hoard precious stones. The man who married fifteen years ago and was able to provide his wife with a modest $5000 worth of gems finds that $20,000 will not duplicate them to-day.

The reasons for this great inflation? First of all, as already asserted, the increased demand, based on our high prosperity. But behind this force stand others. The solid, hard truth—hard as the diamond itself—is that the world supply is practically cornered. The De Beers mining syndicate, a great British corporation, is perhaps the world's most perfect trust. It controls absolutely; it has no rivals. Its rights and powers are protected by the most stringent of laws—for instance, the statute providing that all rough diamonds mined or found in South Africa must be turned over to the syndicate for sale. This law was passed, ostensibly at least, to curb the stealing and illicit trading of diamonds. It has operated to give the De Beers concern and the other companies associated in the syndicate absolute control of the situation. This monopoly began boosting prices long before the war. If there are enough diamonds in circulation to threaten the market the De Beers company simply shuts down some of the mines and curtails the export. Even now some shafts are idle and have been for months. Nor does competition enter into the calculations here. Before the war there was the annual flow of about 800,000 carats of good diamonds from German Southwest Africa. But the German colonies are no more. This wild empire has been swallowed by Britain and is a part of British Africa. Its diamonds, too, are now controlled by the syndicate.

Of course there are justifications for the constant boosts in diamond prices, or claims put forward to justify the rises. Labor is more costly in South Africa than elsewhere, and the mines have now reached great depths. The Kimberley mine was being worked at a depth of 3600 feet in 1917 and is said to have reached deeper than 4000 feet to-day. This is the deepest of the shafts but others come very near it. Every additional foot of depth adds to the cost of raising the blue clay in which the gems are found, and it is said that the deeper reaches of the mines show constantly smaller yields to the ton of earth.

Yet the South African Union mined 4,891,998 carats in 1912, valued at the mines at $48,743,620; whereas the same region turned up only 2,902,416 carats in 1917, at a valuation of about $40,000,000. The 1912 output was 2,000,000 carats greater but the total value was about the same as that of the small yield of 1917. In plain terms, diamonds at the mine went up more than fifty per cent in the five-year period. Worse yet, they had already advanced about thirty-five per cent between 1910 and 1912. Exact figures on the present output of the South African mines and their local value are not available, but jewel importers tell me that the 1920 production will be about 4,000,000 carats and its value about $100,000,000. If this proves true it will mean that diamonds at the mine are now bringing nearly three times as much a carat as in 1912.

Diamond Smuggling

Be that as it may, America is taking about 750,000 carats this year at any price—one-fifth of the entire production on these figures, but much more in reality. The 4,000,000 carats at the mines are reckoned in rough gems. These lose as much as forty per cent in cutting. The 4,000,000 carats will likely net not more than 2,000,000 carats of medium and fair-sized stones for jewelry purposes. Our importations of such jewels will be about 500,000 carats this year, so that we shall consume a quarter of the world's supply. Our population is about one-fifteenth of the earth's. Diamonds flush!

An interesting criminal fact intrudes itself just here. The smuggling of diamonds and other gems has always been a profitable and colorful industry with the lawless. In present-day America it is a form of law-breaking indulged in by a large number of respectables. The annual loss to the Government in escaped duties is conceded to be very large. I have heard it said, though on most questionable authority, that as many diamonds come into the country duty free as are brought in under the legal restrictions. This is probably an extreme statement, but smuggling is widespread. The tales one sees in the newspapers of deep subtleties and marvelous devices used by diamond smugglers are lamentably false, for no such creations are needed: $100,000 worth of diamonds may be carried in a vest pocket or reticule without obviousness. A few scattered gems may be carried in the mouth like a wad of gum. Thus there is no need of special machinery for smuggling, as the customs officers do not subject arriving citizens to personal search unless there is good reason for suspicion, such as previous guilt, accusation by enemies or tips from European agents of the Government. The smugglers employ obscure persons. They need no marvelous inventions. Many wealthy men and women have taken advantage of the liberality of our law and brought their gems into the country duty free. The thing happens every day, according to the customs officers themselves.

So, if we find 750,000 carats in diamonds coming in through the regular channels, with duty paid, we may add a liberal supply of gems which the Government has never laid eyes on, to reach a total. Just how large the proportion is no one can say, but it is worth reckoning. Our total consumption of jewels is greater than the official figures show.

But enough of figures and computations. We are buying unprecedented quantities of diamonds at unheard-of prices. And we are suffering unmatched losses to the criminals who make it their business to steal these gems. From $5,000,000 to $10,000,000 worth of jewels was stolen last year, with the likelihood inclining to the latter figure. Accurate data are not to be had. The figures of the companies that insure jewels are unavailing, for most of our people have not yet learned to insure personal valuables against burglary and theft. About all that can be learned in this quarter is that losses are constantly becoming greater and rates ever higher. As with silk, wool, automobiles and other commodities and luxuries, the greatly increased prices and ready market have had their inevitable result. They have made the criminals thrice active.

Material for the Movies

The allure of the diamond is, of course, as old as mining. The baleful glitter of the stolen gem has lighted on all times and places. The hoard of jewels has fascinated the instinctively possessive human being as nothing else. It has fired the imagination of mankind from the earliest times. Alexander and his valley of diamonds, Siegfried and the hoard of the Nibelungs, Sindbad and the roc, Crœsus and his pile, Midas and his golden touch, Abdallah and the ointment of the dervish, Aladdin and his lamp, the pot at the end of the rainbow—all these are expressions of the same idea, of the siren lights that glow in the gem, in the store of treasure, tempting and luring men. It is not mere greed, this magnetic power of the jewel. There is something hypnotic about it, like the spell of passionate beauty.

The gem has led men—heroes and criminals—into the strangest adventures, the most incredible places. Palaces, shrines, temples, tombs, sarcophagi, the very moldering graves of the world's sleepers have been invaded by stealthy seekers after jewels. A worldwide literature has grown up about this form of adventure and crime, from the Vedas to the latest Dunsany playlet.

One thinks immediately of the great Orloff diamond in the Russian scepter. A French soldier pried it out of a Brahman idol in Cochin-China with his saber. It had been the pagan god's eye. The soldier deserted and made his way to the seacoast. He was murdered on shipboard for his gem. The ship's captain sold it to a Jew at Basra. The Jew was in turn murdered for the gem and it passed into the hands of three slayers, two of whom were then poisoned by the third. The successful criminal finally escaped from Mesopotamia with it and sold it to a traveling Armenian merchant who took it to Europe, where he finally sold it to Count Gregory Orloff for $450,000 and a lifelong annuity of $20,000. Orloff gave the stone to his imperial mistress, Catherine, who soon enough rewarded him with dismissal from her favors.

The affair of the queen's necklace came near causing a political upheaval in France. In 1792, after the revolution, the royal jewels were stolen from the Garde Meuble in Paris and the incident, once more, came hard upon wrecking the government. The redoubtable Colonel Blood stole the British crown and all but got away with the rest of the royal jewels. Does one ask fancy to invent more remarkable episodes?

On August 20, 1862, when Louis Napoleon was emperor, Paris was startled by news of a murder and diamond robbery which has since assumed significance as one of the most astonishing crimes on the books. On that afternoon three men visited the house of Daniel Pereira, a rich Jewish diamond merchant, who lived and dealt in jewels in an old dwelling in the Rue St. Quentin. The aged Pereira and his serving

(Continued on Page 81)

P. A. packed in a joy'us jimmy pipe listens like this:

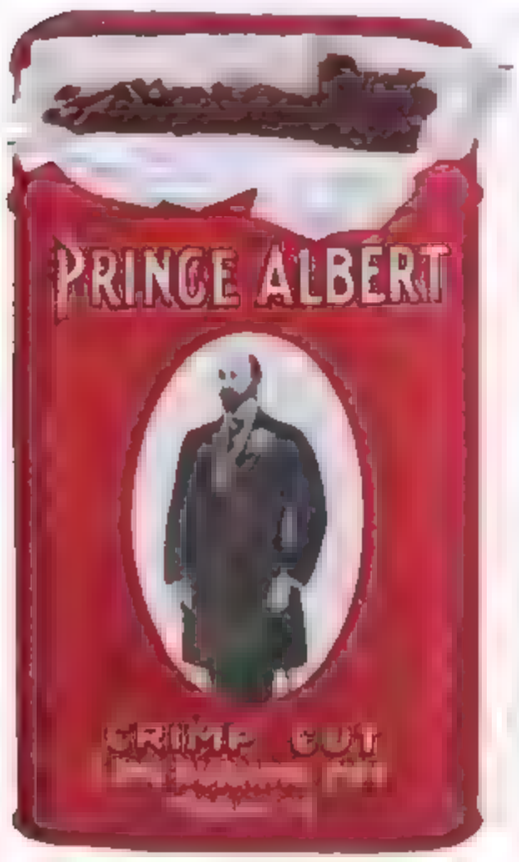
YOU can count the chickens before they're hatched, all right, in this little old case of you and Prince Albert and a pipe getting thick and chummy quicker than anything you know! Why, you'll swim to P. A. and a friendly jimmy like minnyfishes take to water—and get to going a smoke-stride that will shade any brand of smokesport you ever lassoed!

For, Prince Albert has the quality that stops them all—*quality that makes a pipe a pal and clever to your taste* and so all-fired delightful you want to start something every time a tidy red tin of P. A. blows across your horizon!

Just wait till you get to shifting in that zipping P. A. flavor! Why, P. A.'s fragrance alone will keen-up your smoke appetite to such a pass you can hardly hold your horses till you get into action again yourself!

And, when you realize Prince Albert is free from bite and parch (cut out by our patented process), you'll get so busy puffing and so enthusiastic to speed-spread the news you'll say to your first assistant pipe stoker:—"You tell 'em, goldfish, you've been around the globe!"

Everywhere tobacco is sold you'll find Prince Albert awaiting your commands! Toppy red bags, tidy red tins, handsome pound and half-pound tin humidors—and—that clever, practical pound crystal glass humidor with sponge-moistener top that keeps the tobacco in such perfect condition.



PRINCE ALBERT

the national joy smoke

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co.
Winston-Salem, N. C

Copyright 1929 by
R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co.

This cutting edge lasts as long as the PLUMB HATCHET

WHEN you feel the sharp edge of the PLUMB hatchet you *know* that edge will last. To get PLUMB'S just right we have back of us 65 years of successful tool making, combined with scientific study of metallurgy and heat treatment.

With a cutting edge that lasts as long as the hatchet, a broad eye for strength, the tapered bit for fast cutting, the balanced head for easier and better work, is it any wonder that PLUMB Tools are preferred by expert mechanics, carpenters and tool users *the world over?*

PLUMB Hatchets are forged outright from a single piece of high-grade special alloy steel.

The bit extends solid for two full inches above the cutting edge—it can be ground and reground.

PLUMB Tools enable a superb mastery of every bit of work for which they are intended. They have a beautiful non-rust finish and mahoganized handle that delight the eye of the true workman and make him say *"They're Worth More."*

Sold by all hardware dealers throughout the world

FAYETTE R. PLUMB, Inc.
Philadelphia, U. S. A. Established 1856
Factories, Philadelphia and St. Louis
Foreign Branches and Representatives
Sydney Wellington Melbourne Brisbane Manila Johannesburg
Sao Paulo Montevideo Santiago Buenos Aires

It's a PLUMB Nail Hammer

With the weight in a chunk back of the striking face to give power and accuracy to the stroke. Extra large head makes it easy to hit the nail every time.

Claws with short split to give greater leverage, nails are out before any pull comes on the hammer head. Nipperlike edges bite and hold any nail, large or small, with or without head.

Price, $2.50

Prices

Hatchet	*$2.50*
Machinist's Ball Pein Hammer	*2.00*
Automobilist's Ball Pein Hammer	*1.75*

(Continued from Page 78)

man were overpowered and chloroformed. Apparently too much force and too much of the drug were used on the ancient broker and he died. The safes in the place were opened and cleaned out. Then the three men departed one at a time, quite like ordinary callers. The crime was discovered some hours later. Diamonds and golden vessels said to have been worth about 2,000,000 francs were missing.

After the newspapers had carried preliminary stories describing the crime the affair was hushed up, ostensibly to give the police a chance to work in secret. It was, however, whispered that the command of silence had come from the Emperor himself. The secret police worked for more than a month without finding the slightest clew. Then, however, they got the name of a cabman whose identity had been traced by laboriously visiting the stables of all the coachmen in Paris. This man had given up his employment the day the crime was committed and had disappeared. Search for him went on in vain for several months before a detective finally recognized him one night as he came out of a theater. But the man disappeared in the swarm of cabs before the officer could act. Later he was traced to the home of a wealthy speculator and bourse broker, one Du Torville. This man had arrived in Paris only a few years before, and his rise to distinction and means had always had about it something of the mysterious. The best-informed Parisian detectives understood that Du Torville was, in fact, the Emperor's personal broker. They proceeded with quite natural caution.

A Lightning Change

This Du Torville was a strange man with a remarkable history behind him. He was a thief and general criminal of subworld distinction. At the same time he was the friend and trusted agent of the Emperor. This came about as the result of one of the most romantic episodes in the life of that picturesque man of triumph and defeat, of the Coup d'Etat and Sedan. On his second abortive attempt to invade France, it will be remembered, Louis Napoleon had finally to be treated with more than good humored contempt. Whereas he had merely been chased out of the country after his ludicrous attempt to land from England, he was this time condemned to the fortress of Ham. From this prison he managed, after weary imprisonment, one of the most remarkable escapes in penal annals. He was aided in this by Du Torville, who was in Ham at the time for forgery. Later on Du Torville was condemned to another prison for a long term and he was in solitary confinement when the third Napoleon seized the government and made himself emperor.

The news of this triumph of his old prison mate did not reach Du Torville until the late fifties. He managed to communicate with the Emperor, who pardoned him to even an old score. Napoleon further showed his gratitude by making a place for Du Torville in the financial life of his capital. But the man's criminal nature would not down. It was often whispered that he was making money by means outside the bourse and that he felt immune from punishment both because of the Emperor's friendship and because of the possession of secrets which might prove most embarrassing to His Majesty were they to be revealed.

It was not discreet to arrest such a man—a very Vautrin in the flesh. The detectives began to negotiate with Du Torville through secret channels. The nephews of Pereira were insistent that the stolen diamonds be recovered and it was thus impossible to hush the affair. Finally Du Torville's accomplices agreed to surrender the whole loot in return for 300,000 francs in cash, to which bargain the Pereira heirs gladly agreed.

It was arranged that a woman detective in the employ of the secret police should go at an appointed hour to the home of Du Torville, where the broker criminal's mistress was to receive the officer and give her the gems and goblets in return for the cash. The female detective carried out her orders. Du Torville's mistress received her and kept her in conversation for a long time. Then she produced a large leather satchel and opened it, displaying the entire loot of Pereira's safes. She received the 300,000 francs, checked off the items on the detective's list one by one and handed over the satchel. The woman officer left the house with the heavy bag and went to her waiting cab. The cabman took the bag and excused himself, saying that his harness had broken and that he would have to walk with the woman until another cab might come along. He was very apologetic and frank. The detective, however, warned him that she was armed and would shoot to kill at the first false move. The man seemed startled and incredulous. Why should anyone wish to shoot him? What was it all about?

They started to walk toward a center to find a cab. A few squares away the cabman hastily excused himself and stepped into a comfort station, where the woman detective hesitated to follow. But she posted herself at the door with her pistol ready. Her fears were groundless. The cabman emerged in a few moments with the leather bag, begged the pardon of the waiting woman, escorted her a few squares farther and politely put her into a cab with her precious satchel. She drove immediately to the chief of her section and delivered the case.

"Is it all right?" the official inquired lightly.

She smiled triumphantly and opened the bag. Then she fell back and swooned. The thing was full of glass and bricks. The cabman had switched satchels in the comfort station.

When the detectives hurried to Du Torville's house they found it in the hands of furniture auctioneers. The guilty broker and his accomplices disappeared from Paris and were no more heard of. The Pereira heirs apparently were satisfied in some secret way. In any event they made no further outcry and this mysterious case was dismissed as an enigma. Only years afterward, when Napoleon had lost his throne, was this explanation forthcoming.

The jewel robber of to-day has to do without royal patronage and protection, albeit he sometimes substitutes those of venal police officials. In the main, however, he operates by means of his own cunning and skill, a great criminal organization which shields him and fences his loot, and by the carelessness and vanity of those who own jewels. He needs no other tools, forces, protectives.

This fine summer weather is the season of many things—the seashore, the vacation, the betrothal and the jewel robbery. Every few days the newspapers brim with the accounts of some fresh astounding crime. Now a jeweler has been robbed of a hundred thousand. Again, half a million in gems has been looted from a rich artist's summer home. Again, the butler of a society woman has been jailed for cleaning out her strong box. In every section of the country there have been conspicuous robberies, generally without much fruitage in the way of convictions and recoveries. Though the summer is by no means the exclusive season for gem crimes it is more favored than any other in this doubtful respect. The reason is simple. In the hot weather the rich go to country places to escape the heat and grind of the city. Resort towns, summer colonies, farm places are not policed as are the great cities. Summer houses are easier to enter than urban dwellings. In summer many families take on new servants whose records are often not too well known. These things explain all.

Inside Jobs

But it may be well to go into the practices and habits of jewel robbers in some detail, both to make clear the nature of a few crimes we shall relate and to inform the owners of gems for their future protection.

A gem crime of any size directed at a private individual must be either an inside or an outside job. This is one of the simplicities. It is not an indictment against servants in general to say that far the greater number of robberies are committed either by servants themselves or with their coöperation. There are criminals among servitors as among masters. There are also honest men. It is, however, a fact that our servants have suffered a marked deterioration in recent years. The universal quest of pleasure and excitement has played havoc with them. The high wages paid in many lines have tempted the best men and women out of the serving pursuit. Their places have been taken by undesirables. Again, there has been a great growth of radical feeling and class hatred among the men and women who wait upon us. All these things have played their part to bring about the present situation. Still further, servants are now so scarce and so hard to keep that employers have been forced to relax old standards and to receive into their homes men and women who could not have found such employment in other times.

It must be apparent that skillful criminals can have but little trouble in influencing and corrupting servants who are emotionally and mentally unstable or who have at base a feeling of bitter envy against their employers. Nothing is easier than playing upon such states. In other instances the crook finds it simple enough to woo and flatter a maid or other female domestic and sway her to his purposes. This is what happens in a great number of jewel crimes. Servants with previously good records are tempted from rectitude, and the crime is as good as accomplished.

However, this simple method is not always employed. Many servants in this day are criminals with long records and ripe experience. How do they get into the houses of the rich? I can but refer you back to the case of the sybarite Duke of Brunswick. For many generations the organized lawbreakers who operate against milady's stock of diamonds have been in the habit of getting their accomplices into homes by means of forged letters of recommendation. But this is a cheat so well known that careful employers have long ago given up the custom of taking servants on written character indorsements and have placed their help problems in the hands of employment agencies. If these agencies are of high character and long experience all is well. Otherwise all may be awry—for the criminal long ago learned how to open his own employment offices for the very purpose of getting his male and female confederates into otherwise invulnerable homes.

Careless Jewel Owners

In still other instances the criminals have been able to deceive even the best and oldest agencies. This is done by putting an accomplice, usually a young serving woman, through a series of jobs, in which she conducts herself with uprightness and efficiency. After a course of such preparation, which may take two or three years, this girl is sent to one of the big old agencies, where she is put on the list on the strength of her record in the immediate past. Now she is ready to select her employer and go after the big game. There have been instances in which robbers have laid their snares for certain wealthy families and worked for years in this careful indirect way before they succeeded in getting an accomplice into the household and effecting the robbery.

These are simple enough facts suggesting their own forms of precaution. The man or woman who has jewels in any quantity will do well to take employees from only the very best agencies and he or she will do well to exercise extreme caution even here. The character of the employing agent is as much to be questioned as that of the actual employee. Small, obscure, recently opened offices may be of high character. Again, they may be the blinds of criminals.

But the carelessness and downright stupidity of jewel owners extend far beyond the mere matter of servant employment. It is my observation that half the crimes are due directly or indirectly to the slovenliness and callousness of employers. Gems are left lying about in bedrooms and dressing rooms. Servants are admitted to the secrets of the family safe or strong box. They are initiated into the mysteries of the burglar alarm, where such devices are employed. They are, in short, made privy to matters best kept from them, no matter who they are or how long in service. Once more, many women display their gems to their servants in glaring abandon and leave their treasures exposed in dresser drawers and other accessible places in ways to tempt the most upright. It is a very old observation that every man has his limit of resistance. Character is not absolute. The temptations thrown in the paths of servants are often too great.

Not many months ago a very wealthy New York society woman was in need of a butler and had considerable difficulty in finding a suitable man. She gave the selection of this important functionary her personal attention for a time and then grew weary of waits and disappointments. She must have a butler immediately and commissioned an employment agent other than her regular broker to find a man without

Nomatter where you live, you too can now have real bath satisfaction.

Stop the old method of bathing in stagnant, dirty tub water. Nomatter how frequently you bathe it can't be sanitary. The very thought of it makes the old method repulsive.

From now on bathe the MODERN way—THE KNICKERBOCKER WAY. Fresh running water, any temperature desired, through hundreds of hollow rubber teeth, gives you a cool and refreshing SHOWER-BATH—makes you feel good all over.

KNICKERBOCKER

Shower Bath Brush

Combines Shower—Shampoo—Massage. Rubs Dry—all in one. The SANITARY way to bathe. Takes only five minutes, needs no curtains—makes a SHOWER BATH OF ANY TUB. Just what you have always wanted.

Seven sizes: $2.50, $3, $4, $5
Combination Sets: $6, $7
De luxe Set $8

Spoon Shower for home use, complete $3

The $6, $7 and $8 sets include special round Shampoo attachment with rubber fingers. Fingers massage better than human hand. Unequaled for shampooing

At all good drug, hardware and department stores, or order direct. Wear fully guaranteed.

Send for FREE BOOKLET

Illustrated booklet sent free on request. Tells how and when to bathe. Send for it now.

KNICKERBOCKER MFG. CO.
2457 Sheffield Ave., Chicago

Look for the Knickerbocker box in your drug, hardware, or dept. store.

AUBURN *Certified* TUBES

A *pure rubber*, leak-proof Tube is the secret of the tire that holds up for weeks and months without re-inflation.

AUBURN Certified Tubes, like celebrated Auburn Certified Tires, are made to unusually high quality standards. They are certified to contain *96% pure rubber*. Tough, *wild* Brazilian rubber is largely used, combined with only 4% sulphur to cure. No shoddy — no cheap rubber or substitutes are employed.

This pure rubber is rolled into paper-thin sheets; then built up layer upon layer to tube stock thickness and finally vulcanized into a tough, elastic, *leak-proof* tube. An AUBURN Certified Tube holds air under most severe punishment. Will not deteriorate, crack or check even after years of use.

For maximum service use AUBURN Certified Tubes protected by Auburn Certified Casings (Cord or Fabric). You can insure freedom from frequent re-inflations and prolong the life of any casing by using AUBURN Certified Tubes—the "*pure rubber*" tubes.

THE DOUBLE FABRIC TIRE CO., Auburn, Ind.

Chicago Buffalo Atlanta San Francisco Minneapolis Boston Nashville Los Angeles
Billings Seattle Omaha Philadelphia Cincinnati Dallas Pittsburgh Portland

The ***Auburn Certified Tire Proposition*** *is distinctive. It is planned to offer an unusual opportunity to any clean-cut business man—whether he is old in the tire business or new. Your territory may be open—write Auburn, Indiana.*

(11)

delay. A middle-aged man of good appearance presented himself and was put to work. Two months later he resigned and went his way. One evening at dinner the master of the house decided to open wine of a vintage he had long kept in his cellars undisturbed. The bottles were brought and opened. They contained water. Other bottles had likewise been opened, drained of their costly contents and refilled from the water taps. The whole cellar had been cleaned out. About $50,000 worth of liquors and wines stored up against the national drought had been mysteriously taken away. Only a servant could have done this deed. The family was alarmed at once and rushed to the jewel safe. It had been opened and $30,000 worth of gems were gone. Some weeks later the butler was arrested, and he made very little show of denial. It was found he had a criminal record extending over more than thirty-five years. He had been convicted of robbery and burglary not less than eight times and been sentenced to a total of nearly thirty years in prisons. Here is the matter of careless employing epitomized.

Not long ago I witnessed the trial of a little French maid charged with stealing a pair of pearl-and-diamond earrings from her mistress. She had no defense; she was not a criminal; she knew very little of the world. The story was simple in its bitter import. The mistress, a good, easy-going, kindly woman, had always left her costly trinkets about. She had often displayed them to the girl, put them on her and let the pretty little servant admire herself in them.

Later the girl got into difficulties, needed money and stole the jewels, which she quite openly pawned, so that the police got them in a few hours. The mistress instead of feeling that she was a little guilty herself was outraged at what she termed the ingratitude of the servant. She had treated the girl well, been excessively kind to her—with what a brutal form of kindness!—and had even paid for the girl's education. Her indignation led her to press the charge. The girl was readily convicted and went to prison. Such cases come up time and again.

More recently still, jewels worth $400,000 and perhaps more were stolen from the summer home of Enrico Caruso, the tenor, at East Hampton, Long Island. These gems were kept in an ordinary strong box in Mrs. Caruso's sleeping room, to which servants had access. All the servants knew about this large collection of jewels. An electric burglar alarm had been attached to the box by the chauffeur, an accomplished mechanic.

This was supposed to ring in case the box were tampered with or an attempt made to open it except with the key. The key was kept in the sleeping room.

Finger Tips in Fact and Fiction

One night Mrs. Caruso and her sister heard the alarm go off and ran upstairs to intercept the robber, who passed them on the stairs in the dark and got away, the chauffeur firing some shots from a revolver in the excitement. The best detective opinion is that the strong box was robbed on a previous occasion, possibly earlier in the same day and by using the key.

It is well to remark at this point that the ordinary strong box and even the usual household steel safe are about as effective as a defense against the burglar as a paper fort against a siege gun. A strong box can be carried off with ease and opened at leisure or it may be quickly demolished with a chisel and sledge. As for the household safe, any cracksman is able to attend to its case with the ordinary "can opener," of the burglarious tool kit. A burglar alarm is, of course, a useful device within limitations.

It is of no avail against an inside job. Too much reliance can readily be placed upon all such protectives.

One hears a great deal of jewel thieves who operate against safes à la Jimmy Valentine, marvelously clever fellows with most sensitive fingers and most delicate ears, who even sensitize their finger tips by rubbing them to the quick on emery paper and then succeed in solving the combinations of safes by the feel or by listening for the fall of the tumblers. From a very large acquaintance among experienced detectives and no small experience with the very cleverest safe men who ever graced a cell, I judge that these tales are mostly fanciful. I have never seen a safe opened in this way, and robbers, when they can be got to talk, say it cannot be done. An experience seems to demonstrate this.

Last summer a friend lost the combination to his household safe, an ordinary iron box with an inner steel door. It was a safe of small size and an old model, made about 1890. We summoned two experts in the employ of leading safe manufacturers and they tried to listen for the fall of the tumblers and to solve the thing by the sensitive-finger method. Both failed signally and said the trick could be performed only rarely. It was more chance than science when it succeeded.

This having failed I called in a retired safe robber whom I had met in connection with a prison case and who happened to be living in our neighborhood. He said quite frankly that he could not agree to open this simple little safe, and he gave the thing up after hours of effort. This man had thirty years of criminal adventures behind him. His name would be recognized instantly by all who know of such matters as that of one of the cleverest rogues in his profession. Yet he failed. Eventually he drilled the safe open for us in just seven minutes. A can opener would have done the trick in two.

And the Raffles type of jewel robber comes in for much written and spoken attention. He is supposed to be a really smart criminal, a man of standing and social graces, a Jekyll-Hyde individual, who is invited to high functions and nimbly opens the safe while the hostess and her guests are busy on the floor below. He is the darling of fictioneers who write about criminals without ever having known the caste, and of illustrators who make pictures of gentlemen in evening dress slipping unruffled through windows and twisting the combinations off safes in white kid gloves. The world of the criminal is lamentably different from all this pretty fever of the imagination. There are no Raffleses. Occasionally a man of distinction or social position steals jewels or other valuables from the homes of his friends. But he is not a Raffles or a Mr. Hyde. He is either just weak morally or a man of defective mentality. The world is fuller of such persons than we like to admit.

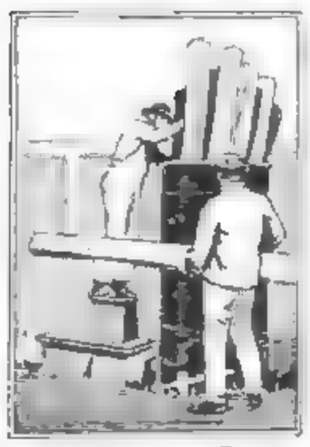
A Case of Collusion

However, the professional robber has taken a tip from the writers of this form of fiction. A jewel burglary that happened last year will serve to illustrate. A very wealthy man went to his summer home and took with him a retinue of servants, among them some new maids. His wife carted out a great store of jewels worth a quarter of a million at present prices. The family had been in summer residence for a month or so when a great function was held. The invited guests numbered several hundred. There was the usual bustle and confusion. All the servants were busy on the first floor. The upper parts of the house were unprotected. All the jewelry not being worn was in an ordinary safe in the lady's bedroom on the second floor. After the function it was missing.

The case remains unsolved because the evidence could never be completed and no trace of the gems was found. But what happened is well known. One of the maids was in collusion with a very clever safe robber. She observed the habits of the family, the location of the safe, the number and value of the gems, the absence of an alarm, and the general carelessness with which the jewels were handled. All this information she communicated to her principal, who planned to rob the safe in the course of the social function. It was no trouble for the maid to steal a card to the party. On the night in question the man drove up in a fine motor car, came to the door dressed in full evening rig and walked in. He mixed with the crowd easily and with sufficient sureness of manner. The fellow had worked as a butler and had picked up the ways of smart people. When the chance came he slipped upstairs, where the maid piloted him to the safe. Just how he got into it has not been explained. The maid may have been able to get hold of the combination—by far the most likely conclusion. Such things are often written into address books or other places for memoranda. The clever woman criminal knows where to look for them. Or the safe may have been left open in the rush of dressing. In any case, the safe was not forced.

The robber quietly possessed himself of about $200,000 worth of platinum and

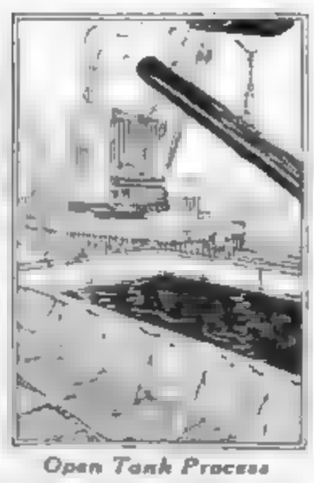
(Continued on Page 84)



Treating Fence Posts

WOOD PRESERVATION

A timely talk of interest to all users of structural wood



Open Tank Process

PUBLISHED BY US EVERY FEW WEEKS IN THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Secretary of Agriculture Meredith Alarmed at Forest Waste.

In his recent report to the President of the Senate, he says, among other things, that—

© Brown Bros

Hon. E. T. Meredith

"Three-fifths of the original timber of the United States is gone..... The total yearly consumption of all classes of timber is about 26 billion cubic feet. Our depleted forests are growing less than one-fourth of this amount. The United States is not only cutting heavily into its remaining virgin forests every year—but it is also using up the smaller material, upon which our future supply of saw timber depends, much more rapidly than it is being replaced."

TO overcome this appalling waste of timber reported by Secretary Meredith, each individual must *preserve* the lumber he uses, while our Government *conserves* the sources of timber supply.

Preservative treatment of lumber used in buildings, for poles, fence posts and the many other purposes for which wood in some form or other is needed, would mean a national saving equal to our entire war debt.

Carbosoting all lumber used for underpinning of plantation cabins, warehouses, stables and other out-buildings will save money.

Preservation processes with Carbosota are so simple and comparatively inexpensive that it seems incredible that any lumber user can fail to realize both their immediate value to him and their ultimate importance to our national prosperity. *If we do not preserve our lumber today there will be precious little left for our children to use.*

Good News for Farmers!

Wood preservation with Carbosota is simplicity itself. It requires merely a paint brush, cheap spraying pump or home-made treating tank—things every farmer has handy.

Home-grown woods, ordinarily good only for the stove, can be turned into durable fence posts and other useful lumber. Carbosoted pine posts will last 25 years, also cottonwood and similar species. Sills, stringers and other barn lumber; sheds, chicken houses, pig-pens and other out-buildings, made of the less durable woods, if carbosoted by the Open Tank process, will last as long as untreated expensive grades.

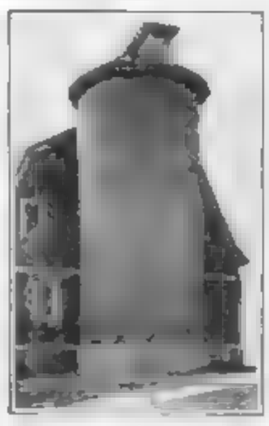
Besides being rotproof, carbosoted wood is more sanitary. Rats, mice, bugs and other vermin are repelled by Carbosota.

Ask your County Agent what he thinks of preservative treatment as a lumber and labor saver. Tell him you are going to try Carbosota and invite him to "keep tab" on the results. He will be glad to coöperate with you.

"A"-shape portable hog-house entirely treated with Carbosota.

An Economical Silo

Carbosoted wooden silos are practically permanent and are the cheapest per-year-of-service over the average period of from twenty to twenty-five years.



Home-made, double-walled creosoted silo.
(Courtesy Northern Hemlock Mfrs Assn.)

In building, the staves can readily be dipped in Carbosota in a simple form of home-made tank. Silos already erected can be treated by the application of two coats of Carbosota to the interior. A coat or two on the exterior also adds years to the life of the wood.

Be sure that plenty of Carbosota gets into the interstices and into the tongue and groove edges, especially at the base.

Let us send you Free Booklet, No. 451, entitled "How to Make Farm Timbers Rot Proof."

The Problem of the Railroads

Many railroads could supply a large part of their post requirements from adjacent cut-over timber lands, if by preservative treatment the less durable forms of lumber were made available.

Besides the preservative treatment of car-woodwork, there is a large field for the use of Carbosota in prolonging the life of signal trunking, whistling and sign posts, crossing and platform planks, sills, underpinnings, joists, etc., of small section buildings, to say nothing of millions of fence posts.

In fact where pressure treated lumber is not available, the open tank for Carbosota preservative treatment should form part of the equipment of every railroad woodworking shop. A portable plant for use in the field may be readily constructed from available materials.

Carbosoted whistling posts for the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul Railroad.

For Mine Lumber

Down in the mine, as well as above ground, decay relentlessly destroys even the heaviest timbers. Decay is nothing but a fungoid disease. Carbosota is a positive antiseptic preventive of fungous growths, and properly applied, renders lumber comparatively immune to decay. Every mine should have its Carbosota Open Tank treating plant and every piece of wood possible should be treated before using. The general use of Carbosota will effect a quick and noticeable reduction in the cost of replacement of mine timbers.

Our nearest office will gladly send you Free Folder, No. 409, on this subject.

Many Other Fields

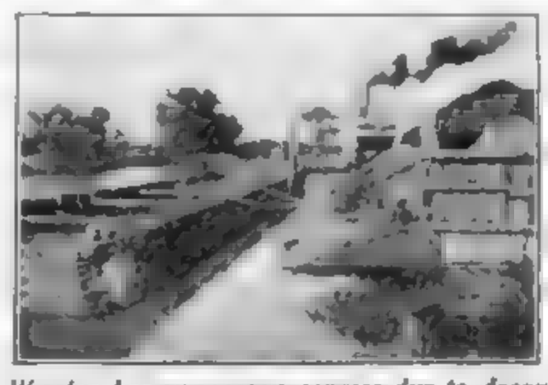
Preservative treatment of telephone, telegraph and electric transmission poles would add millions of poles to our available resources. Free Folder, No. 406, tells about carbosoting poles by the non-pressure treatment.

The use of carbosoted lumber in factory and mill construction, coal and ore docks, wharves, industrial trestles, farm implements, ready built houses and farm outbuildings, in commercial production of fence posts, in fact, in every place where wood is exposed to moisture or decay, would speedily reduce our national lumber bill by adding years of permanence to our wooden structures. There is scarcely a field into which wood in some form does not enter, and scarcely any place where wood is used that Carbosota treatment will not materially prolong its life.

The original creosoted cedar telegraph pole intact after a heavy storm. Note the crippled substitute.

Preservation is Easy

Carbosota treatment does not involve any expensive plant—in fact all the necessary items can be home-made. In many instances simply brushing or spraying the surface is sufficient; but the Open Tank process, which is recommended wherever possible, does not call for any but the simplest materials. Carbosota may be purchased from lumber dealers or, if you have any trouble in securing a supply, we will gladly help you.



Wooden barges require repairs due to decay within four to six years. Treatment with Carbosota Creosote Oil will considerably increase their life.

If you use lumber, in large or small quantities, do not continue in the old wasteful way but save your own pocketbook and aid the great national work of lumber conservation by using Carbosota wherever possible. Full information as to the use of Carbosota for any specified purpose can be secured from our nearest branch office.

Free Bulletins

Send to our nearest branch office for the free Bulletin, which describes the proper method of treating wood in your industry:—

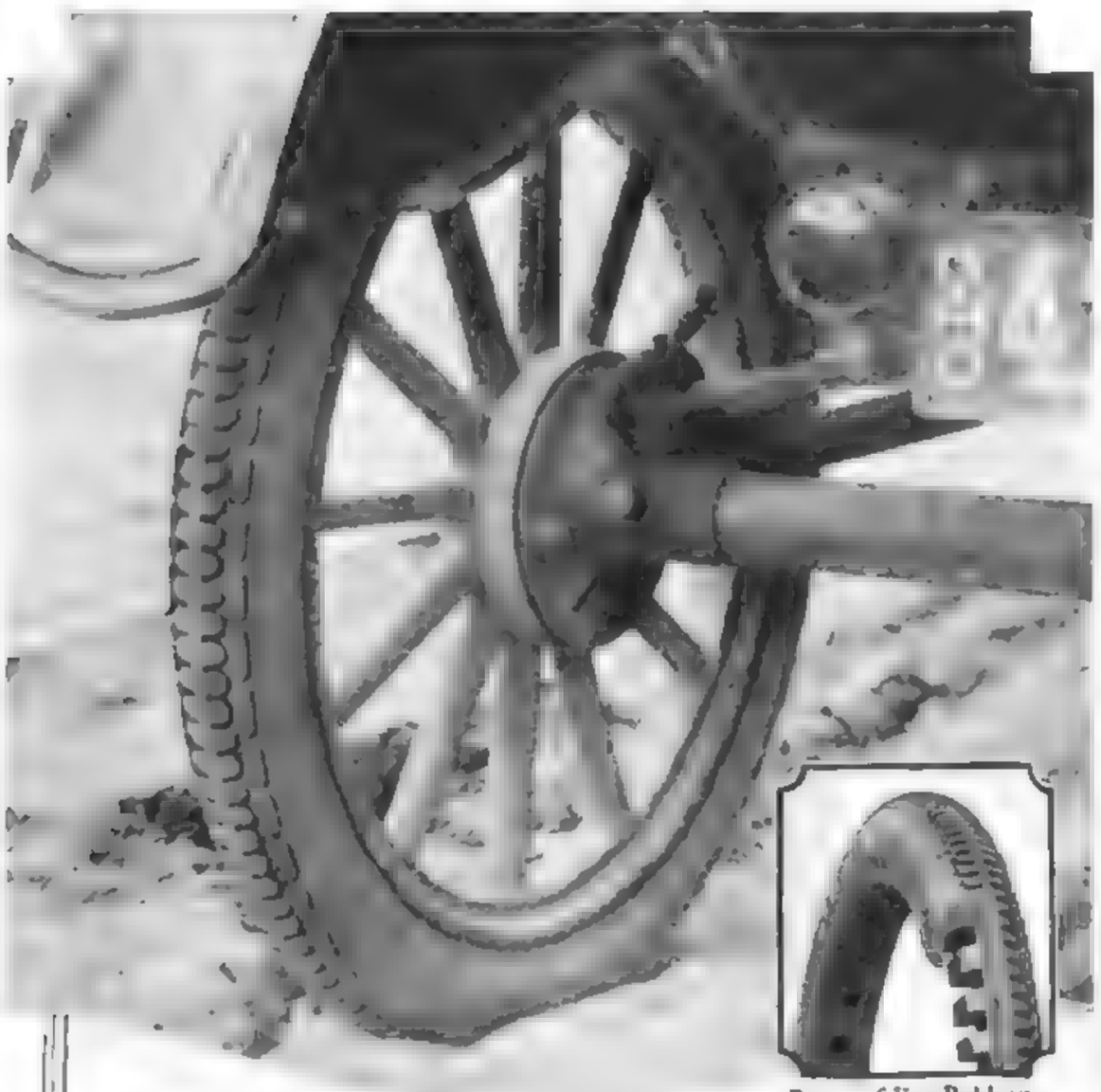
Creosoted Poles are Economical	No. 406
Preserving Wood Roofs with Carbosota	No. 408
Long Life for Mine Timbers	No. 409
Long Life for Wood (a comprehensive booklet on wood preservation of value to all wood users)	No. 402

Barrett B Carbosota Grade-One Liquid Creosote Oil

The Barrett Company

New York	Chicago	Philadelphia	Boston	St. Louis
Cleveland	Cincinnati	Pittsburgh	Detroit	New Orleans
Birmingham	Kansas City	Minneapolis	Dallas	Nashville
Syracuse	Seattle	Peoria	Atlanta	Duluth
Salt Lake City	Bangor	Washington	Johnstown	Lebanon
Youngstown	Milwaukee	Toledo	Columbus	Richmond
Latrobe	Bethlehem	Elizabeth	Buffalo	Baltimore

THE BARRETT COMPANY, Limited — Montreal, Toronto, Winnipeg, Vancouver, St. John, N. B., Halifax, N. S., Sydney, N. S.



Piers of live Rubber take the Place of a Tube

Puncture Proof
and Easy Riding

Ever have a puncture on a hot, dusty road? Then you know the advantages of Dayton Airless Tires. They look just like pneumatic tires. They cannot puncture nor blow out. They eliminate roadside repairs. And they are easy riding.

For All Light Cars
Passenger and Delivery

If you own a Ford, Maxwell, Chevrolet, Overland Four, or other light car using 30 x 3, 30 x 3½ or 31 x 4 inch sizes, you can equip with Dayton Airless and forget your troubles. You can leave your pump and repair outfit at home. You will need no spare tire and no tubes.

Dayton Airless Tires have stood the test of eight years of satisfactory service. They are guaranteed for 8,000 miles, but records of users show two, three and four times that mileage. Mail the coupon for booklet and price list. Let us show you the economy of Dayton Airless equipment.

We have an attractive offer to make to business men in territories where we have no representatives. Wire or write.

The Dayton Airless Tire Company
Dept. 170 **Dayton, Ohio**

Dayton Airless

MAIL THIS COUPON FOR MORE INFORMATION
The Dayton Airless Tire Co., Dept. 170, Dayton, Ohio
Send me booklet, price list and information as checked below:

___ passenger car ___ delivery car ___ dealer's proposition.

Name _____ Address _____

City _____ County _____ State _____

(Continued from Page 82)

diamonds and walked out of the house for a stroll in the gardens. When he saw his chance he got into his car and was driven away. As I have said, it was impossible to fasten more than a suspicion on anyone, and not one of the gems has been recovered.

The frequency with which robbers are able to get clean away and dispose of their jewel loot in spite of all the manifold precautions taken by society is one of the most curious aspects of this criminal phase. Again and again thieves make hauls of jewels worth from a few hundreds to half a million dollars and more. Apparently these jewels vanish utterly, for they do not turn up in pawnshops or the establishments of suspected jewelers. The police make sadly few recoveries. They throw up their hands in glum helplessness.

Here the greatly ramified fencing organization of the professional jewel thieves enters into the case. All first-class robbers are associated with this mysterious organization, against which very little effective headway has been made. The workings of this body are pretty well understood. To catch it at its game is, however, another matter.

Let us say that a jewel robber has got a big haul of diamonds from some rich man's home. He goes immediately to a rendezvous, where he delivers the stuff to a middleman, who may pay him cash for it on the spot or take it on trust. This man delivers it with the least possible delay to the fencing syndicate. The loot is immediately turned over to a jeweler employed by the criminals, who dismounts the gems and passes them on to be disposed of as unset stones or remounts them in other settings and thus disguises them past identification, unless they be jewels of unusual character. The rank and file of diamonds cannot be identified within the legal meaning of that term.

If some of the gems are of unusual character, size or shape they are either smuggled out of the country to be disposed of abroad or they are recut and repolished by a lapidary, also in the employ of the syndicate. Thus the famous Hope blue diamond is said to be the largest piece of the great blue gem stolen from the Garde Meuble in Paris in 1792 and never recovered.

The Syndicate of Fences

The robber who steals jewels must, of course, take a very modest price for his loot when he goes to the syndicate of fences, for it costs money to operate so intricate a criminal machine. But if he be wise he takes this loss. The safety he gains by it more than compensates.

Well-informed police officials know that this organization operates in New York, Philadelphia, Chicago and Boston. The last-named city was for a time considered the headquarters of the gang. More recently it is believed to have shifted its center to New York, with a forwarding station on the Gulf or on the Texas-Mexico border. It is said many of the unusual stones are got into Mexico, where they are disposed of at the jewel auctions.

With such a corporation in action it is small wonder that the jewel thieves are getting constantly bolder—taking always greater toll from gem owners and proving progressively successful in the safe disposition of the spoils.

I may be giving the impression that jewel burglars and robbers confine themselves to residences for their attacks. No doubt they find the residence and especially the summer home most attractive places for attack. However, there has always been much jewel stealing and robbing at hotels. The criminal who prowls about large hostelries and gets into the rooms of wealthy guests who have been seen displaying jewels forms a criminal caste of his own. Such men operate by picking the locks of hotel-room doors or by gaining both information about valuables and entrance to rooms from confederates in the employ of the hotels—chambermaids, waiters, bell boys and the like. All first-class hostelries employ house detectives and take every precaution in the way of looking up their help, but even then the criminal gets under the defenses far too often.

Last winter a very wealthy woman registered at one of the great hotels and deposited in the safe about $350,000 worth of diamonds and pearls. Some time later, when she asked for her jewels, they were gone. The case was for long utterly mysterious. Finally, after months of work, a former clerk in the hotel was arrested and some of the jewels were recovered from him. He had been rash enough to unstring the pearls and try to dispose of one of them to a New York pawnbroker who was on the lookout for these very gems. The explanation was simple enough. The man was in financial straits. One night when he was on the late watch alone he opened the safe and took out the gems. Somewhat later he resigned and went his way. He hid the jewels and continued the orderly quiet manner of his life, afraid to try to dispose of any of his loot. He waited until he thought the pursuit and watchfulness had wearied and relaxed. Then he tried to sell the pearl.

At about the same time two hotel thieves were caught in one of the big Broadway hotels, where they were going from room to room, picking the locks and taking what they could find. These fellows had rigged ropes on the outside of the hotel by attaching them to the decorative railing round the roof. They had evidently intended to use these ropes to escape to the roof or the street in case of alarm.

The Rope Ladder Robbery

A rope ladder was used in one of the most daring burglaries ever perpetrated by jewel robbers. A woman of means and social position had her home in a New York apartment house. She was in the habit of appearing at the opera and social gayeties in magnificent diamonds which attracted much attention—notably that of a jewel robber. This man worked for nearly a year before he was able to get a young woman confederate into the home of the woman in the capacity of lady's maid. The girl worked away satisfactorily for months, observing everything and communicating all she learned to her master. An attempt was made to let the robber in at the door of the apartment but this plan was abandoned. Finally the man decided to attack from without.

One evening during the Christmas holidays he managed to get to the roof of an adjoining building, from which he laid a plank, left on the roof by workmen, over the narrow court and crossed to the top of the house to be attacked. He now took from his grip a long ladder of silken rope, which was afterward found by the detectives and exhibited as one of the marvels of the burglar's inventiveness. The thing weighed only a few pounds and could be made into an amazingly small bundle, yet it was long enough to reach down the seven stories from the roof to the windows of the apartment in question, and strong enough to support the weight of the heaviest man.

The robber made this silken ladder fast to one of the large chimneys on the roof and let it down to a window opening into the bedroom where the strong box was kept. The location of this aperture had previously been pointed out by the girl confederate. At a prearranged hour, just after nightfall, the man descended the ladder and found that the girl had left the window slightly open, as agreed. The family was at dinner in the other end of the apartment.

The man slipped in quietly, took the strong box from its hiding place, forced a strong chisel into the hinge joining and ripped the thing open. He put the jewels into his pocket, left by the window, closed it after him, ascended to the roof by the ladder, drew it up, put ladder and jewels into his bag, recrossed to the neighboring roof by his plank, got down into the house, descended the stairs in his stocking feet, and went through the lobby to the street when he saw the elevator man take his car to an upper floor. He got clean away and disposed of the gems without detection.

Most of the attacks on apartment houses are made by the use of simpler and less daring plans. Superintendents of such buildings and particularly the elevator runners are sometimes corrupted by criminals. In one case the burglars gained entrance to an apartment whose owners had gone South for the winter. The elevator boys had furnished the duplicate keys and helped the thieves bring their loot down to the ground and cart it off. In a similar case the superintendent of a flat house gave the keys of an apartment whose owner was away overnight to a burglar, and this bold fellow calmly carried the iron safe, a thing weighing about 300 pounds, out into the street and into a near-by park, where he tore it

(Continued on Page 87)

Waterproof your bathroom with Valspar Varnish

Water may splash—suds and lather may fly—scalding steam may cloud the room, but no harm will be done to your bathroom woodwork when protected by Valspar Varnish.

For Valspar is absolutely waterproof.

But not only in your bathroom, in every room in your home there is woodwork that needs Valspar protection.

Your front hall and stairs—here wet shoes, dripping umbrellas and raincoats quickly ruin any ordinary varnish.

Then your front door needs waterproof Valspar protection against driving rain and snow.

And you will find that such floor coverings as linoleum, congoleum and oil cloth are wonderfully brightened by a coat of Valspar—that Valsparred, they wear much longer.

Then a thought for your furniture—especially the dining-room table and sideboard. No rings from hot dishes, no stains from spilled liquids can mar furniture protected by Valspar.

Remember that Valspar is very easy to apply and that it is poor economy to let yourself be talked into buying cheap varnish. Valspar costs more than ordinary varnish—re-varnishing costs more than Valspar.

VALENTINE & COMPANY

Largest Manufacturers of High-grade Varnishes in the world—Established 1832

New York Chicago Boston Toronto London Paris Amsterdam

W. P. Fuller & Co., Pacific Coast

VALENTINE'S VALSPAR

The Varnish That Won't Turn White

VALENTINE & COMPANY, 456 Fourth Ave., N. Y.

Special Offer

For your dealer's name and 15c in stamps, we will send you a 30c sample can of Valspar—enough to finish a small table or chair. Fill out coupon

Dealer's Name _____

Your Name _____

Your Address _____

S E P —6-14-20

THE STREET OF RARE ADVENTURE

The JORDAN Brougham

Alive, modern and superb, with all the ease and splendid poise that charming women prize, the Jordan Brougham glides through the traffic press in the street of rare adventure.

Quick to respond, unfailing to inspire, there is within the smart compass of this fascinating car—a prophecy of days that are to come. Men, to whom the world is never dull, turn on their heel to pay the fleeting tribute of a glance to this trig, tailor-made, bewitching thing.

A face within, vivid and rare, with lovely ardor, smacking of the great out-doors, reveals a woman's pride of possession and strength of command impossible to express.

Light, eager and ever poised to go, this nimble vehicle of economy and power sweeps forward with the vanguard at the bluecoat whistle.

It's a virile human thing we learn to love—a coveted companion for men who know what they prefer—a chum for women who know the lure of corners we have never turned and summits we have never climbed—a necessity to all who have the world's work before them.

JORDAN

JORDAN MOTOR CAR COMPANY, Inc., *Cleveland, Ohio*

(Continued from Page 84)

open at his leisure and took what it contained.

The merchant has always and under all conditions been a favorite victim of the property criminal, so the jeweler has been especially unfortunate. His are the wares worth stealing and the goods readily turned into cash. Naturally the modern diamond dealer takes all manner of precautions. Arms are always at hand. Shops are equipped with modern safes, with alarms, with devices that lock the outer doors at the pressure of a button, with all manner of locks and bolts and other protective devices. In great diamond centers like Maiden Lane, in New York, where hundreds of thousands of carats in gems are disposed of annually, the policing is of the most intensive character. Uniformed officers are at every corner and plain-clothes detectives are always on patrol. Important houses have their special night and day watchmen and the police have established the famous deadline, south of which no known criminal dare stray without risking immediate arrest *sans* further provocation. Nevertheless the new crop of criminals has sent its men into the forbidden district time and again of late, and on several occasions to attack the diamond merchants.

One recent morning the telephone in the office of a wholesale jeweler rang and the owner of the establishment was asked for. The man on the wire put some questions about the present value of diamonds and the cost of making up a lavallière, which he described roughly. The jeweler asked him to call, and the telephoner made an appointment for some days later. At the agreed hour two men walked into the jeweler's establishment, which is on an upper floor of one of the big buildings of the district, which house gem firms of many types. The men introduced themselves and asked to see diamonds of the character described.

The merchant opened his big safe and took out a wallet containing cut stones worth more than $100,000. This wallet he laid out on the counter to display the stones. The men studied the jewels attentively and selected about $20,000 worth. One of them thereupon took a lavallière frame from his pocket and handed it to the jeweler, asking how much it would cost to have the diamonds set in it. The merchant called one of his assistants from the rear of the shop and sent him across the street to the establishment of a diamond setter to get an estimate on the work. The visitors waited for his return.

A Vain Pursuit

The jeweler and his prospective customers began to talk. One of them spoke of the possibility of buying a different type of frame and asked the jeweler to show samples. The man turned to his safe to oblige, holding in his hand the wallet with its precious contents. As he turned the second visitor suddenly threw a handful of red pepper into his face. Some of the fiery dust got into the merchant's eyes. He screamed in agony and threw his hands up to his face. In that moment the wallet of diamonds was snatched from him and he was felled with a heavy blow. A kick in the stomach all but knocked him unconscious. The robbers ran out into the corridor of the building, leaving the unfortunate man moaning and screaming for help.

The whole thing was done with such speed that two workmen who ran from the rear end of the workroom at the first sound of alarm were too late to see the robbers going out. They immediately pressed a button which sounds an alarm all through the building. One of them then ran out and down the stairs, calling to the elevator men to stop their cars where they stood. The exits from the building were immediately guarded and no one was allowed to leave until he had satisfied the officers who came running in response to the alarm. The building was searched from roof to subbasement. No one left it during all that day or the next without being subjected to the scrutiny of the jeweler's assistant who had seen the two visitors. All in vain. The men managed their escape in some inexplicable manner and no trace of them was found.

Ordinarily, however, jewelers are victimized in a more delicate and intricate way. The type of crime to which I refer has been known for generations, yet it succeeds ever and again in spite of full knowledge and all precaution. Let us take a fine old romantic case and compare it with another which happened within weeks.

In the seventies of the last century a most distinguished-looking man arrived at the Hotel de Genève in Naples, accompanied by a ravishingly beautiful young woman, his daughter. The man was about fifty-five, the woman apparently twenty-five. They seemed to be English and the man was immediately styled milord. They lived at the Genève for weeks, spending liberally but not lavishly, paying promptly and ingratiating themselves with the management and the other guests. They seemed idle, refined, moneyed people with nothing to do beyond amusing themselves. The young woman played the piano excellently and entertained the guests in the music room evening after evening. Her father was a brilliant talker and wit. Altogether they were most agreeable persons, quite above the usual suspicions of the innkeeper.

The English milord had not been long in Naples when he and his daughter dropped in on Amalfi, then the principal jeweler, and made some small purchases, exhibiting much ready cash. The jeweler saw that customers of unusual value were in his hands, and strove to please, exhibiting gem after gem and tempting the young woman most outrageously. However, the Englishman was not to be led into buying. He took what he had come for and went his way. A few weeks later he came again and made some small purchase. After another week he returned and bought once more. Finally he came in late one afternoon and called Amalfi aside.

An Ingenious Robbery

"My daughter is about to be married," said he, "and I want to send to Paris for a very fine set of diamonds for her, possibly a necklace. Can you supply me with the name and address of the best dealer?"

Amalfi said at once he was ready to oblige his customer, but he urged that he had himself a necklace as fine as any to be found in Paris. He had bought it from the Princess ——, who was in straits at the time, and he was thus able to sell it at a very low price. He turned to his safe and brought out an old-fashioned necklace containing seventeen large principal gems and a cascade of minor diamonds. It was a splendid thing. The price was 450,000 francs. The Milord Inglese agreed to take it.

"But you will understand," said he, "that I do not carry so much money with me. I must draw on my bank in London and it will be at least a week before I can hear. Meantime here is 500 francs to bind the bargain. When the money arrives I will let you know and you may deliver the necklace and receive the balance. Please remember that I wish to surprise my daughter. She must know nothing about this."

Ten days later "Lord Sheffield" sent word that his money had come. Amalfi took his necklace, put it into a jewel case and hurried to the Hotel de Genève. He found the lord in his parlor, writing at a desk with drawers, which was backed up against a door leading into the adjoining room. The lord took the gems and laid them out on the desk, admiring them with ill-disguised satisfaction.

"They are very fine," he said, and brought a roll of crisp bank notes from the pocket of his dressing gown.

At that moment there was a knock on the door and Lord Sheffield had just time to sweep the jewels and his roll of bills into a drawer of the desk before his daughter stepped into the room. The Englishman locked the drawer and tested it to see that it was secure. This proceeding Amalfi watched with satisfaction.

"What is it, my dear?" said the lord, turning to his daughter.

"Your tailor is in the next room with your things," said she. "You'll have to see him if you want them to-morrow."

The Briton excused himself and went out saying he would return presently and asking his daughter to entertain the jeweler while he was away. Nearly an hour passed before the young woman, seeing the impatience of Amalfi, excused herself to go and see what was detaining her father. She, too, remained away. Amalfi sat and grew weary of the vigil. He drained a glass or two of wine from a decanter. He sauntered about. The thought of any trick did not enter his mind. He had seen the jewels put into the desk drawer, along with the lord's money. He had seen the drawer locked. To make doubly sure he went and tried to

(Concluded on Page 89)

"The Eyes of Youth"

should work without handicaps. Poor eyesight taxes the brain, prevents clear thinking, "slows up" any boy or girl in school and at play. Young minds should have the matchless tonic of perfect vision.

Have your youngster's eyes examined regularly

by the family optical specialist. If glasses are needed of course you'll insist on

Shellex **Shur-on** Spectacles

safe, attractive and almost unbreakable

Quality Beyond Question for More than Fifty Years

E. Kirstein Sons Co.

Est. 1864 Rochester, N.Y.

DORT

Quality Goes Clear Through

The market for the Dort is constantly deceiving us.

We find ourselves estimating yearly the added number that should be brought forth.

And yearly we find our estimate sadly below the facts.

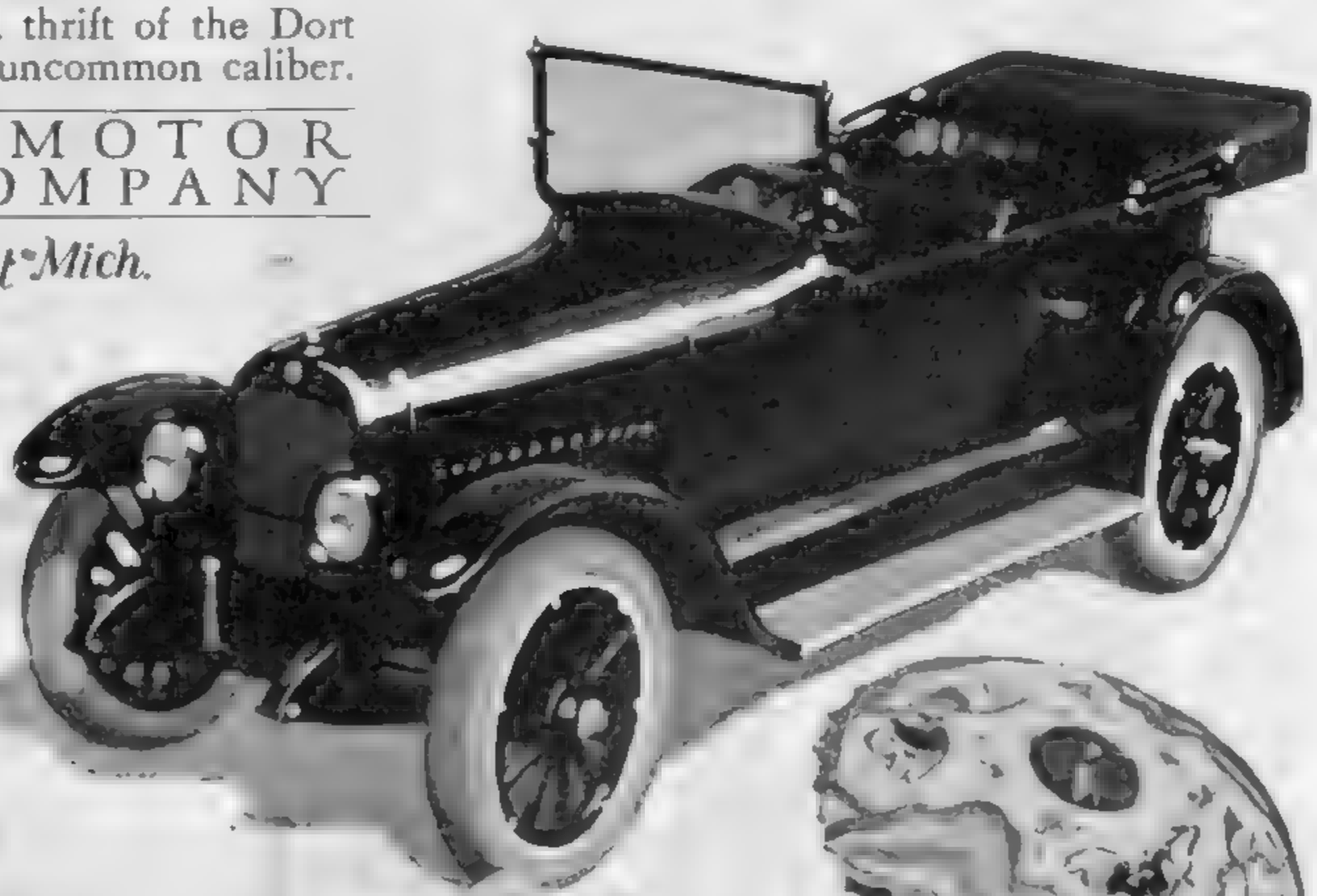
The genuine desire to own this car is a growing force that outstrips every reasonable effort to calculate its volume in advance.

We seriously doubt if there is a single locality in which favorable sentiment toward the Dort is not gaining impetus steadily.

Evidently motor car buyers have determined for themselves that the performance and thrift of the Dort are of a clearly uncommon caliber.

DORT MOTOR CAR COMPANY

Flint, Mich.



PRICES

Touring Car - - -	$1085
Roadster - - -	1085
Fourseason Sedan - -	1765
Fourseason Coupe - -	1765

F. O. B. Factory

Wire wheels and spare tires extra

(Concluded from Page 37)

open the desk. No, it was locked. Everything was secure. He sat down and waited again. Finally he rang for the porter, who said he believed milord had gone out.

The jeweler was a bit unbalanced at this, and asked for the young woman. She could not be found. The manager was summoned. He scoffed at the jeweler's fears. Milord was a bit absent-minded. He likely had forgotten about the jeweler. No doubt his daughter, who knew his forgetful habits, had gone to find him. The jeweler felt reassured and waited again. At last, when dinner time had come and the pair had not reappeared, Amalfi tore open the drawer of the desk with a poker.

The wondrous necklace was gone!

This desk was of the type often enough used by swindlers. It had no back. It had been placed against the door after the panels had been skillfully cut out. In the next room a similar desk, also without a back, had been placed against the same door. The English milord had put the diamonds into the drawer, gone into the next room, opened the corresponding drawer of the opposite desk, and reached through for the jewels and money.

The police were summoned and they soon found that they were dealing with a pair of experienced swindlers. The trunks and cases had been emptied of everything valuable before the crime. Lord Sheffield had cleared out of Naples by one route immediately after the robbery, and his false daughter had gone by another. They had met for a moment to divide the gems.

Bonfi, the notable Italian detective, was put on the trail of the man, and there followed one of the most intricate and thrilling pursuits imaginable. Bonfi trailed his man down to Sicily and back up to Triest by boat, thence through the Tyrol to Budapest, on to Vienna, to Munich, across Germany to Hamburg, thence to Paris, across to London, where some of the gems were sold, back again to Cuxhaven, again to North Germany, and finally, when the pursuit got hot, to Helgoland, then still British. At this place the criminal caught a small, slow steamer. Bonfi set out in a sailing sloop, with mighty slim hope of overhauling the power vessel. But something broke on the little tub, the sloop drew alongside and Bonfi was transferred in a boat. He arrested the thief on the disabled steamer and later got him extradited to Italy, where he was shown to be an Austrian Jew with a long criminal record. He served twenty years in the prison at Palermo and died there near the expiration of his term.

A Modern Version

Not very long ago a modified form of this colorful swindle at a hotel was perpetrated. In the course of a busy morning a stranger arrived on crutches and asked to be assigned to a room. He explained he had recently been injured in an automobile accident. The clerk assigned the man, and his baggage, a new leather suitcase, was taken to the room, where the guest lay down in apparent exhaustion, saying that his wife would arrive later in the day.

After an hour the new guest telephoned to the manager's office and asked if the hotel could recommend a high-class jeweler. The name of one of the leading houses was given the guest and he shortly called this firm on the telephone, explaining that he had come to town to buy some diamonds, but had been injured in an automobile accident and found himself unable to get about. Would the jewelers send one of their men to the hotel with some gems so that he might make a selection?

The great jewelry firms do this sort of thing often enough in the course of their business. A customer comes to town and puts up at a hotel. To spare him or her the trouble of visiting the shop a salesman goes to the hostelry with a wallet of gems and there makes the sale.

When the jeweler reached the hotel he asked for the house detective and inquired whether the hotel people were acquainted with the caller. They were not. They had not seen him before, but he was obviously crippled and there appeared to be nothing suspicious about him. The detective volunteered to go to the room of the guest with the jeweler. The latter hesitated a moment and then declined, feeling that the presence of the detective might anger a good customer.

"I think I can handle anything of this sort," he said, and got into the elevator.

A crippled man using two crutches and looking very pale admitted the diamond merchant to his room and began to talk business. He took a long time in picking and deciding. When he had about made up his mind to buy gems worth more than $10,000 he hesitated again and said he was expecting his wife at any moment. Did the jeweler mind waiting?

The telephone rang and the customer limped over and answered, saying this must be his wife. It turned out to be a second salesman, for the jewelry house had as a precaution dispatched the second man to find out about the first. The jeweler went to the telephone and assured his confrère that all was well.

He Needed the Money

The crippled man and the salesman sat down again and waited. More time went by. The cripple seemed on the point of deciding several times, but again and again he was seized with indecision. The salesman got up from his chair and walked to the window. In that instant the cripple threw off his crutches and confronted the jeweler with a leveled revolver.

"Hands up!" he commanded harshly. "Put them together over your head!"

He crooked his finger menacingly, and the helpless jeweler obeyed. The robber whisked one of the straps of the suitcase from his pocket. He had it coiled and ready. With a deft movement he caught the upraised wrists of the jeweler in a noose of the strap and pulled it tight. He then wrapped the strap repeatedly about the arms of the victim and secured it. With the second strap he now fastened the legs of the unhappy salesman.

"I'll have to ask you to step in here," said the robber, and he pointed to the bathroom.

"Don't do this," the salesman began to plead. "You don't want to do this sort of thing. You're not a criminal. Take my wallet. There's a good bit of money in it."

"I wish I could," said the man with the gun. "I wouldn't be doing this at all, but I must have money. You don't know how I must have it."

"Take what's in the wallet, then," the jeweler pleaded again.

"That's not enough; I must have more."

The robber took the parcel of jewelry and strangely enough selected about $10,000 worth of the largest pieces, those hardest to dispose of without danger of detection. Any practiced robber would either have taken the whole lot or just that portion which this man left behind.

Putting his spoils into his pocket the robber brushed himself off, put on his hat and went to the door.

"I'm damn sorry to have to do this," he said. "I hate like the devil to do a thing of this kind, but I didn't have any choice."

The clerk said afterward that the man went out with tears running down his cheeks.

It was more than an hour before the salesman's cries and stamping attracted the attention of a chambermaid in a room across the areaway. She let herself into the prisoner's room with a pass-key, summoned the house detective and released the bound man, who collapsed.

The thief had, naturally, got away without trace or clew, and he has not been caught. The jewelers were glad enough to find that $10,000 worth instead of $40,000 worth of gems had satisfied this remarkable thief.

Golden nuggets that always please.

That's always the comment about PLANTERS PENNANT PEANUTS. There's a crispness and flavor about them that make them irresistible. Salted to exactly the right taste, they make a confection that everybody likes and they are as wholesome as they are delicious.

Planters PENNANT —BRAND— PEANUTS

"THE NATIONAL SALTED PEANUT"

are carefully selected from Virginia-grown vines. They are whole roasted, and in the glass jars they are guaranteed to be fresh and crisp if the lid is on tight, regardless of how long they have been on the dealer's shelves or in your possession. No other salted peanuts are packed by the vacuum process—the only way to keep them ALWAYS fresh and crisp.

Sold everywhere in familiar 5c glassine bags with "THE RED PENNANT."
Do not accept peanuts offered in any other bag—they are not PENNANTS.

10-oz. jar, 50c 6-oz. jar, 35c
Glassine bag, 5c
(In the Eastern Section)

To Dealers: If you are unable to obtain PLANTERS PENNANT PEANUTS write to us at once, giving name and address of your jobber, and we will advise you how to obtain them promptly.

PLANTERS
Nut and Chocolate
Company
Wilkes-Barre, Pa.
Suffolk, Va.

EASY DOLLAR! SHOOT IT QUICK!

(Continued from Page 34)

water is not indispensable for any purpose that has ever been planned. Don't let the poor-farmer argument bunko you on that.

But the project up to date has been a disappointment. The reclamation service originally contemplated a scheme of 178,000 acres at an estimated cost of eight dollars and fifty cents an acre. Up to date they have managed to put about twenty-two thousand acres to the credit of the project at a cost of two hundred and eighty-five dollars an acre. Also they are using ten and four-tenths feet of water per acre per year on the twenty-two thousand acres instead of three and five-tenths, as they planned. They say if they could cut the rim of Lake Tahoe two feet they could reclaim seventy thousand acres more. Sure, for a year or so, until the product of that cutting ran out. Then those seventy thousand acres would slide gracefully back to desert—unless they cut the rim again—like the Lower Klamath Lake project, which cost the Government some few simoleons, did a lot of irreparable damage and flivvered.

This scheme is not a good one under the present plan. The reclamation service has done a lot of good work, as we all know, but its component parts are human.

PHOTO, BY MANUEL A. PARKER, PASADENA, CALIFORNIA

Would taking water from Lake Tahoe do damage? I know the lake well, and I can say unhesitatingly that even two feet would alter the appearance of the lake for the worse, while any further draining would create irreparable damage. Lake Tahoe is eighteen hundred feet deep—in spots. In other strips—not spots—of great extent such draining as is contemplated would produce unsightly wastes; would completely obstruct navigation in many places and render it dangerous in others; would render useless the present breakwaters and wharves; would destroy riparian rights by creating between the present property owners and the water a strip of land belonging to the state; would cut off completely such beautiful natural features as Emerald Bay, Secret Harbor, Sand Harbor, and the like.

Is It Worth While?

It's just another case where because there are easy dollars in sight we've got to shoot 'em on the spot, no matter what the cost in beauty, no matter how unique that beauty may be, no matter by how many it is enjoyed and absorbed and carried away to be woven as a bright thread of memory and health in the sober warp of everyday life. The temporary pocketbook again outweighs the enduring soul. Tahoe, utilized and enjoyed over and over again by increasing thousands, without detriment to itself, must go the way of burdened beasts that perish for the sake of a few more doubtful acres reclaimed. Are we as crowded as that? Has our cultivation reached so intensive a state? Have we exhausted all our other agricultural possibilities that we must at last cultivate those few remaining acres? One would think so—if one had just dropped in from Mars.

We have done something toward such preservations, but not nearly enough. The most magnificent forest in the world borders a newly opened state highway in northwestern California—a forest thousands of years old, irreplaceable, grown like a gigantic florist's basket with ferns ten feet high, with rhododendrons and foxgloves, and the trees like churchly pillars rising to blue mists. No roughneck in his battered flivver ever traversed that forest without bringing away with him something of the awe and majesty of wonderland. The cumulative spiritual effect on the thousands who have entered there, the tens of thousands who will enter, can hardly be estimated correctly in this material age. A strip a quarter mile wide either side the road would preserve this forest forever, and would still leave the bulk of the redwood available for necessary timber at that. The Save the Redwoods League has done nobly. The private owners are willing to go a little better than halfway. But these efforts compass the preservation of only a few groves. The rest will be first cut, because since the highway has been put in it is the cheapest cut. Easy money!

And they are nibbling at the Yellowstone, and they drained Lower Klamath Lake to what proved to be no purpose at all, and thus destroyed a breeding ground of wild fowl absolutely unique in our country. All they got out of it was a stinking marsh too alkaline to grow anything, and a smudge of tule roots burning. But suppose every acre had proved rich agriculturally—what then? Was it worth while? I do not believe "no" to be the answer of a sentimentalist. No one for a moment would hesitate in his choice between a waste raising wild fowl and a garden raising children. But how about having both? It is sheer rank nonsense to claim that we have in this country any such pressure for agricultural land. The possibilities of intensive cultivation even in California have barely been scratched. We have a pressure for easy money at any expense, yes!

Isn't it time we introduced another element into our calculations? When such projects as these are under consideration, why not at the very start figure not only the possibilities of development, but whether that development is going to interfere with any other serious use? If it does so interfere, why not balance those uses seriously one against the other? That same dollar can be made somewhere else. It may not be quite so easy a dollar. But the possibilities of our country in farm acreage, reclamation, lumber, water and the rest are not so near exhaustion that we must develop them in any specific instance at the expense of a great public use in other ways. Not by several! We haven't got to shoot every dollar we see.

An Uncertain Future

But still, you say, why all this fuss about Tahoe! Hasn't the Department of the Interior given assurance that it will not do anything more without due warning? Don't you trust the secretary? Sure I trust the secretary! But what he says is, under our system, entirely personal to himself. His successor can, and will, do what he darn well pleases. I have watched these attacks on the waters of Lake Tahoe for twelve years. That water is valuable because it represents easy money. It is more valuable than other available water, because the latter merely represents more difficult money.

There are private interests involved—interests that have already obtained from the Government agreements that they shall have the water at seasons that preclude storage and the best use for irrigation; interests that naturally would like easy money. It looks all right to use water for power before it goes to irrigation, and generally it is all right. But much of this water is delivered for power at times of the year when it is not used for irrigation, instead of being stored against the need, and runs down hill and is wasted. That's one little nigger in the woodpile. That's why, being an old bird at the game, I distrust the permanency of such assurances as we now have, no matter how honestly they may be intended; why I do not believe the interests involved, after twelve years of repeated attempts, have suddenly seen the light; why I believe it is time we took thought to the ultimate value of some of these easy dollars; in short, why I write this article at this time.

PHOTO, BY TAHOE TAVERN STUDIO, TAHOE, CALIFORNIA

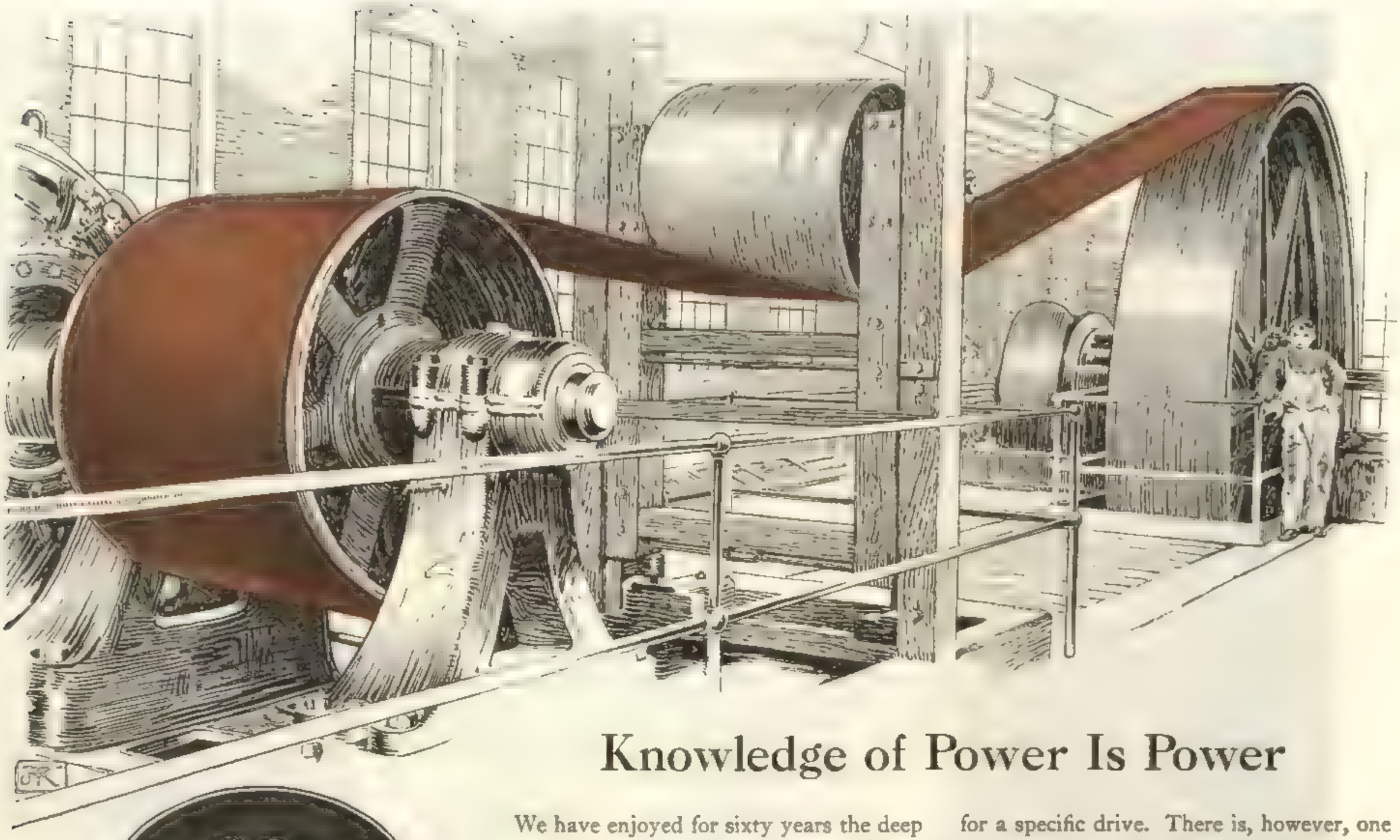
The Laziest Man

"THE laziest man I ever saw was the fellow who would get inside a revolving door and wait for someone else to come along and turn it."

"That's nothing," my friend from Arkansas rejoined. "Down in the foothills of Arkansas lived Lon Jones, who was too lazy to move. Early in the morning he would drop down in his chair, remaining there all day except when he would manage to ease in to his meals. He just sat, his chin resting in his palms and a far-away look on his face.

"One day his neighbor died and a long funeral procession passed Lon's house. Lon was sitting with his back to the road, but his wife watched the procession with much interest. When the hacks, rattling wagons and horseback riders had passed on down the road out of sight, she turned to Lon and said: 'That ar was shore a grand funeral persession our neighbor had.'

"Lon shifted his quid, heaved a deep sigh and said: 'Yes, I'd a-liked to have a-seen hit, but I was a-settin' wrong.'"



Knowledge of Power Is Power

37½" Heart Double, main drive belt of the Acme Harvesting Machinery Co., Peoria, Illinois. Transmitting 350 to 450 horsepower. Heart Double made from strictly first quality center stock oak tanned leather is recommended for use on main drives or other installations where power requirements are heavy and pulleys large in diameter (18" and over).

We have enjoyed for sixty years the deep satisfaction of making the leather belting that drives the wheels of thousands of leading industrial plants. Our pride in our product is justified by the product's widespread use.

More recently, by long, costly and intensive investigations, our belting engineers have reduced leather belting power transmission to an exact science. We feel it our privilege to give the results of our work to belt users in general without any obligation on their part in return.

Because ordinary leakage in power transmission is detected only by scientific tests, many grades and sizes of belting often give what is looked upon as a satisfactory result for a specific drive. There is, however, one right grade and size for each job. Only expert belting men such as are trained in the Graton & Knight laboratories can be depended upon to select the one right belt.

By standardizing Graton & Knight brands of leather belting both in their manufacture and in their application, we are able to put *the one* proper belt on every class of drive.

The Graton & Knight Standardized Series of Leather Belting contains a belt for every need. Given the transmission problem, a belting expert can select the right belt on the basis of the work to be done.

We invite you to call upon our belting experts without obligation to yourself.

Write for our book, "Standardized Leather Belting"

THE GRATON & KNIGHT MFG. CO., Worcester, Mass., U. S. A.

Oak Leather Tanners, Makers of Leather Belting and Leather Products

Branches and Distributors in All Principal Cities

Graton & Knight
Standardized Series
Leather Belting

Tanned by us for belting use

Overland
TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

The Fun of Getting Lost

AUTUMN with all its wealth of color and zest is yours to the uttermost in this Overland Sedan on *Triplex* Springs.

Desert the monotony of asphalt and brick and dust. Go where you can know the *fun* of getting lost.

You are protected in the convertible Sedan from any kind of unpleasant weather. With the windows open or closed, your view is never obstructed.

Triplex Springs, which prolong the car's life by absorbing the jolts and reducing rebound, combine with light weight to produce exceptional *fuel and tire economy*. They open up for you, in this Overland Sedan, a new world of motor enjoyment.

WILLYS-OVERLAND, INC., TOLEDO, OHIO
Sedans, Coupés, Touring Cars and Roadsters
The John N. Willys Export Corp., New York
Willys-Overland Limited
Toronto, Canada

PUMPS

TRIPLEX · GAL · ROTARY · DEEP WELL · HAND

Series of Goulds Centrifugal Pumps used for mixing syrups in the Hires Root Beer plant, Philadelphia.

Two straws are better than *One*

TO raise a half pint of soda-water nine inches is familiar sport for everybody. But powerful mechanical "suckers" must raise the millions of gallons of liquids that make our billion drinks, and force them hundreds of feet through tanks, coolers, barrelers and bottlers to the soda-water fountain ice box.

Today, in the greatest liquid food plants in the country, Goulds Pumps are carrying their appointed loads; pumping fruit juices and extracts into mixing kettles; water into cooling systems and carbonating machines; freezing brine into ice cream machines.

Goulds Engineers have designed Goulds Pumps to handle every fluid used in the liquid food industry; non-corrosive, bronze-lined pumps to protect the delicate flavor of fruit juices; high-speed centrifugal pumps to propel thick soups and heavy syrups—pumps of iron, pumps of steel, pumps of all useful speeds and capacities.

You know the scrupulous methods used by the manufacturers of Armour's Grape Juice, Hershey's Chocolate, Borden's Evaporated Milk, Hires Root Beer. In the plants of these and many other national purveyors to American "good taste" Goulds Pumps are today working for purity.

Wherever liquids and semi-liquids have to be moved in bulk without waste or spoilage—there you will find Goulds Pumps working to shorten the chain between producer and consumer.

When touring the beautiful Finger Lakes Region of Central New York, you are invited to visit our plant at Seneca Falls

THE GOULDS MANUFACTURING COMPANY
Seneca Falls, New York

BOSTON NEW YORK PHILADELPHIA CHICAGO
ATLANTA HOUSTON PITTSBURGH DETROIT

Agencies in all principal cities

© 1920

GOULDS

A GILDED TELEGRAPHER

(Continued from Page 21)

"I wonder how sick he really is?" said Riggs skeptically.

Terry went again to look at the ticker. Wheeling Short Line shares were forty-eight—up ten dollars a share since the opening of the market.

"It's scandalous," he said. Then he touched out loud what all of us were thinking of. "Seems a pity not to turn it to some account," he said.

"That's what I said to Holder," Riggs replied. "I didn't mean to mention Holder," he paused to say, regarding us a little askance. "However, let it be as the dust of the dead among us. I said just that to Holder—seemed a pity not to turn it to some account. I wanted to see what he would say, because there's something in this situation that doesn't feel quite right. I don't know what's wrong, but I begin to think Holder knows."

"What did he say?" we asked.

"He said: 'Riggs, you ought to know there's a man up at Bellevue Hospital who examines heads like yours.' That was enough. I'm keeping my hands off."

"What's Holder's position in the matter?" Terry asked.

"You all must have noticed," said Riggs, "that no matter how often it happens, Holder is always mad when J. W. sets out alone to pull off a thing like this Wheeling Short Line deal, not letting him in. It isn't the money he minds about. It's the offensive secrecy, which he takes as a reflection on his intelligence. J. W.'s secretiveness toward Holder is partly a habit he couldn't break for anybody and partly a way he has of tormenting his partner. They are continually playing a game of wits and forfeits. Either would die for the other—but that's all."

The fluctuations of Wheeling Short Line shares were increasingly violent and erratic. One day they would fall suddenly; for another day or two they might lie dormant; and then they would rise suddenly to a new high price. The transactions were absurd, amounting sometimes in a single Stock Exchange session to more than the entire capitalization of the road. Obviously this was manipulation of a flagrant character. The point of it was a sealed mystery. Rumors multiplied. The silly public from Boston to San Francisco was now gambling heavily in the stuff, at sixty, sixty-five and seventy dollars a share, which only a short time before nobody would touch at fifteen dollars a share.

Meanwhile affairs in the private office of J. W. Atchison were as dark as ever, only more preposterous. Riggs informed us that Mr. William McElfatrick Twigg had made nearly a quarter of a million. He had stopped speaking to anybody but J. W.

Now came one great wild day in Wheeling Short Line shares. The transactions were twice as large as on any one day before. Nobody had eyes but for Wheeling Short Line on the tape, or ears but for rumors about it. And when the market closed the price was seventy-five dollars a share. The final rumor was that the stock was cornered, and bets were laid among the professional traders that the price would be one hundred dollars a share the next morning.

That night very late Riggs got us on the telephone. We had not seen him since lunch. His voice was cool and indolent, by which we knew that he was highly excited. We met him at a Broadway hotel.

"The three things I'm going to tell you," he began, "are sealed in a lead coffin and dropped overboard in midocean beforehand."

"All right," said Terry, "go on."

"You may have noticed a report that there was heavy selling of Wheeling Short Line shares on the London market from New York. What I'm going to tell you is that Anse Holder was the seller. He didn't tell me so, but I know. He sold in London and not in New York, because he didn't want J. W. to know."

"What next?" we asked.

"That means, of course, that Holder thinks the game is up," said Riggs, taking his time. "The second thing is that to-day at half past two, on J. W.'s advice, Twigg bought the largest amount he has ever bought, and bought it at the very top price of the day, which was seventy-five dollars a share."

"How much did he buy?"

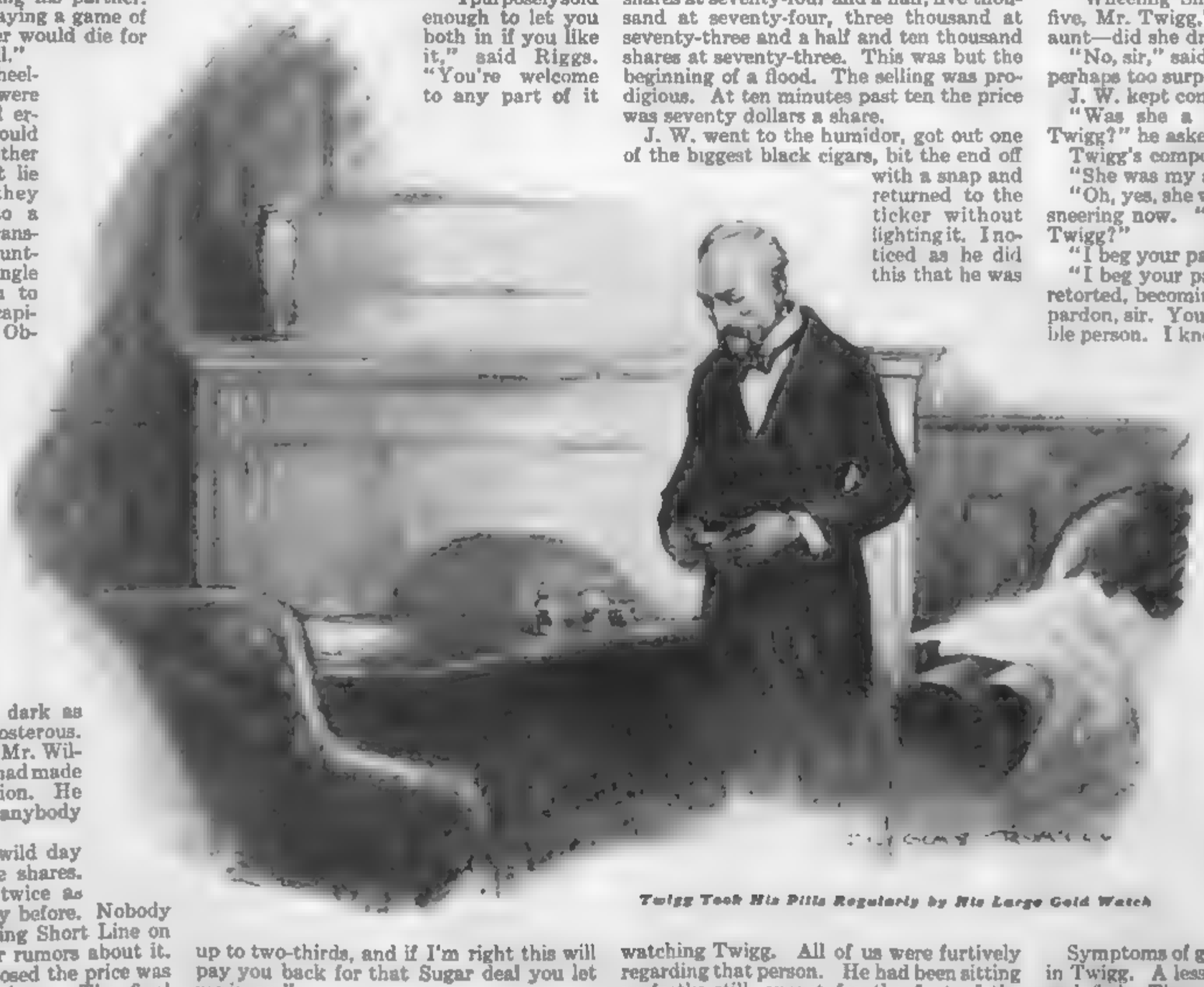
"Ten thousand shares," said Riggs slowly, "and shrewd old Holder selling at the same time in London!"

"Twigg may yet be cured," said Terry.

"And the last thing," said Riggs, "is this: Knowing what I've told you, I thought it was time to act. Holder was sitting over there in the corner at that little desk—you know—drawing a very large cube. I sat down by him, took up one of the selling-order pads, and making sure that he could see me I wrote: 'Sell five thousand shares of Wheeling Short Line,' and signed it. 'I'm giving the house a small order,' I said. He made no sound. 'It's about all my credit will stand,' I said. He looked up at the clock and said, 'You'd have to hurry to get an order through. The market will close in three minutes.' So he let me put it in, and it did get through. I've sold five thousand shares of Wheeling Short Line for a fall."

"Something doing?" said Terry.

"I purposely sold enough to let you both in if you like it," said Riggs. "You're welcome to any part of it up to two-thirds, and if I'm right this will pay you back for that Sugar deal you let me in on."



Twigg Took His Pills Regularly by His Large Gold Watch

We each took one thousand shares.

"Of course," said Riggs as we were parting, "the stuff may be cornered, as the rumor is. It may open at one hundred dollars a share to-morrow morning."

"All right," we said lightly. "Poverty and riches are both by chance." And we went on home.

It was a memorable day. We were on hand early. Twigg was already there. J. W. was late. He arrived at five minutes to ten, fairly reeking of the apple-blossom perfume.

"Good morning, Mr. Twigg," he said affably, almost tenderly.

"Good morning, J. W.," said Twigg with distant familiarity.

Instead of going to his lair, the little room, J. W. came and stood by the ticker, waiting for the market to open. We guessed at once what that meant, taking it in conjunction with the tardiness of his arrival. It meant that somewhere outside, possibly in his bedroom, he had conferred with two or three trusted brokers, giving them wholesale orders in Wheeling Short Line, which orders in turn they were to distribute among fifty or sixty other brokers, and J. W. was now like a general on a hilltop, with nothing to do but overlook the combat.

It was warm and the window stood open, and we could hear the frightful deep b-o-o-o-o-o-ing and the shrill k-y-y-y-y-y-ing of the brokers and traders on the Stock Exchange as they gathered in a mob at the post where Wheeling Short Line shares were dealt in. The excitement was lustful. Many there were now greedy and confident who at the end of the day would be bruised, maimed and perhaps ruined. But in the private office of J. W. Atchison & Co. it was very quiet. No one looking in on the six of us—Riggs, Terry, Holder, myself, Twigg and J. W.—would have dreamed that here was the primary source of all that commotion outside.

The ticker buzzed inside, spluttered, was silent for a second or two, and then began to utter the fateful tape.

The first transaction in Wheeling Short Line was one hundred shares at seventy-five and a quarter, a fractional advance over the closing price of the day before. Next came two hundred shares at seventy-five, followed immediately by five thousand shares at seventy-four and a half, five thousand at seventy-four, three thousand at seventy-three and a half and ten thousand shares at seventy-three. This was but the beginning of a flood. The selling was prodigious. At ten minutes past ten the price was seventy dollars a share.

J. W. went to the humidor, got out one of the biggest black cigars, bit the end off with a snap and returned to the ticker without lighting it. I noticed as he did this that he was watching Twigg. All of us were furtively regarding that person. He had been sitting perfectly still, except for the foot of the limp crossed leg beating time as usual. He never once came to look at the tape. But as first one of us and then another mentioned the price of Wheeling Short Line out loud he knew what was happening. He knew that in ten minutes he had lost fifty thousand dollars.

There was a lull in the trading, and then the selling was resumed, and the price fell to sixty-nine, to sixty-eight, to sixty-seven, where it halted. Twigg took some pills, telephoned his doctor from the closed booth, and sat down again with the air of one whose weariness of the world is already too deep to be touched by calamity.

J. W., who had been slanting glances in his direction, now went over and stood in front of him, looking at him a long time without speaking; and there was a wicked gleam in his eye. Twigg seemed totally oblivious.

"Are you poorly to-day, Mr. Twigg?" J. W. asked with exaggerated solicitude.

"About as usual," said Twigg.

J. W. began to pace back and forth between the ticker and Twigg. He would stop for minutes together in front of him, not speaking; then he would address a question at him from afar and approach menacingly for the answer. Each time he spoke he was more ironical.

"Wheeling Short Line shares are very weak, Mr. Twigg," he said. "They are sixty-three dollars now; yesterday they were seventy-five."

"So I believe," said Twigg.

"Isn't it time to telephone the doctor, Mr. Twigg?" he asked the next time.

"No, sir," said Twigg.

"If I were trading in Wheeling Short Line shares I'd not know what to do, Mr. Twigg. Do you think they will recover?"

"I don't know, sir," said Twigg.

The decline was now assuming proportions of a panic. The price was fifty-eight and the selling showed no sign of abating. J. W. was delirious. He fisted the dry cigar and chewed the exposed end as if it were offering willful resistance, and now each time he addressed the immobile Twigg he waved this tasseled object in his face.

"Your aunt, Mr. Twigg," he said. "She must have been a very fine woman to leave you twenty thousand dollars."

"Yes, sir," said Twigg.

"Wheeling Short Line shares are fifty-five, Mr. Twigg," J. W. said. "And your aunt—did she drink?"

"No, sir," said Twigg in the same voice, perhaps too surprised to say anything else.

J. W. kept coming back to the aunt.

"Was she a respectable woman, Mr. Twigg?" he asked.

Twigg's composure was unnatural.

"She was my aunt," he said.

"Oh, yes, she was your aunt," said J. W., sneering now. "Did she wear pants, Mr. Twigg?"

"I beg your pardon, sir?" said Twigg.

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Twigg," J. W. retorted, becoming offensive. "I beg your pardon, sir. Your aunt was not a respectable person. I know about her drinking and cavorting about. I know a great many things. Your aunt was a receiver of stolen goods."

We all at once began to sense light. Twigg made no rebuttal.

"I know your aunt," said J. W., returning to that business after one look at the ticker, where Wheeling Short Line shares were spilling out at fifty-two.

"Your aunt calls himself a banker and obtains money under false pretenses. He is not even an honest speculator. He's a thief. He gives you twenty thousand dollars to become a client here. He keeps you sitting in my office to find out what I'm doing. Your aunt, Mr. Twigg, is a stupid ass. I'm stretching the tender part of his hide to-day."

Symptoms of greatness were not wanting in Twigg. A lesser man would have caved and fled. There he sat, quite his dismal self, probably supported by some theory of conduct which he supposed to be as cynical as J. W.'s own.

"And your doctor, Mr. Twigg," J. W. said, picking off the mantel the bottle of pills and holding it far off like something dead and spoiled. "Your telephone conversations with your doctor were very interesting to listen-in on. If you thought I was buying Wheeling Short Line shares you said: 'I'm taking the red pills this morning, doctor.' If you thought I was selling you said: 'I've changed to the brown pills, doctor. Is that all right?' Poor doctor! I suppose he's been speculating too. It will take years of practice to

(Concluded on Page 97)

RACINE MULTI-MILE CORD TIRES

Quality, proved in performance, is the outstanding characteristic of Racine Multi-Mile Cord and Country Road Fabric Tires. The expert care exercised in the making of Racine Tires and the Extra Tests that constantly safeguard quality insure motorists extra miles under all road conditions without extra cost.

An Unequaled Mile-Maker

Racine Tires alone have the famous Racine Absorbing Shock Strip, an extra strip of blended rubber, graduated in resiliency, welding tread and carcass perfectly. This feature is Racine's own unequaled mile-maker.

Racine Inner Tubes—Supreme Tire Sundries

Extra Tested for Extra Service

For your protection look on every tire for name

Racine Rubber Company
Racine Wis.

(Concluded from Page 95)

make him whole again. He didn't seem to do you much good, Mr. Twigg. You wouldn't recommend him—what?"

We couldn't help feeling a little sorry for Twigg. Yet sympathy was wasted. His impervious shamelessness was a perfect defense. It exasperated J. W. to the point of anguish. He simply couldn't reach the man. But there was one more shot.

"When Wheeling Short Line shares are forty-seven, Mr. Twigg," he said, "you won't have a cent. Even the twenty thousand dollars your aunt left you will be gone."

"Wheeling Short Line forty-six!" said Holder, from the ticker.

Twigg held out. He didn't even twitch.

It was now almost three o'clock. The stock market was closing. The selling had stopped at last. The price of Wheeling Short Line was forty-five—a decline of thirty dollars a share since morning. On the Stock Exchange the noise had subsided. They were casting up the casualties. Still nobody knew why all of this had happened. The Wall Street reporters were clamoring to see J. W., to whom rumor, disagreeing about everything else, unanimously ascribed the responsibility for the rise and fall of Wheeling Short Line shares.

"Tell them I don't know anything about it," said J. W. to the manager, who was asking if he would see the reporters. "If there is any news it will come from the bankers."

With that he went home, passing Twigg as if he were dust—the equivalent of just nothing. This was his final fling at the man, and it was futile. Twigg, ruined, covered with contumely, ridiculous even, was in a certain way grand and irreducible.

Immediately the reporters rushed over to the bankers who controlled Wheeling Short Line, and who controlled also the two big railroads connected by it. And the bankers had a little typewritten statement ready, saying that a million shares of Wheeling Short Line stock, hitherto held in the treasuries of the two big railroads, had been sold in the open market at an average price of fifty dollars a share. The proceeds would be used to improve the property.

Now the whole business was clear. The bankers had engaged J. W. as a manipulator to develop a big mystery speculation in Wheeling Short Line for the purpose of selling that one million shares of treasury stock. Early in the proceedings one of J. W.'s meanest and most formidable antagonists, another manipulator—to wit, Twigg's "aunt"—had conceived the beautiful idea of corrupting Twigg and setting him up in the private office to spy on J. W. All of this J. W. divined, and under pretense of doing well by Twigg he had used him to stalk the conspirators.

In giving those sure-thing tips to Twigg, which Twigg communicated by telephone in pill code to the doctor, who in turn communicated them to the "aunt," he merely elaborated the common trick of the shell gambler, who lets his victim win every bet but the last. And the last is bigger than all the rest.

"And at the top," said Terry, stating the obvious conclusion, "J. W. filled them full of the stuff—filled them till they gurgled."

We were highly pleased with ourselves. Our profits were rather handsome.

There was a movement by the fireplace. We had almost forgotten Twigg. He now did a most unexpected thing. Coming over to the silent ticker, where we had been talking in low tones, he turned the tall tape basket upside down, got at the end where the day's transactions began, then slowly passed an eighth of a mile of dead tape through his fingers and looked at every trade that had taken place that day in Wheeling Short Line shares, like a gambler holding an autopsy on the deal that has ruined him. It's all ashes; still he likes to see. When he was through he restored the tape to the basket carefully and walked off without a word.

"How we did misjudge J. W.," said Terry. "We almost thought he was sentimental about Twigg."

"You can't tell," said Riggs. "He may be in his own queer way. Holder says Twigg will have his job back in the wire room."

Certainly the next morning there was Twigg at the head of the telegraph table, dour as life. And never afterward did J. W. pass him at any time of day but he said: "Good morning, Mr. Twigg." To which Twigg invariably responded: "Good morning, J. W."

But of course Twigg was the best stock telegraph operator in the world.

TIFFANY & CO.

JEWELRY AND SILVERWARE

EFFICIENT SERVICE BY MAIL

FIFTH AVENUE & 37TH STREET
NEW YORK

PARIS
25 RUE DE LA PAIX

LONDON
221 REGENT STREET

IT would surprise you to know how many fine books and de luxe editions are bound in Keratol.

For lasting beauty, genuine Keratol is preferred to leather for the binding of high grade books.

Every weight, color and grain available in leather is duplicated in Keratol.

Specify genuine Keratol

THE KERATOL COMPANY
Newark New Jersey

KERATOL

JULIE

(Continued from Page 7)

It was Julie who sat before him—Julie, covertly watching his tense face as she plied her needle on a trifle of fancywork she had picked from the table. He watched her white nimble fingers—dumb fingers which told him nothing. He lifted his eyes to her pale even features—to the smooth calm forehead, the straight uncompromising nose, the lips meant to be tender but forced under control; and he saw in them only a challenge. If they were dumb and unmoved it was his fault. He had waited—almost too long. It was not like this he had seen her in his dreams, and it was with dreams he was now concerned.

Impulsively Jimmy Story leaned forward and placed one of his firm hands on hers, and stopped it in its petty task.

"Julie," he said, "I want to talk to you."

For a moment, breathing rapidly, she allowed his hand to remain. There was color in her cheeks then. Too much color, she felt. She shoved back her chair, releasing her hand.

"Is it wise, Jimmy?" she asked.

"I don't know!" he exclaimed. "I don't care! If being wise means not telling the truth I'm through with it. I love you, Julie."

"Don't!" she begged.

"Haven't you known it all these years?"

"I've tried hard to keep from knowing it, and now ——"

"Then you've been cheating yourself and cheating me."

"No," she broke in. "It's just that I've been trying to prevent. I've tried to see things steady and clear so that we wouldn't cheat each other."

"Steady and clear?" he repeated, puzzled.

"And it isn't easy, Jimmy," she nodded. "Why is it that the wise way is seldom the easy way?"

"I don't get you."

"It's so easy always—so pitifully easy just to let yourself go."

"Well, why not?" he demanded.

"Because life isn't as simple as all that."

"But love is," he urged. "And love is all that matters."

She threw back her head to meet his eyes, and smiled gently—ever so gently and wistfully. It brought Jimmy to his feet. Though her hands remained folded in her lap he felt as though they were held toward him. Yet when he moved to her side she rose and shrank back.

"Careful, Jimmy," she warned.

"I want you," he pleaded. "I want you now. Let yourself go."

"No, no!" she replied as though frightened.

He came closer. He placed an eager hand on her arm and she felt the hot pulse of it.

"You think too much," he whispered. "It isn't good to think too much. I learned that over there. The big things are done another way. Let yourself go."

"We mustn't," she panted.

"Look at me," he commanded.

She obeyed—her eyes timid and questioning.

"Julie, do you love me?"

She did not answer, but shifted her gaze to the door as though seeking escape. Then Jimmy dropped his hand from her arm. The muscles about his mouth grew tense.

"I'm not holding you," he said. "Do you love me?"

"If I did," she trembled, "if I did I—I wouldn't be afraid, would I?"

"Afraid?" he repeated.

And the word as he spoke it seemed to mean so much more than she intended that she sought some escape from it. Yet she could find none. That was just what she meant: she was afraid. Love called for so much from a woman. She must be ready to give all, suffer all, sacrifice all. It was one thing to do that blindly, before knowing too much, and another to do it after learning. She had learned a great deal in these last four years—a great deal she should not have learned. The great adventures are undertaken not by those who know but by those who do not know.

"What are you afraid of?" he demanded again.

"You have no right to ask me that," she trembled.

"Then," he said, "I have no right to ask you anything."

"You shouldn't have begun. You should have let matters stand just as they were."

"A man can't do that, Julie! Either he goes on or goes back."

"All these three years ——"

"I've been going on," he interrupted. "I've kept you ahead of me as the goal of what I wanted more and more. Good Lord, we're dead if we don't go on! And no one can go on alone."

"There's so much we can have of each other just as conditions are now," she pleaded.

"Of the little things. But you can't get into the big game that way. I want the big risks and the big gains. I want something worth fighting for—the things worth fighting for that you, as a woman, can give me. There's a good sport down in you somewhere, Julie. I don't believe you when you say you're afraid. I'm earning enough to keep us going, and with that as a starter we'll get after this little old burg and show it a few things."

But she stood there—still afraid. Life was so sure, so safe, so certain as she controlled it now. And Jimmy looked so overpowering and fierce and impetuous as he leaned toward her. He had spoken of the big risks as though they were something to seek; of the big fights as though they were something to anticipate. And she, before those very facts, was frightened. There was no use in denying this, but at the same time she was resenting more and more the necessity of admitting it to him. It was this feeling she voiced when she spoke again.

"Oh, Jimmy, what's the use of talking about it any more?"

"No use," he answered.

"But," she said uneasily, "that doesn't mean a quarrel?"

"No, only ——"

"What, Jimmy?" she interrupted in her anxiety.

He moved his hand over his forehead.

"The biggest hunch I ever had has gone wrong," he answered.

II

YET as far as Julie could see, this did not make any great difference in Jimmy's life. He called at the flat as often as before, and was always his dear, good self. She found herself taking more of an interest in him—a sisterly interest—than ever she had done. She made him tell her all about his work at the office and was often able to give him sound business advice on matters troubling him. Before this she had felt a certain reserve in discussing his personal affairs. It was she, too, who insisted that he spruce up a bit in his dress. He was apt to be careless about the tie he wore and the crease in his trousers.

"Those little things count for a lot downtown," she told him.

He accepted her criticisms good-naturedly and tried his best to carry out her suggestions.

"Take him all in all," she commented one day to Edith, "Jimmy is showing a decided improvement."

His influence on Edith was decidedly good and as the days went on she noticed that the girl was giving more and more of her spare time to Jimmy, with the result that the younger devotees were crowded into the background. Jimmy even began to appear in evening clothes as Edith's escort to the college social functions and dances in which she had become so involved. Julie did not particularly approve of these affairs for either of them. It seemed to her like a waste of time and energy: energy that Jimmy could use to much better advantage in his business and Edith in her music. It was generally after midnight before they returned and this made a long evening for her, a very long evening, though she tried to keep it filled with office work. But she was finding it more and more difficult to concentrate after hours on the problems of the Towers Real Estate Trust, even with the encouragement that this year promised to be one of the largest in the history of the company. The war had done a lot for New York real estate, and the boom so started was gathering headway every month. The prospect should have given her plenty to think about, and it did; only she found it difficult to think in terms of dollars per square foot. More often than not she thrust her papers to one side and picked up her fancywork, only to find at the end of several hours that she had accomplished very little even on that. Yet she had here every advantage supposedly conducive to concentration.

Certainly no one could have asked for more congenial surroundings. She had furnished these four rooms with much thought for their good taste and comfort, and had secured both. She had kept them simple and, within the limits of her purse, had bought the best. The little sitting room where she sat at night had met with the approval even of Jimmy, who had not much of an eye for such things. Warmed by the soft light from the yellow-shaded lamp, it showed up prettily with its few good rugs, its few good pictures, a piece or two of real mahogany, and the dark piano in the corner.

It was a quiet spot—a terribly quiet spot after the others had gone. As Julie sat on alone hour after hour the quiet intensified until sometimes she quite deliberately crossed the room and struck the piano keys in some sharp discord just to break the silence. This was for her an unusual mood. Never had she minded being alone. Before her sister came she used to look forward to these long evenings by herself as a relief from the strain of meeting people all day.

Edith Insisted on Dragging Out a Dusty Old Phonograph to Show Daddy Story What Some of the New Steps Were

(Continued on Page 102)

WESTCOTT

The Car with a Longer Life

YOU CAN'T compare motor cars on the basis of mileage alone. If you do, logic will lead you to buy a motorcycle rather than an automobile, or a bicycle rather than a motorcycle—because these certainly will give you more mileage per dollar expended! In other words, mileage and first-cost and other yardsticks by which motor cars are measured can be used only in conjunction with that most important of all yardsticks—*the value you get in return for your expenditure.*

The Westcott makes an excellent showing as to the first-cost, mileage and economy in operation—but the real reason for selecting a Westcott is that, above everything else, it is the car with a longer life, and the car with less trouble, more genuine comfort, and greater distinction in action and looks *during all the years of its long life.*

THE WESTCOTT MOTOR CAR COMPANY
SPRINGFIELD, OHIO, U.S.A.

Un-retouched photograph of one of the Goodyear Cord Tires which equip motor trucks operated by the El Dorado Transportation Co., Placerville, California; and an insert showing one of these motor express units

Copyright 1920, by The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co.

GOODYEAR

Smoothness, Safety, Sureness Via Pneumatics

"Our trucks now run on Goodyear Cord Tires—maintain much better schedules, both on concrete highways and mountain roads, than were possible on solids; to Sacramento, 50 miles and, in the summer, to Lake Tahoe, 61 miles. Save gasoline, oil, repairs. One 2½-ton truck goes 7½ to 8 miles per gallon. A ¾-ton unit has traveled 45,000 miles with only trifling repairs. Pneumatics carry fragile loads we could not risk on solids. Goodyear Cord mileages average 11,000—an excellent record here."—F. H. Fitzlaff, Owner, El Dorado Transportation Company, Placerville, California

FROM scenes of vastly different activity, from frontier places and from populous centers, comes evidence like this, of the competence of Goodyear Cord Tires on trucks.

Lonely mountain trails and jammed business streets alike find them ridding trucks of handicaps due to solid tires and thereby increasing the earning power of units and fleets.

These active, pliant, gripping Goodyear Cord Tires do not yield to stubborn conditions of routes and weather, but enable uninterrupted and punctual hauling despite them.

Their employment advances the working spirit of drivers, makes trucks easier to handle, protects mechanisms, loads and roads, and often cuts sizable sums off operating costs.

Made powerful by Goodyear Cord construction plus the care that protects our good name, these tires are conveniently available through Goodyear Truck Tire Service Stations everywhere.

Records collected from trade and industry, showing how pneumatics improve diversified hauling, are supplied on request by The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company, Akron, Ohio, or Los Angeles, California.

Haul on Pneumatics

CORD TIRES

BEEMAN'S
ORIGINAL PEPSIN CHEWING GUM

Quiet, Restful Sleep

Quiet, restful sleep seldom visits men or women whose digestion is deranged from hasty and improper mastication.

When the sensations of heaviness, pressure and nervousness accompany even mild attacks of indigestion, regulation of the diet and chewing a stick of Beeman's Pepsin Gum for ten minutes after meals usually so improves the digestion and relaxes the nervous system that sounder sleep occurs and greater daily accomplishments follow.

American Chicle Company
New York Cleveland
Chicago Kansas City
San Francisco Rochester

(Continued from Page 98)

It was her one opportunity to relax. So it was now—only she did not relax.

She would have liked to blame Jimmy for the situation had it been possible, but she did not see how she could reasonably. It was not his fault, either, that Edith was here or not here. It was not at his suggestion that she had come in the first place; not at his suggestion that she chose to spend her evenings as she did. He merely accompanied her after she had determined her wish. And Julie knew that no one had more cause to be grateful than she herself that, lacking an older brother, the girl had found so dependable an escort.

Yet now and then Jimmy might realize, she thought—but she never allowed herself to think very long in that direction. It always took her back to that last conversation she had with him, and this never got her anywhere. No matter how she embellished it in her imagination, carrying it on first along one line and then another, it led nowhere. Because Jimmy was never reasonable. He always went too far. She could never make him stop where she wished to stop. Always she knew his answer to anything she might suggest, and she was too honest to pretend she did not.

As time went on she was surer of his replies in these imaginary dialogues than she was of her own countering, because—well, it was easy here, alone, to allow the emotions to warp one's judgment. And the moment one succumbed to such a temptation as that, what was the end of it? With a bright red spot marking each pale cheek she asked herself that—asked it a little breathlessly.

III

IN THE meantime Jimmy was having a curious sort of experience; at the very moment when he began to feel that as far as his own life was concerned the best of it had already been lived and nothing much remained but to plug along quite aimlessly from day to day, he suddenly found himself in the midst of the younger set surrounding Edith—a crowd beginning where he had left off three years before. Under normal conditions the gulf between twenty and twenty-three is not so wide, but as Jimmy had lived that period it seemed at first like a lifetime. It had its definite beginning when he sailed out of New York Harbor for France; it had its definite ending when, confused and depressed, he made his way home that night after Julie had taken the heart out of him. For she had done just that. He did not make a scene about it then or afterward, for he had learned to take punishment man fashion, but she had hit him hard as only those we love can hit. She had destroyed the biggest hunch he ever had—a hunch in which he had put so much faith that he had backed it with all the hoarded dreams he had ever had; with all he ever hoped to have.

To be sure, he had taken a gambler's chance. Never, directly, had she given him any encouragement. And yet the last time he saw her before he sailed it had seemed to him that her heart was very near her eyes, very near her lips. For days, with quickened pulse, he cursed himself for not having obeyed the impulse that bade him seize her in his arms and claim then and there what was so near. The thing which had checked him was the conviction he had no right to take with him such a treasure on so uncertain a venture. But on the long nights that had followed after this she had grown into him. She had become an integral part of him. She had fought with him and suffered with him and hoped with him. Had she actually been with him she could not have become a more essential part of those days.

And always she would be. That was the curious part of it. Even though he had lost out in the realization of his dreams, the dreams would remain. That much of her was welded into him. And that much was both little and a great deal. It had been a great deal over there, but here, in her presence, it counted for little. He wanted realities now; he wanted her in terms of life. He wanted her as the embodiment of all he was now ready to fight for—of home, of wife, of kiddies. The unborn were calling to him. And that was the very heart of his hunch.

And somehow, right there was where Julie seemed to fall down. Jimmy could not understand it. He was almost afraid to understand it. He turned away from it again and again as before a secret door better left closed. When he had spoken of the big risks and the big gains she had hung her head. It was almost like quitting on her part.

"What's the use of talking about it any more?" she asked. And he answered: "No use."

It was the sort of thing it did no good to talk about. Such subjects each one must work out for himself. And he had faith enough left in her to believe she would if left alone a little while.

He was glad enough, in the meantime, to find an interest which kept him active after business hours. Edith supplied him with that. He ventured into that younger world of hers somewhat doubtfully at first, feeling like an intruder. He was older, so very much older than she. He wondered that he did not show it more. His hair should have been at least iron gray at the temples as proof of his maturer years, but it was not. It had remained plain sandy. Sandy is what they had called him Over There, and when once he inadvertently confided to her that this was what his gang had nicknamed him, she chose it for her own. She always called him Sandy after that in the same spirit of intimate good fellowship. But it was one of the things that made it impossible for him to feel before her as old as he should.

It was one of the things, but there were a dozen others. She refused, it seemed, to respect age in anyone. The whole world was young and everyone in it young. Never by any chance were they older than she. Least of all this lank, blue-eyed young veteran. At those first dances he attended with her he was all for sitting on the side lines.

"No, sir!" she decided. "Even if you have been to war you must dance. You aren't a member of the G. A. R., Sandy, but of the American Legion. And that's only yesterday."

She taught him the new dances herself, and then handed him over to dozens of other pretty girls. He laughed with them and made himself as agreeable as he knew how to them, but he was always glad when he got back to Edith. These others were young, too, but in a different way. As he figured it out—and he smiled at his own paradox—they must grow several years older before ever they would be as young as she. When he held them in his arms it was to the music he danced, not to them. With her he forgot the music because the music became part of them both.

It was heady business. When she was as close to him as this, he saw so much of her young eyes, so much of her quick lips, became so conscious of her lithe young body, that it was difficult to keep his perspective. She took him back to those days of which war had cheated him. And in an amazing short while he was at home there.

But he could not understand it, because he was always trying to interpret it in terms of Julie. For a while he thought he had an explanation in the fancy that the younger girl was to him but the embodiment of Julie's youth. He was seeing her merely as he had seen Julie three years ago. It was like getting back something of her he had lost; something, too, that she had lost. Perhaps if she came out with them, joined in the music and the dancing and the laughter, she herself might get back this something.

Jimmy suggested this to Edith.

"I've tried, Sandy, again and again," she answered. "She won't budge. But she might for you. Try it."

And Jimmy tried. It was quite useless.

"I've passed my dancing years," she replied.

"I thought I had too," said Jimmy. "But, Lordy, once you get into the swing of it you forget your years. Come on, Julie. It will do you good."

"Is it doing you good?" she asked.

It was a simple enough question, but it left him confused. Finally he answered bluntly:

"Yes."

"It isn't interfering with your business?"

"I never worked harder in my life."

"Then," she said, "I'm glad you've found the opportunity."

"It's your opportunity too."

"Forget me for a while, Jimmy," she said. "Perhaps that, too, will do you good."

"You've grown too deep into me for that," he protested.

He had come early this evening for the especial purpose of having this talk with her. Edith was still in her room dressing. This was the first time he had been alone with Julie for a month—the first time he had seen her, in that period, detached as she used to be. In the interval she had

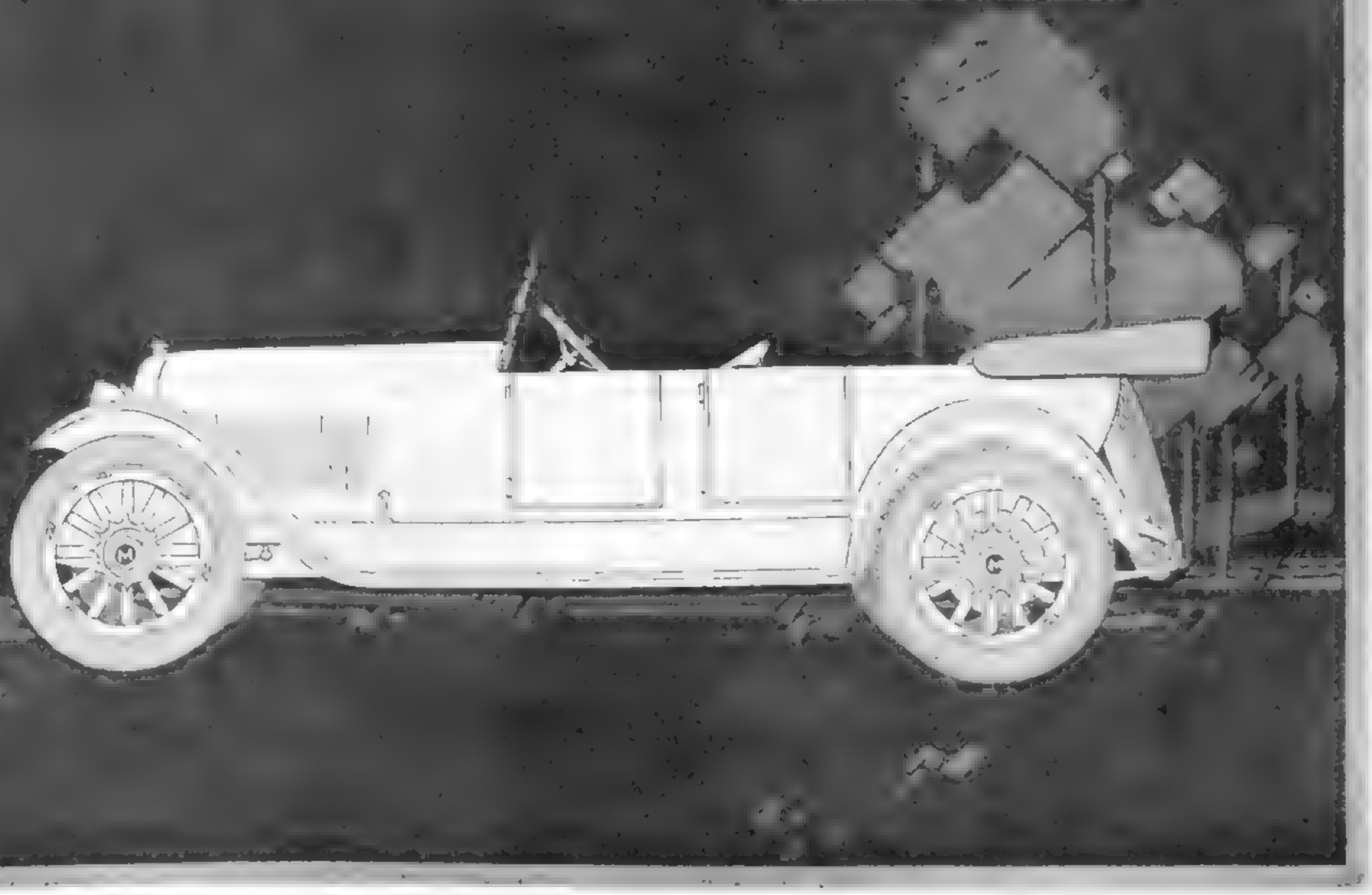
(Continued on Page 104)

Maibohm

Simplicity—is the keynote of Maibohm coachwork, as well as of Maibohm chassis design. No faddish embellishments mar the beauty of its graceful lines. After studying Maibohm's appearance most people are surprised at the moderate price. Appreciation of the dignified simplicity of this design grows with the passing years. An experience covering a third of a century is back of Maibohm—the lightest good six made.

Maibohm, Sandusky, Ohio

Makers of Fine Vehicles Since 1888



President Suspenders
for comfort
As men differ in ability, so suspenders differ in comfort and service. Presidents live up to their name.
Every pair guaranteed
Be sure the name President is on the buckle.
Made at Shirley Massachusetts

(Continued from Page 102)

been just "Sis," as Edith always called her, and inevitably more or less in the background. Now for a moment she seemed to occupy her old place.

For one thing, she appealed strongly to Jimmy's sympathies to-night. He was naturally sentimental and quick to be moved by the sight of anyone in distress. Here by herself waiting for everyone to go off and leave her, she made a pitifully lonely figure of it—the more so that quite evidently she was doing her best to hide her feelings. It seemed to Jimmy also that she was not looking as well as usual—that she had grown perceptibly thinner. The perfect oval which had always framed her dark Italian face was broken by the new prominence of her cheek bones. There were shadings beneath her eyes which again emphasized this. But perhaps that was due to the fact that she kept herself in the shadows. Perhaps again it was due to the fact that of late Jimmy had been looking critically at faces—one in particular—which as yet had no telltale shadings of any sort. Anyhow, she made rather a tragic figure that took hold of Jimmy hard and recalled a whole lot of things he had not been thinking very much about of late.

He was in evening clothes—clothes that had become almost a fixed habit with him now after six, though with her he had seldom had occasion to wear them. They made him look taller and younger. They gave him, too, a touch of aristocracy which he carried well. He had the air of some well-to-do young traveler and man of the world of the better sort. This left her distinctly conscious of her own sober business garb, which is perhaps another reason why she kept herself in the background over by the piano.

Jimmy had been talking to her rather awkwardly across the room and now he stepped nearer to where she sat before the dumb keyboard.

"Julie," he said in a tense voice, "somehow the old hunch has come back again to-night—strong."

She started at that, glancing swiftly toward Edith's room.

"Hush!" she warned.

He smiled a little—a smile that expressed both wistfulness and amused melancholy.

"I've said that to myself over and over again, but there's something inside me which won't hush," he answered.

"Perhaps if you dance a little longer——" she said.

"You want it to work out like that?"

She looked up at him then. She threw back her head and met his eyes a dizzy moment. He looked so young, so strong, so impetuous! She found it difficult to breathe normally.

"Let yourself go!" he pleaded again. "Come out and dance. Come out and live! We—we'll take a running jump together." Whimsically he added: "The water's fine, Julie."

She had only to hold out her hand and take his hand, and she knew it. He would seize her and drag her along with him breathlessly, and she knew it. She had only to close her eyes an instant and she would feel his hot kisses on her lips, and she knew it. She had only to let herself go instead of holding herself tight—tight—tight! Only if she let go once it must be forever. If she took with him the running jump she must sink or swim with him to the end of time. And she knew what that meant so much better than he. Once again, on the very edge, she shrank back.

"I I can't," she gasped.

There were other words upon his lips but he did not utter them. For at that moment Edith came in—came in like a shaft of light, radiant in her youth and loveliness. For a moment she stood poised at the door searching the room. It was Jimmy who spoke:

"Ready, Edith?"

"Yes, Sandy. Ready, Julie?"

Julie hesitated. Then unsteadily she gave her answer:

"No, dear. Not quite ready yet."

IV

THEY raised Jimmy's salary on the first of that year, relieved him of his clerical work and gave him a chance in the bond department. It was an advance, a big advance in his career, and the reward of the faithful service he had been giving. The money end of it was not so important—his salary now was only twenty-five hundred—but it meant that he had been picked out of the crowd as one the firm thought worth grooming for the bigger positions. It promised him a future, which is as much as a man has a right to expect. The rest was up to him.

He left the office that day feeling a couple inches taller and a couple million richer. On the way home he plunged recklessly, buying a five-pound box of chocolate peppermints for his mother, a new tie for his father, roses for Julie and—for the life of him he could not think of what he wanted for Edith. Neither flowers nor bonbons satisfied him. They would not last. He wanted for her something she could keep—something preferably she could wear. It was a curious notion; an impossible notion, as he recognized instantly. He had no right to assume any such degree of intimacy as this would connote. And yet—on his way up the avenue he saw exactly what he wished to give her. It was a Liberty scarf, fine as gossamer, light as down, exquisitely colored as a golden butterfly's wing, yet firm and warm. It was priced at an extravagant figure but that did not matter. It had come over the seas and had been waiting here ever since for her warm shoulders. When, reluctantly, he went on, it called him back. This was for her. He was absolutely sure of it. So he went in and bought it and carried it home with him.

After dinner he showed it to his mother—a fragile little woman very proud of her son. She handled it gently and nodded.

"It's very beautiful, Jim, but—what does it mean?"

"Nothing," he answered. "Only it just seemed to fit her."

"Her?"

"Edith—Julie Norton's sister."

"Isn't it time I met her?" she asked quickly.

"Lordy, no—if you put it that way," he exclaimed.

"You promised to let me see Julie, but you never have."

"It's only because everyone is so busy all the time in town," he answered. "I'll have to kidnap Edith some evening and bring her down."

"Edith?"

"Both of them," he hastened to correct.

"To dinner some Sunday," she suggested.

"Fine. I'll ask them to-night."

"You're going back to town to-night?"

"Just to take her this. You don't think she'll mind my giving her this?"

"I'm afraid she won't," she smiled.

It was in a way fortunate that Jimmy did go back to town that evening, for Edith came to the door of the flat in response to his ring with a very important but nevertheless somewhat worried expression.

"Sandy," she said, "I do not think I can see you to-night."

"Can't see me?" he demanded.

"It wouldn't be proper. Julie has gone away. An aunt is very ill and sent for her. Here's a note for you."

She handed Jimmy a hastily scribbled message. It read as follows:

"*Dear Jimmy:* I may not get back until the day after to-morrow. Keep half an eye on Edith like the big brother you are.

"Hastily,

"J."

He thrust the bit of paper into his pocket.

"Good Lord," he exclaimed, "you can't stay here alone."

"I'm safe enough, only—I don't like being alone."

"It's absurd. Julie should have known better."

"She wanted me to go with her but to-morrow afternoon I'm to play at the school. Besides, this is no more than she did for years."

"Yes, she did that; but you can't. You're to pack up your things and come home with me."

"Sandy!"

"I mean it. Mother has invited you."

"It's sweet of her and sweet of you but I don't want Julie to think I'm a 'fraid cat."

"Then," he said determinedly, "you'll force me to sit out here in the corridor until morning."

"Don't be silly, Sandy."

"Will you come?"

"Please run along."

"Not without you."

It was none too warm out there either. She shivered with the cold. He opened the box he had been holding under his arm, drew out the scarf and handed it to her.

"This is for your neck."

"Mine?"

"If you will have it. It's to help me celebrate an advance in the office."

"Sandy, I'm so glad for you. Then Julie's roses ——"

"Were for that too."

She placed, somewhat doubtfully, the warm trifle about her shoulders. Then with flushed cheeks she met his eyes.

"It's exquisite," she said. "But I don't think you ought or I ought or—but Julie wore her roses."

"That settles it," he declared. "You'll be ready soon?"

"I'm not sure ——"

"Then you must go inside now and close the door."

"You're making it hard for me."

"Perhaps every now and then you can open it a little and say 'Howdy.'"

"You won't go home?"

"Not and leave you here."

In his greatcoat he looked like a military guard. It made her feel quite as important as some royal person. Slowly she began to close the door.

Through the last tiny opening she whispered: "I may open it again or I may not."

"I'll be here just the same," he answered.

It was fifteen minutes before she opened it again, and then she stepped out in her hat and coat, carrying a suitcase. She looked very trim and stylish. Her face was veiled.

"I'm not sure Julie will approve of this," she said.

"Then she should not have left you to me," he answered.

It was a new experience for Jimmy to be taking into his home that element of his life which had been quite apart from it. And he had not anticipated anything of the sort. He had been honest in seeking only to place this girl under the protection of his mother for the night. He really felt a serious responsibility in the matter. It was not until he had her safely under the guardianship of his somewhat surprised but warmly hospitable mother that he felt relieved of the strain.

From the first Edith dominated the house. Her presence sweetened and revived it. Story, Sr., was not yet fifty but in the last few years he had settled into a rut in town and at home that had left him more negative than he should have been at eighty. He was a short stocky man who in his youth had been active enough physically and mentally but who of late had been content to hold his own in the modest law practice that just about allowed him to pay his bills. Both his face and his body had become heavy and hard to rouse. Jimmy had noticed this and at odd times tried to stir him up, without seeming able to stir anything but his temper. When Story reached home at night he liked to read his paper, smoke a cigar and retire.

But somehow Edith got hold of him without in any way intruding herself. He liked her instantly and at the dinner table responded to her bubbling chatter with something of the old-time dry humor that used to make Jimmy roar and did so again. And she carried Mother Story back five years to the boy's high-school days, when there used to be a good many young people round. It almost wiped out the cloud that had hung over the house from the day Jimmy disappeared in that silent uncanny boat that slid out of the harbor one night under cover of darkness and bore him to the border line of death. The mother had been proud—yes. But also she had been more frightened than anyone would ever realize. Even after Jimmy returned she found herself at times still in the grip of that terror.

But to-night she was able to forget. To-night it was possible to start fresh—to get back to youth and the hopes of youth.

After dinner Edith played to them. Jimmy had never heard her play so well. In the spirit of the evening she let herself go, and rollicked through one selection after another with an abandon that made Daddy Story's eyes dance. Later on she went even further and made his legs dance. She caught sight of a dusty old phonograph in the corner and insisted on dragging it out and playing the three-year-old records to show Daddy Story what some of the new steps were. She showed them first with junior and then with senior until before anyone knew it eleven o'clock had come and it was time to retire.

It was when Jimmy woke up in the morning that he felt the full strength of her presence in the house. She stole in upon his consciousness like the perfume of an apple orchard in blossom as soon as he opened his eyes. Hidden away though she still was,

(Continued on Page 107)

© 1920
The R. L. Watkins Co.

Makes Your Hair Look Its Best

PROPER SHAMPOOING is what makes beautiful hair. It brings out all the real life, lustre, natural wave and color, and makes it soft, fresh and luxuriant.

Your hair simply needs frequent and regular washing to keep it beautiful, but it cannot stand the harsh effect of ordinary soap. The free alkali in ordinary soaps soon dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle and ruins it. This is why discriminating women use

WATKINS
MULSIFIED COCOANUT OIL SHAMPOO

This clear, pure and entirely greaseless product cannot possibly injure, and does not dry the scalp or make the hair brittle, no matter how often you use it.

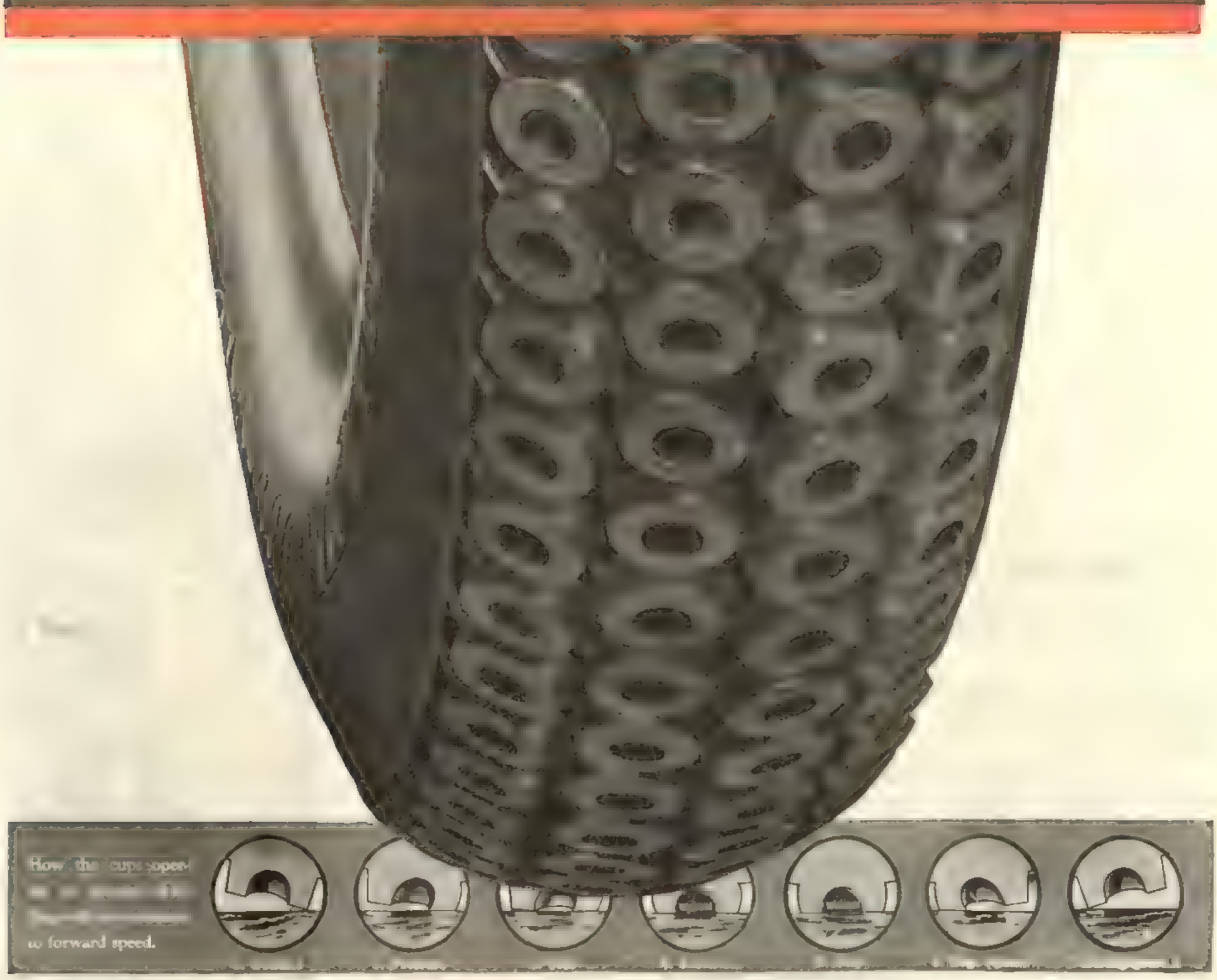
Two or three teaspoonfuls will cleanse the hair and scalp thoroughly. Simply moisten the hair with water and rub it in. It makes an abundance of rich, creamy lather, which rinses out easily, removing every particle of dust, dirt, dandruff and excess oil. The hair dries quickly and evenly, and has the appearance of being much thicker and heavier than it is. It leaves the scalp soft and the hair fine and silky, bright, fresh-looking and fluffy, wavy and easy to do up. You can get WATKINS MULSIFIED COCOANUT OIL SHAMPOO at any drug store. A 4-ounce bottle should last for months.

Splendid for Children

MULSIFIED COCOANUT OIL SHAMPOO
MULSIFIED COCOANUT OIL SHAMPOO
WATKINS
MULSIFIED COCOANUT OIL SHAMPOO
THE R L WATKINS COMPANY CLEVELAND OHIO U S A
NET CONTENTS 4 FL OZ

Each Bottle Now packed in a Carton

Pennsylvania VACUUM CUP CORD TIRES



SAFETY perhaps is even more important than *mileage* to the tire user. Yet, at a cost comparable with the prices of *ordinary* makes, Vacuum Cup Cord and Fabric Tires *combine the maximum* of skid-freedom and prolonged service.

The Vacuum Cup Tread is GUARANTEED not to skid on wet, slippery pavements.

Also, Pennsylvania Tires are *guaranteed*—per warranty tag attached to each casing—as follows:

Vacuum Cup Fabric Tires	6,000 Miles
Vacuum Cup Cord Tires	9,000 Miles
Channel Tread Cord Tires	9,000 Miles

Safety, mileage, service and *price moderation* that typify the *utmost* in tire thrift and lasting satisfaction.

Makers of Pennsylvania Auto Tubes "Ton Tested"

PENNSYLVANIA RUBBER COMPANY OF AMERICA, Jeannette, Pa.

Direct Factory Branches and Service Agencies Throughout the United States and Canada

Export Department, Woolworth Building, New York City

(Continued from Page 104)

something of her permeated every nook and cranny even to the dull details of his own room. He was timid about getting up, about moving round, as though these were no longer his quarters but hers. It was to him the more dramatic because never before in his life had he associated a young woman with the morning. Until noon he had always lived distinctly in a man's world. The business of shaving, eating breakfast and catching trains had been a man's business. What women he passed until noon were part of this male universe. Women as such—particularly young women—he was not ready to recognize as vital factors of life until the latter part of the day, and not in their full glory until evening.

But she seized his imagination almost at break of day. She was one with the dawn, one with the first golden rays of sunlight, one with the few early robins that had begun to chirp a prophecy of spring. Her room was on the same side of the house, so that, if she were awake, all these details he saw and heard and felt she must see and hear and feel. They were, in a sense, sharing them as they were sharing the same roof—the same section of clear sky above the roof.

The notion made Jimmy Story's blood run faster. The morning was a very intimate part of his day; the part most closely involved with the practical details of reality; with the matter-of-fact problems of living. Ordinarily, it was the portion least connected with dreams; most concerned with the stark duties and responsibilities of Dexter & Son. Yet here, in the very midst of this, she stood and made his head swim, until in a vain attempt to restore his balance he tried to shut her out.

But she would not be shut out. She followed him downstairs and into every room he entered, until finally he came upon her face to face helping his mother put the breakfast things on the table. It was a pretty picture, but it mixed her up so suddenly with the ordinary, in which romance had figured so little, that he was confused. Here she was with his mother, helping to prepare his breakfast. His mother alone had done this for him a hundred times, a thousand times, until it was merely a matter of routine without significance, almost without meaning. Jimmy never thought of consciously connecting her with the task any more than he did the kitchen stove. But with Edith there to help he saw the two as women helping their menfolk off to work. It made him brace his shoulders with a new pride in his position of the younger man of the household.

Edith came back to town that morning with Jimmy and his father, and gave new meaning to the tedious forty minutes. The latter introduced her at every opportunity to this neighbor and that—introduced her with some pride, as well he might. Certainly she was the freshest and daintiest and jolliest person in the car. At the Grand Central it was Daddy Story who insisted upon providing her with a taxi to her apartment.

"Remember," he said as he closed the door, "you're coming down to-night and show me that new step."

"If Julie doesn't get home," she promised.

Jimmy Story went on to his office with her still beside him, and took her even to his desk, even into the business affairs of Dexter & Son. He had never done that before with any woman. But he accomplished almost two days' work in one. Toward five o'clock his thoughts wandered a little perhaps, but by then his day was nearing an end.

He was to go to the apartment, and if Julie had not returned she was to take with him the five-forty-seven. He was willing to admit quite frankly that he sincerely hoped Julie would not be home. Somehow she was as unrelated to this particular episode as a stranger. This was like some adventurous interlude detached from all his past relations with Julie. She had no beginning in it. It started only the day before and she had been away. Even when his emotions, as they did on his hurried walk to the apartment, took him back to some of those tense moments of the past, such as he had felt just before he sailed for France, he connected them with a woman so much younger than the Julie of to-day that it was as though it were this other who stood back there.

Julie had not returned but Jimmy received a start when Edith opened the door. In the feeble light of the hall he thought for a moment that it was Julie herself who confronted him. She was without hat or coat, though she was supposed to have herself in readiness to start. She appeared to Jimmy to be troubled about something, though she tried hard enough to hide it.

"What's wrong?" he demanded instantly.

"Nothing," she replied. "Only—only I'm not going back with you to-night."

"Then something is wrong. Heard from Julie?"

"She wired she'd be here to-morrow morning."

"That all?"

"Yes."

"Well, we'll get back by eight—earlier if necessary. You can leave a note for her."

"Yes, but I think it's best I don't go."

"Good Lord!" he exclaimed. "You've got to go."

"Sandy!"

"I mean it. Why ——"

She backed away from him.

"Please," she said unsteadily.

"But dad is expecting you, and mother is expecting you, and I—I've been looking forward all day to you."

She raised her head at that. For a moment young eyes rested on young eyes. And there was a hush—a tense hush like that which precedes the crackle of summer lightning. The air seemed charged. Jimmy felt it with every nerve atingle, and Edith felt it, finding it hard to breathe. Then suddenly she broke free from it with a cry and ran back into the apartment.

Jimmy hesitated only a second and followed—followed as he would have done had it been into the jaws of death.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

SENSE AND NONSENSE

Sound Logic

THE way of even such quick-witted writing fathers as Frank Ward O'Malley is not always smooth. Recently the O'Malleys moved into their new country home at Brielle, New Jersey. It's a beautiful spot but occasionally flies come buzzing round.

So Mr. O'Malley instructed his small son, Frank Ward Junior, always to close the screen door when he entered or left the house. One day Ward failed to carry out this order. His stern parent chided him.

"But, father," asked Ward, "what's the flypaper for?"

"Don't be silly," said father. "To catch flies of course."

"Yes, but how are you gonna catch 'em if you don't let 'em in?"

Whereupon O'Malley Senior promptly ordered spring hinges for every door in the house.

Spelled as it Sounds

A SMALL boy entered his classroom in a Brooklyn public school and walked with an air of importance to the desk of the teacher.

"There's a man outside who says he wants to see you on business, ma'am."

"A man, you say? What is his name?"

"He said his name is Boyd," replied the boy.

The teacher looked inquiringly at him as she heard the odd pronunciation.

"How do you spell it?"

"It's Boyd, ma'am. I s'pose you spell it B-i-r-d."

An Important Matter of Time

MAJOR HENRY VAUGHAN, who served in the Italian campaign with the American Army, reached his home in Mississippi last summer while the daylight-saving law was in effect. He found one of the old negroes of the town doing a hacking business with an automobile. Major Vaughan immediately engaged him for a ride every day. To begin with he took a drive of twenty miles to view the scenes of his boyhood.

"Now, Zach," he said, "be back here at four o'clock and we'll go out again. But be sure and be on time."

"Yas, suh, I'll sho be here."

Zach started off and then stopped his car.

"You remember the hour, don't you?" asked the major.

"Yas, suh, I knows you said fo' o'clock. But look here, boss, I stopped to find out ef'n you means fo' o'clock by God's time or President Wilson's time."

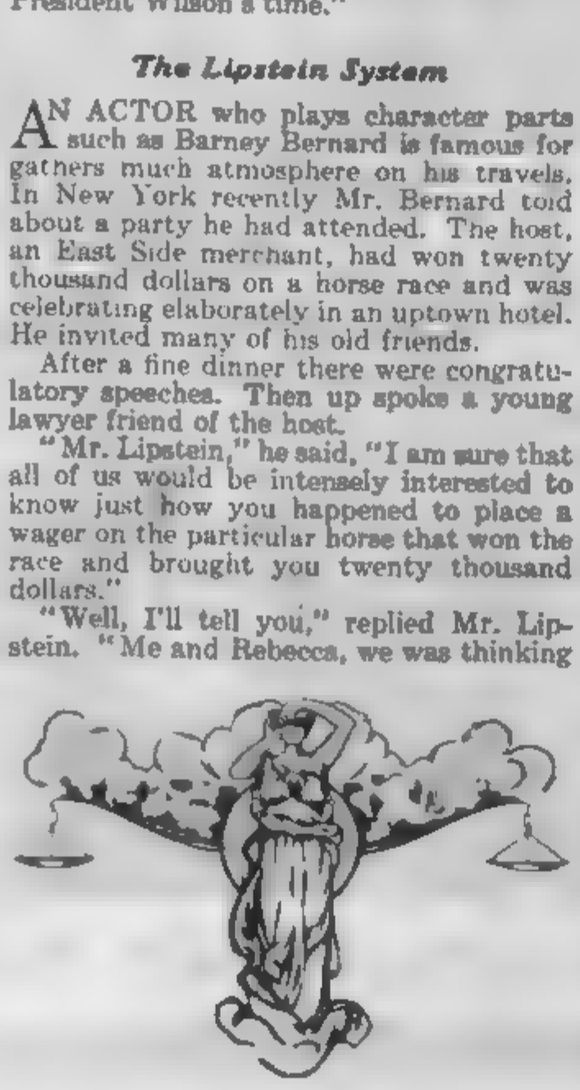
The Lipstein System

AN ACTOR who plays character parts such as Barney Bernard is famous for gathers much atmosphere on his travels. In New York recently Mr. Bernard told about a party he had attended. The host, an East Side merchant, had won twenty thousand dollars on a horse race and was celebrating elaborately in an uptown hotel. He invited many of his old friends.

After a fine dinner there were congratulatory speeches. Then up spoke a young lawyer friend of the host.

"Mr. Lipstein," he said, "I am sure that all of us would be intensely interested to know just how you happened to place a wager on the particular horse that won the race and brought you twenty thousand dollars."

"Well, I'll tell you," replied Mr. Lipstein. "Me and Rebecca, we was thinking one night. Rebecca, she was thinking of the number seven. And me, I was thinking of the number six. Seven and six is thirteen; that's unlucky, we says. Seven times six is forty-nine; that's lucky. So we bet on forty-nine, and forty-nine win and we got the twenty thousand dollars."



"Ah, but you are wrong," persisted the lawyer. "Seven times six is not forty-nine. Seven times six is forty-two. So you see you are wrong."

Mr. Lipstein paused a moment.

"Listen," he concluded, "you should be a mathematician."

No Lid on China

MARTIN EGAN, just returned from a trip through China and Japan with a party of American business men, says the President of China, among other qualities, has a keen sense of humor.

Mr. Egan's party was entertained at dinner by the Chinese President, whom he describes as very scholarly looking. Drinks were served at the dinner.

As everybody was seated the President turned to the interpreter on his left and said something in Chinese.

"Gentlemen," the interpreter said to the prominent Americans, "the President says that he would be pleased to have you drink all you like—this is a free country."

Professional Advice

A DISTINGUISHED-LOOKING man was coming down Broadway the other day wearing a silk hat and carrying a bundle.

On the cover of a manhole in the sidewalk he slipped and fell, the articles in the bundle, decidedly personal, being exposed to the view of a crowd which gathered immediately.

The leading comedian at one of the near-by theaters happened to pass just as the distinguished-looking citizen was trying to get up.

"For the Lord's sake don't move!" exclaimed the comedian. "Hold it," he advised, "and wait for the laugh!"

CROMPTON
"All-Weather"
CORDUROY

Resists Water

Trousers made of this material are always strong and durable—soft and comfortable.

CROMPTON "*All-weather*" CORDUROY will not stiffen, shrink or lose its color even if you get it wet.

Send for free test sample of this new kind of Corduroy. Sprinkle it and watch the water roll off just like quicksilver.

CROMPTON "All-Weather" CORDUROY

Look for this trade-mark in the next pair of trousers you buy. Sold by all leading Retail Stores

CROMPTON-RICHMOND CO. Inc.
31 East 31st Street New York

OLDEST MANUFACTURERS OF CORDUROYS IN THE U. S. A.

Above All, Super-Six

HUDSON SUPER SIX FOUR PASSENGER PHAETON

Endurance Means Economy

It Removes the Greatest Item of Expense and Trouble in Motor Car Operation

ONE question today towers above all the rest. That dominant issue is endurance—especially as it effects motor economy. It commandeers attention to the virtual exclusion of all else. Lesser qualities are dwarfed.

For men now know endurance rules every phase of motor economy, just as it has long been recognized the dominant factor in satisfactory performance.

And it is clear, now more than ever, that types lacking this economy of endurance must give way.

Why Hudson is the Hub of This Interest

ALL men—if they have the facts—know the Super-Six has led the trend from less durable types. When it came with practically doubled efficiency and endurance over conventional types of its size, it established a new basis of economy reckoning, which is still standard.

Today 100,000 Hudson owners know that tires, fuel and oil are less to be considered in computing economy than freedom from constant repair needs, adjustments and replacements.

Even owners of the oldest Super-Sixes—of which so many thousands are in service—pay none of the usual old car penalties, such as extra fuel consumption of worn motor and mechanism or low tire mileage which results from general deterioration.

No Extra Premium for This Performance

AND no Hudson owner forgets this fact in his appreciation of Super-Six economy. He knows Hudson is the supreme performance type among all the world's cars. Its stock car records in speed, hill-climbing, acceleration and endurance have never been matched.

Engineers who aim at such performance distinction usually ignore such elements of economy as fuel, oil and tire mileage.

But Hudson's notable speed, its 72% added power and 80% greater efficiency adds no tax to its operating cost. Its speed and power do not come from enormous motor size. The exclusive Super-Six principle gets 76 H. P. from a light conventional motor that formerly developed a maximum of 42 H. P.

Vibration that wasted about half the power of the conventional type is almost eliminated by this invention. It comes within 10% of the ideal. Nearer approach seems impossible.

The Super-Six principle accounts for all that Hudson has done. Its world marks would have been impossible without it. The proof is that no other car has ever equalled them.

All Ordinary Needs Met at Half Capacity

ALL do not want such speed and power as Hudson's. But they do want its ability. It meets all but the most extraordinary tasks without taxing half its capacity. And that means freedom from strain. It means years of extra service. It means that Hudsons retain their new car ability when they have become old in point of years and use.

And that means to all the other desirable things men seek in a car, Hudson also adds the triumph of true economy.

Is there then any wonder that Hudson for five years has been, and is today, the world's largest selling fine car? Above all, discriminating buyers seek performance. To them economy is secondary. But Hudson in full measure gives both advantages.

HUDSON MOTOR CAR COMPANY
DETROIT, MICHIGAN

(3092)

THE CONFLICT BETWEEN CITY AND COUNTRY IN EUROPE

(Continued from Page 4)

represent at all times a parasitic overload but in addition are able through control of markets and manipulation of prices to prey upon the consumer while exploiting the producer. It is contended that the farmer pays a rate of interest out of proportion to the current banking rates and unjustified by any unreliability of his security. The farmer, having developed a high standard of living, has become more and more a consumer of finished commodities of all sorts and less and less self-sufficient. As a consumer he believes himself exploited by both manufacturer and distributer. When the farmer contrasts the price of hides with the cost of shoes, the price of wool with the cost of clothing, he feels compelled to regard the spread between producers' and consumers' prices as excessive. Clothing and shoes are two to three times the prewar prices, wool and hides are selling in some states below prewar prices. There is no purpose in telling the farmer that the present wide spread between producers' and consumers' prices is merely the result of the operations of the law of supply and demand, of which the distributer is merely the passive tool. The farmer does not believe this: and his first reaction, since he is a mobile individual, is to feel the temptation to leave production and to take up manufacturing or distribution. It is not merely that the farmer feels himself injured because the prices of his produce are unremunerative. He feels himself entirely competent to enter the manufacturing or distributive trades. To the question, Who is to work the farm if he leaves it? the farmer replies very simply that there is no purpose in addressing this question to him any more than to the inhabitants of the city, since there is no rule of God or law of man that marks him as a farmer. More and more under conditions of stress the idea has become prevalent that the industries and agriculture compete for men; and one cannot blame a farmer any more for going into a foundry than one can blame a foundryman for staying in a foundry.

PHOTO BY JOHN R. W. MARTIN

Bohemian Women Farmers and Some of Their Yorkshire Pigs

The Mechanics of Distribution

All this means that the effort required to maintain agriculture in the United States must always be greater than the effort required to maintain agriculture in Europe, because agrarian class consciousness is almost absent in the United States while still strong in Europe. While the American farmers agree with the student of the subject that agriculture cannot be maintained unless it is remunerative and the restoration cannot be founded upon a policy of development of class spirit, they are of different opinions as to the reforms required. Government ownership or operation of transportation and the factors of distribution, such as stockyards, elevators, mills and cold-storage plants; regulation of the same: or coöperation for marketing and selling, such as has been successfully operated by the Western fruit growers—all have followers. The last two are most in line with native tradition and initiative. European experience has no advice to offer us in this matter. We must tread a new field in our study of the mechanics and economics of distribution. The American Farm Bureau Federation is the first step in coöperative study of these functions.

Not only is agrarian class consciousness strong in Europe and weak in the United States; it is becoming stronger in Europe through the operation of recent events. Perhaps the most impressive result of the war is the destruction of feudalism. Practically every country in Europe that possessed feudal estates before the war has condemned them to division into small holdings for individual peasants. The agrarian question has been a burning problem in Central Europe for a century. Most violently agitated in Russia because conditions were worst there, the agrarian problem was felt wherever large estates permitted tenants and agricultural workers to be exploited. More important than political freedom, more urgent than reform in education, more desired than change in government, more longed for even than abolition of compulsory military service was ownership of the land.

On the very crest of the wave of outworn traditions swept away with the collapse of the war was the feudalistic concept of agriculture. And the first use made of political freedom was to establish the principle of individual ownership of the land by every peasant, as the gift of the state at the moment, to be paid for ultimately, at some undetermined future date. One must have traveled through Central Europe since the war in order to realize what this change has meant to the consciousness of the mass of country people. They have lost many of their domesticated animals; their farm machinery has gone to rack and ruin; there is little transport to carry their produce to market; they cannot buy the commodities to which they were accustomed; they are harassed by experimental governments; they are sometimes forcibly robbed of their products; and they are in many places ravaged by typhus. But shining through the maze is the consciousness that they have acquired possession of the soil for themselves, and upon this they are prepared to build their future. The peasant does not wish to leave his new-found land; he wants to work it. The American farmer is tempted to leave the land, possession of which means little when tilling the soil is felt to be unremunerative; not only unremunerative but vexatious, through scarcity of labor. No farmer can make a program for his acres unless he can count upon labor. But dependable labor is one thing he finds he cannot count upon.

Combinations of Farmers

Now it is precisely out of the sense of new possession that the present conflict between city and country in Europe has assumed its exaggerated form. The city is trying to govern the policy of the country, and one reason why the country resists is because of the new-found sense of ownership of the peasant. The governments of most of the countries of Europe are more or less antiagrarian and the situation has in some places developed into a veritable impasse. Because the agrarians of Europe have always possessed a class consciousness they have always formed a political block. For a hundred years agrarian parties have been more or less influential in European politics and not infrequently they have held the balance of power.

In our country success has never been attained despite innumerable attempts to organize the farmers into a political party. The last attempt, the Nonpartisan League of the Northwestern States, has apparently passed the crest and promises are long to face dissolution. The failure will not mean that the movement did not rest upon a basis of real grievance or that alleviation lay outside of political program. The failure is due to lack of class consciousness. The apparent community of interests of producer and consumer versus the distributer has frequently led to attempts at combinations of agrarian associations with labor unions. Such combinations have always failed abroad and it seems certain that the rapprochement now being attempted between union labor and the farmer organizations in this country will fail of realization. If such a coalition cannot succeed in Europe, where peasant and industrialist have class consciousness, it cannot hope to succeed in this country, where class consciousness has been attained in no group.

Invisible Resources

The relation of country to city is different in food exporting and food importing countries. Though it is true that the price of wheat, for example, under normal circumstances is as dependent upon the world price in a food exporting as in a food importing country—tariff aside—in the ultimate analysis the relations of the agricultural class vary widely under the two sets of circumstances. The farmer in the food-importing state is always vulnerable. But when the power to import fails or is abbreviated the agrarian will be vulnerable or invulnerable depending upon circumstances of government.

Before the war Europe, outside of Russia, produced under favorable crop conditions about fifty-five million tons of bread grains. She consumed about seventy-one million tons. The Continent was therefore dependent on the outside world for some twenty-two per cent of the daily bread. These importations were paid for partly with surplus of manufactured commodities and partly through the possession of four invisible resources: Dividends on investments abroad, remittances of emigrants, American tourists' money in Europe, and services rendered abroad, especially shipping. These invisible resources have for the most part disappeared. The surplus of manufactured commodities has also almost disappeared, because depreciation of exchange has rendered importation of raw materials difficult; and failure of coal supply, deterioration of transport and disorganization of industry have reduced the manufacturing output to a fraction of the prewar volume. The bread-grain crop of Europe is not fifty-five million tons now but only forty million tons. If the prewar standard of living were to be maintained, Europe, outside of Russia, would need to import twice as much as before the war. Contrasted with this, her ability to pay is not half so large as it was before the war. This disparity between prewar need, crop and ability to import, can be only partly resolved by lowering the standard of living, rationing of bread and the use of gray flour.

But the food dependence of Europe on the outside world was greater even than this. About one-fifth of the meat and dairy products of Europe, outside of Russia, were produced from imported feeding stuffs. The German peasant was a manufacturer as well as a producer. He imported concentrated feeding stuffs and manufactured bacon from it just as Rathenau imported copper and manufactured motors. The depreciation of exchange that makes it impossible to import the prewar volume of basic materials also makes it impossible to import the concentrated feeding stuffs. The domesticated animals of Europe, outside of Russia, are reduced to a considerable extent. Though this is a calamity in the ultimate sense, it is a blessing in the immediate sense; because, in the absence of imported feeding stuffs, if the herds were larger they would encroach still more upon human foodstuffs.

The governments of Poland, Rumania and the Kingdom of the Serbs, Croats and Slovenes are conservative and follow no antiagrarian policy. But they are unsocial governments. The new governments of Hungary, Austria, Czechoslovakia and Germany are more or less socialistic, with the exception of Hungary, and antiagrarian. The new government of Hungary, though not socialistic, is inimical to the small peasant. The governments of France and Italy have been wise, fair and sympathetic in their policies to agriculture, and these countries are reaping the appropriate reward. In France, in particular, the achievements of the assiduous peasants are extraordinary. The coming wheat crop will be the largest in six years; the peasants have returned to cultivation sixty per cent of the areas devastated by war. The governments of the United Kingdom, Switzerland, Holland, Denmark, Sweden and Norway are more or less antiagrarian, though for different reasons in the different states. As a whole, governmental policy in Europe is to-day farther removed from the viewpoint of the agrarian than was the case ten years ago.

Before the war something in the neighborhood of eighty million people in Europe, outside of Russia, worked for the outside world and were fed by the outside world. At present they are unable to work for the outside world, and therefore unable to expect subsistence from the outside world; their governments turn to the agricultural classes and exhort them to assume the feeding of these people. To this the agrarian classes reply that if the soil of Europe before the war—when work animals were plentiful, farm labor abundant, chemical fertilizer available, machinery intact, exchange normal, and the importation of feeding stuffs practicable—if the soil of Europe then did not feed these eighty million people it cannot be expected that this can be accomplished now, when the circumstances are averse to successful agriculture. To this the urban populations rejoin that the soil would sustain the population if it were cultivated exclusively from the viewpoint of the nutrition of the total population and not from the viewpoint of the remuneration of the landowners.

How the Peasant Reasons

If the peasants were to plant a greater acreage to bread grains and restrict rigorously the output of animal products, Europe would be able to raise, outside of Russia, seventy million tons of bread grains, and the population would receive in consequence a diet richer in bread and poorer in meats and dairy products than before the war, but still a diet that according to human experience would be competent not only to maintain but to improve the nutrition of the masses of the Continent. The efforts of the governments, usually misdirected and often grotesque, have been to induce the peasant to plant wheat or rye, to reduce fodder grains and to limit animal husbandry.

Now the peasant does not follow this argument at all; in fact he does not understand it technically. What he does understand is that he is asked to conduct his operations along the line of low profits

(Concluded on Page 114)

Pure Milk "From Contented Cows"

THE red and white Carnation label is known in all parts of the civilized world. Men and women, wherever they see it, know it as the symbol of pure milk "*from Contented Cows.*" Carnation Milk is the product of fine herds that graze on the rich pasture lands of the United States and Canada. It is pure cows' milk, evaporated to the consistency of cream and sterilized. Your grocer is the Carnation Milkman. Buy this convenient and economical milk from him and use it for every milk purpose. Send for our Cook Book containing 100 tested recipes.

CARNATION MILK PRODUCTS COMPANY, 832 Consumers Building, CHICAGO; 832 Stuart Building, SEATTLE

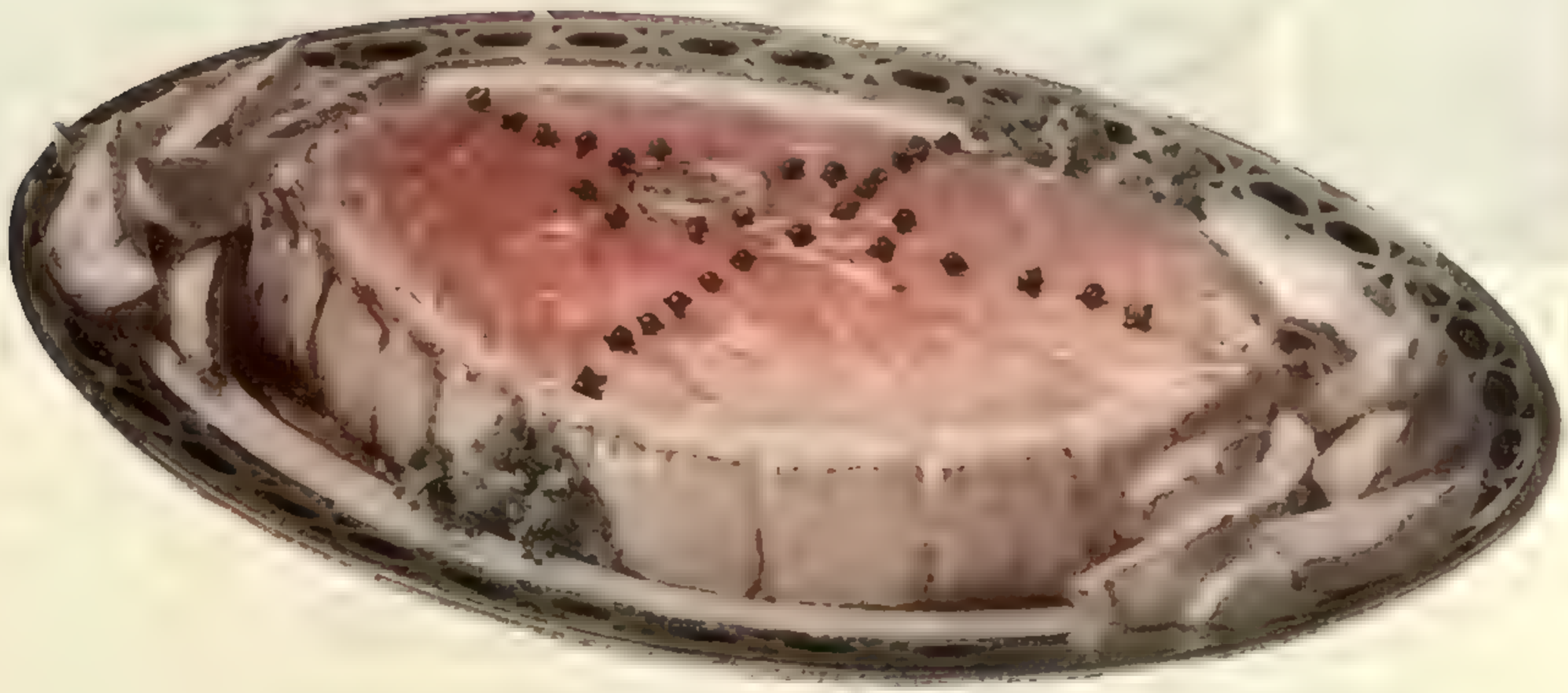
Carnation Milk

"From Contented Cows"

Sold by Grocers Everywhere

Carnation Milk Products Company
Seattle Chicago Aylmer, Ontario

MO



It's the famous Supreme Cure
that gives this ham
its delicious mild flavor!

RRIS

Supreme Ham

A tempting dish! A thick slice of ham, baked in milk, is always delicious. And when it's Morris Supreme Ham, the taste meets every expectation of goodness.

Then you are sure of flavor and tenderness: the Supreme cure takes care of that.

Morris Supreme Hams cost you no more in the clean, white parchment paper wrapper with the yellow and black label. Order them this way.

MORRIS & COMPANY

Packers and Provisioners

Your Conklin Carries a Full Charge

An airplane that had to come to the ground every mile for fuel would be a mighty poor machine, wouldn't it? Then what do you think of a pen that has to be dipped into ink every sentence? The Conklin Fountain Pen carries enough "fuel" for a long writing journey—and you can easily re-fill by a slight finger pressure on the Crescent.

The Pen for every day of school

There is a Conklin that is individually *yours*. Your dealer will be glad to show you the Conklin that exactly suits your style of writing and feels "at home" in your hand.

You'll be delighted with the smooth, easy writing qualities of *your* Conklin. And it will always give you excellent service, for, with the Crescent Filler, there are no springs, pivots or levers to get out of order.

Every Conklin Crescent Filler Fountain Pen is guaranteed during its entire life against any defect in materials or workmanship. Conklin prices are uniform all over the United States at leading stationery, jewelry, drug and department stores. Price $2.50 and up.

THE CONKLIN PEN MFG. CO., Toledo, Ohio

Boston 59 Temple Place — San Francisco 577 Market Street — Chicago 1405 Lytton Building

(Concluded from Page 110)

as an act of fidelity to the state. When he looks about him to observe the other classes of society that are conducting their several operations along the line of low profits as acts of fidelity to the state, he fails to detect anyone engaged in such practice. And since the situation is revolting to the innate sense of the peasant, he refuses.

The peasant holds the whip hand because unless there are two guardsmen to watch the peasant and his wife they cannot be prevented from selling their lambs, calves, kids, poultry, eggs, butter and cheese in illicit traffic. The state has the power to seize bread grains because the state controls the flour mills. The tendency of the peasant is to plant as much fodder grain as he can market in the form of meat and dairy products illicitly and then to plant enough bread grains to occupy the balance of the soil that he desires to cultivate. He plants sugar beets and feeds them if the refinery price is not satisfactory. Unless punished physically or dispossessed by regular forced requisition the peasant wins out against the authorities.

As a final retaliation the peasant may place a boycott against the city, or an agricultural section may place an embargo against outgo of foodstuffs. Thus Upper Austria has had an embargo against Vienna, parts of Slovakia against Bohemia, Pomerania against Berlin. This can occur only where the central authority is weak and transport conditions favor the procedure. Such embargoes are not placed merely to conserve foodstuffs needed for home consumption but also to direct and control trade in exportable surplus.

Where the Children's Milk Goes

A few illustrations will serve to indicate the shortsightedness of the governments in holding the price of bread grains at unremunerative figures. Early in the spring of this year the British Government announced that the price of wheat for the present crop would be seventy-six shillings a quarter. At that time imported wheat in Liverpool cost one hundred and twenty-four shillings a quarter. It was futile to explain to the wheat grower that seventy-six shillings in terms of gold meant to him about as much as the American farmer was receiving under our guaranteed price. His answer was that in the prewar period he had to sell his wheat down to the world price and that at present he demands the right to sell it up to the world price. He could also point out that with a free price of barley it was twice as remunerative per acre to raise barley as to raise wheat at seventy-six shillings. Under such circumstances it was folly to expect the British farmer to do anything else than subordinate the growing of wheat to the output of animal products. In the countries of Central Europe the peasants have been paid thirty to eighty cents a bushel, gold, for wheat during the past year. An acre of barley devoted to animals and poultry would yield five times as much as an acre of rye sold at state price.

The nutritional results have been appalling in one direction. Milk goes into the butter pats of the wealthy instead of fluid milk into the diet of the children of all classes in the cities. At one time last winter when the milk production of Germany was half of the prewar volume, the milk receipts of Berlin were ten per cent of the normal.

The attitude of the socialists can be readily imagined. In order to hold the cost of living down to the industrial workmen the state fixes a low price for bread grains and establishes also a subsidy on bread. The meats and dairy products go illicitly to the rich at high prices. The socialist attempts to strike both at the rich buyer and at the peasant. The rich buyer and the go-between trader he finds he cannot reach. The peasant he believes he can reach. This he attempts through drastic regulations, which fail, as explained, because there are too many peasants and too few guardsmen. The socialist believes, with some justice, that the actions of the peasants reflect not only a commercial practice but constitute also motivated acts of the agrarian against socialists.

Whenever these countries import wheat or rye, especially under the conditions of depreciation of exchange, they pay for it in part through state funds and sell the bread below cost. The bread subsidy of Europe during the past two years has not been far below a billion dollars a year. This is largely covered by paper money. The economically minded student inquires if it would not be better to print paper money and pay the peasant an even exorbitant price so as to secure the maximum acreage of bread grain, rather than to print paper money to pay for a subsidy on imported bread. But such a suggestion finds no acceptance in any country, not even in France and Italy, which have treated the peasants most fairly, because it would be regarded as profiteering by the peasant and would be resented and opposed by the industrial classes. The frame of mind among the socialistic workers has actually reached the point where they would deny large profits to the peasant, even though this could be shown to be to the best economic interest of the state as a whole, and to their own nutritional advantage.

In most parts of Central Europe, including Germany, public security no longer exists in the sense that we enjoy it. Bands of workers from the cities raid the villages and farms. Both sides possess side arms retained from the war, and bloody battles result. The peasant shoots in defense of the right to farm and sell as he pleases. The factory worker, out of work, shoots to obtain food against starvation. Socialism, the preachment of equity, has been attended with greater inequity in foodstuffs than ever existed before in Europe.

The Critical Problem

The peasant complains not only that his practices are interfered with and remunerative prices denied him; he protests that the currency with which he is paid has no buying power. The peasant does not wish crowns or marks or any other currency; he wishes shoes, clothing, hardware, machinery. Even gold would be of little value to him at present. The real buying power of the crop is in terms of commodities, not of paper money; and one reason why the rich can secure meats and dairy products is because they are able in part at least to offer commodities. The peasant is not an economist and he does not reason out the cause of the inability of the city to offer him commodities. Instinctively the failure to offer him commodities for his produce is interpreted as an antiagrarian policy—just as the socialist feels that the sale by the peasant to the rich is an antisocialistic policy.

The peasant in Europe is more self-sufficient than the American farmer because his standard of life is simpler. He can withdraw from the world, almost. During the last two years peasants have returned to making wooden shoes, fashioning coats and other garments out of pelts, and home spinning and weaving of wool. Crude machinery is made in the country forge. Failing to secure from the city the commodities to which he was accustomed, the family make shift and revert to a lower standard of living, not yet forgotten.

It will not be easy to restore the productivity of Europe even after conditions of barter have become free and normal. In the process of subdivision of the land agricultural efficiency has been lost, though humanity has been gained. Many of the small landholders will develop efficiency, as in Belgium and France. Others will revert to the servitude of tenantry. Cooperative associations, as long exemplified in Germany and Russia, offer the best promises for restoration of yield and development of culture. In Russia the new régime, having failed to carry out socialization of the land, is trying to encourage the establishment of agricultural guilds. Enough is known to make it certain that these either pass into commercial associations, break up into individual holdings or revert to feudalistic estates, of which the head is an oligarchy formed by the best men, who soon become the possessors.

Looking back over the past five years one must be convinced that Europe would be in better circumstances than at present if the peasant had been treated with consideration, sympathy and liberality. The results would have justified the policy. We are accustomed to hear in this country that a contented and prosperous agriculture is the foundation of national well-being. Nevertheless, at the close of a war during which the American farmer performed heroics in production, we find him struggling for his contentment and fighting for his prosperity. In the competition between city and country lies a critical problem of reconstruction.

DISTEEL WHEELS

FIVE years of scientific investigation and $800,000 in money were devoted to Disteel Wheels before they were offered to American motorists and motor car manufacturers. These years of constructive engineering have produced the Inwardly Curved Wheel —the Disteel Wheel. The unalterable laws of Science decree that it be Inwardly Curved. If it is not Inwardly Curved it is not a Disteel Wheel.

Disteel Wheels are the most distinctive and outstanding feature of the American motor cars of 1920 design. The inevitable accompaniment of Success is Imitation. That is more than flattering. It is conclusive proof of priority and pre-eminence. It is conclusive proof that Disteel Wheels stand supreme in the final judgment of American engineers and American motorists.

Exclusive Manufacturers

Detroit Pressed Steel Company, Detroit, U. S. A.

Disteel Wheel Plant, Cabot Avenue — Automobile Frame Plant, Mt. Elliott Avenue

Disteel Wheel Corporation

New York: 1846 Broadway at 61st St. — Chicago: 732 Michigan Avenue
Boston: 925 Boylston Street — San Francisco: 326 Rialto Building

THE WHEELS THAT COMPLETE THE CAR

CLIPPING THE WINGS OF THE EAGLE

(Continued from Page 19)

Assembling Mexican Planes, Shipped in Box Cars, at Railroad Base in Northern Mexico During Operations of Mexican Troops Against Bandits

independent of both the Army and the Navy, but ready, of course, to coöperate with either exactly as they coöperate with one another if we are to have an eye both to industrial development of aviation, upon which military development depends, and to national defense.

If then there be aversion to having another cabinet member, since the tendency with increased governmental burdens is necessarily toward the reduction in size of ministries, we can follow the example of the Germans and put all three branches, War, Navy and Air, under a Minister of National Defense. Interestingly, we inclined more and more toward doing that during the war, when the head of the War Industries Board was authorized by the President to be—in spirit was, and if the war had continued conclusively would have been—such a Minister of National Defense. In any event, without question, unless every rule of good organization is fallacious, the activities now performed by twenty agencies of the Government clearly ought to be, as far as possible, consolidated into one.

Faulty Organization

Some of these score of agencies, notably the Army, the Navy, the Post Office Department, and now—just making a start—the Coast Guard, are self-contained; in fact, since there is no head to what may for convenience be called the aviation plan, nearly all, with reference to the others, are self-contained. At once then those who are familiar with that most efficient organization, the corporation, know that in our plan for aviation the most elemental rule of any good organization—that its agencies should be headed up to single control—is ignored.

Some of these twenty agencies function, each as to others, through boards, and experience demonstrates that such boards function doubtfully when there is complete agreement and are prone to function ruinously—if at all—otherwise. Inevitably there is duplication. Inevitably there are large unproductive expenditures, such as overhead and loss of time. Inevitably there is waste. It goes without saying, too, that purchases, methods and services are not standardized. It is clear, in a word, that almost every one of the precepts of efficient organization, through fault of no particular individual or group, necessarily is neglected, with results that are, of course, easily predictable. And it follows, at a time when one of the striking tendencies is to judge an organization no more by the perfection and completeness of systems and methods than by the spirit of the personnel concerned with it, that morale, not only of fliers themselves but even the morale of executives, suffers.

For though it may be argued that all the twenty or more agencies using or having a hand in the technical development of aircraft are headed up to the commander in chief of the Army, the President, those who know the situation know that if this be theory it is not the fact.

Thus W. F. Willoughby, director of the Institute of Government Research, a private organization, points out that though the President is nominally the head of the administration, at no time has any President sought to perform the duties of that office as such an office is understood in the business world.

Obviously this statement and those that follow are not accepted as criticisms of President Wilson. He has during the last seven years confronted problems so varied and overwhelming the wonder is, despite his unusual powers for concentration and accomplishment, that he has been able to succeed as well as he has. Without question he has confronted difficulties and suffered from harassments greater than those arrayed before any President since Abraham Lincoln. Moreover, had he nothing but organization problems, he has not the authority, indeed he has not the appropriations, to alter conclusively the traditional procedures affecting the White House. Tradition and statutes have established them. They have not intended that he should function as the president of a corporation does in the business world. No President has functioned so. None has had an office designed, at least since organization became an exact science, to function so.

No recent President has passed upon the requests of subordinate officers for funds and authorization to engage in certain lines of work. Neither law nor custom has looked to his doing so. President Roosevelt, who went so far as to say "The Presidential office tends to put a premium upon a man's keeping out of trouble rather than upon his accomplishing results," did not do so. Neither did President Taft. Such requests, for funds and authorization, go traditionally direct to Congress through the Secretary of the Treasury as a compiling but not revising officer. If any President varied from this procedure he would invite misunderstanding.

Generally, then—without special reference to Mr. Wilson—it is, in this analysis of plan, worth pointing out, the President makes no annual report as administrator in chief. He does not lay before Congress any coördinated statement of the financial condition of the Treasury or of the revenue and expenditure needs of the Government for the future; albeit, as Doctor Willoughby points out, some of these functions will be performed if ever the budget plan is made law. He does not direct and he controls only in rare cases where subordinate officers have quarreled among themselves.

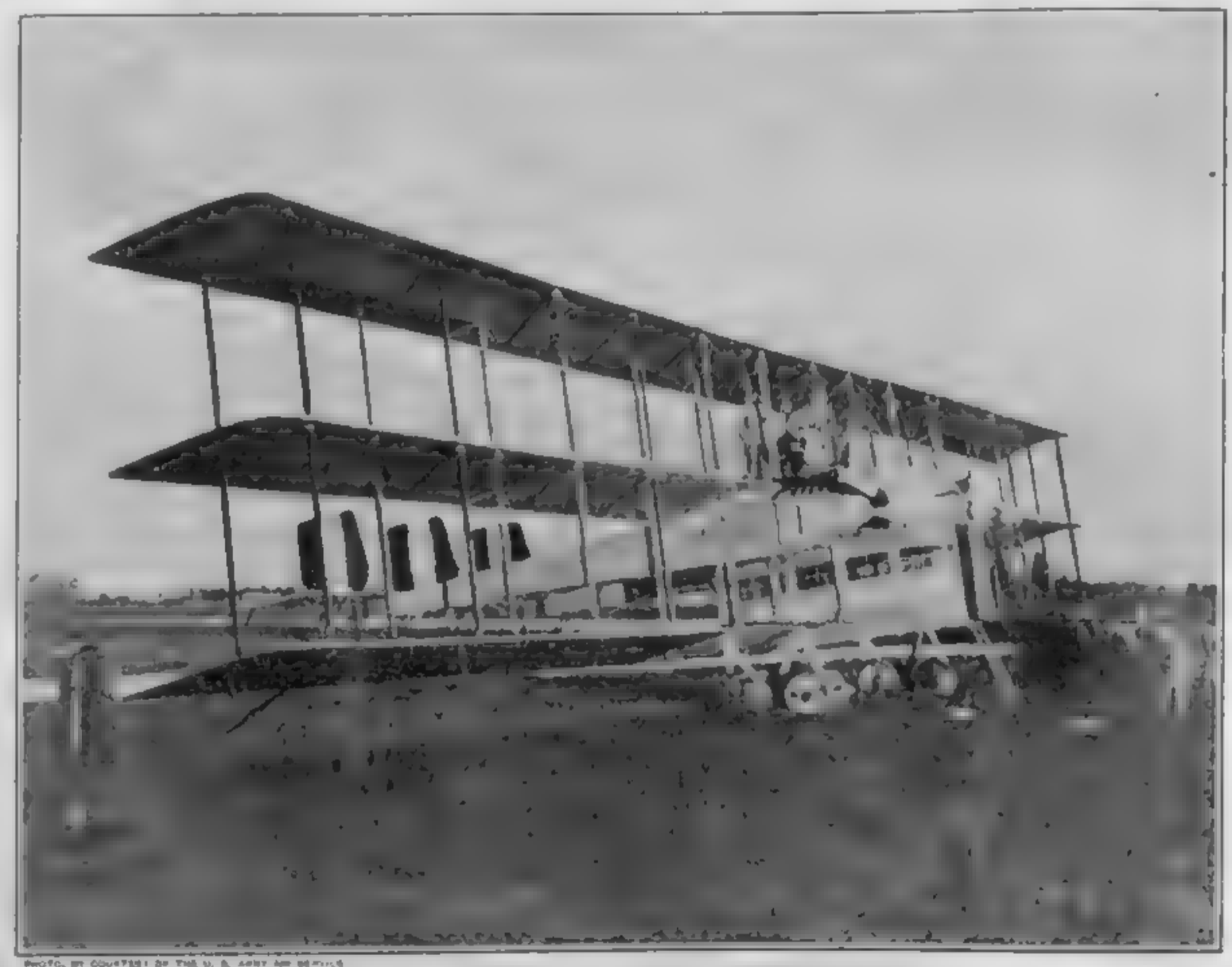
It is clear, in fact, that even if a President were inclined to take his administrative functions as seriously as the head of a business organization must, in fidelity to stockholders of the organization whose responsibilities he carries, he could not accomplish much. There is no administrative code such as some of the states—Illinois and Nebraska notably—have, to simplify his responsibilities. He has not even an executive secretary, or assistant to the President, as the term is often in corporations, and though he has a confidential secretary, that officer is kept busy with confidential matters and with the relationships of the President to the public.

Presidential Isolation

He has no administrative staff—traditionally, through no fault of any individual—and no administrative equipment, not so much as an organization chart of the departments, bureaus, boards, commissions, other agencies under him, though they constitute the biggest business in the world. His office, in fact, is not even an office of record, as Doctor Willoughby again and again has pointed out. Each President takes the office files with him and strips office shelves clean. He does not—indeed if he had nothing else to do he could not with the traditional equipment and personnel—have reports from all the ten departments, which average ten bureaus each, and the twenty-three other agencies under him pass over his desk, day by day or week by week or month by month or even year by year.

The head of a department store, for instance, gets daily, and weekly, and monthly analyses, let us say, covering the work and prospects of the agencies under him. But the President of the United States, though charged with far greater responsibilities than any other executive in the world, has no such analyses placed on his desk before him. Two of the ten great departments—the Treasury and the Department of Justice—do not even make yearly reports to him, but direct to Congress instead. Moreover, were any President to attempt to study, in addition to numerous special reports made to him, all other reports made to him and to Congress he would be swamped. Thus the last report of the Department of Labor fills 1311 pages. And the reports and testimony on aircraft alone would fill a file case and a five-foot bookshelf as well and would require, were any President to be fully acquainted therewith, months of additional study of what has been done

(Continued on Page 119)



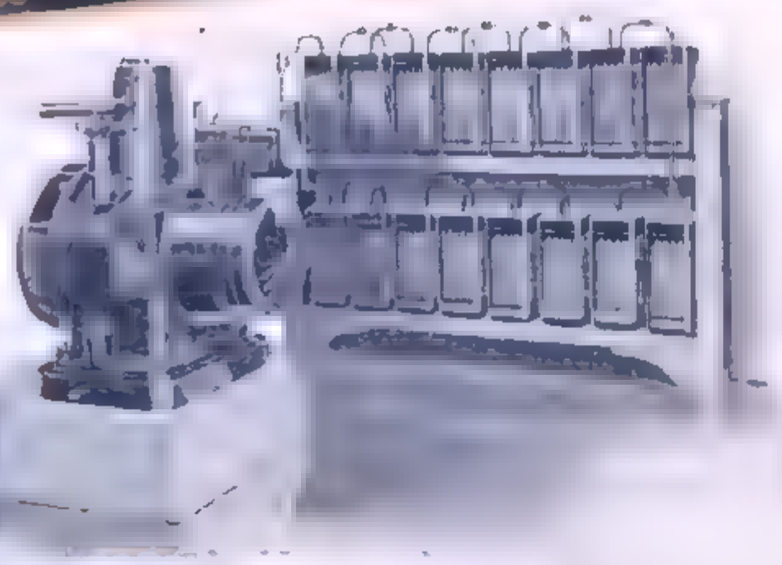
PHOTO, BY COURTESY OF THE U. S. ARMY AIR SERVICE

Italian Caproni Triplane Used for Commercial Transportation

Willys Light

LIGHT

Power and Light
with the Quiet Knight



The Willys Light battery has been made extra large for extra life. Willys Light is self-cranking and stops itself—Low upkeep is assured by its simplicity. It burns kerosene

Electricity for the Farm

Willys Light, the Light and Power Plant built for user service.

Its air-cooled Willys-Knight sleeve-valve engine is powerful, quiet, simple and economical in operation. It *improves with use.*

Immediate delivery assured
by our quantity production.
Desirable territory for
Dealers available.

WILLYS LIGHT DIVISION, ELECTRIC AUTO-LITE CORPORATION, TOLEDO, OHIO, U. S. A.

District Offices in Spokane; Denver; Minneapolis; St. Louis; Detroit; Syracuse; Philadelphia; Dallas; Atlanta

Export—The John N. Willys Export Corporation, 165 Broadway, New York City

The Willys-Knight Sleeve-Valve Engine

All the Difference in the World

There's no denying that motor troubles *do* exist—that scores of summer autoists find their holidays turned into misery days and their week ends spoiled, from causes that are preventable.

These troubles can't be placed on any particular make of car, for they happen with large and small alike under certain conditions. Here we must acknowledge the supremacy of a little *cast iron ring*—the piston ring.

You may have the finest engine made, but are the rings now in that engine leaky or leakless?—it makes all the difference in the world.

Motoring these sunny days is a joy. The flowers—the fragrant country—the rolling hills—the lakes—the seashore—all welcome you to a happy outing. But how often has it happened to you that just when you have forgotten the high cost of gas, oil, and garage bills—the motor sputters and misses? Probably it "dies" on the next hill.

The nearest garage man says to you, "Dirty spark plugs"—which means $1.55 and a tip.

But you have only poulticed the sore. You have not removed the cause. After a few miles the plugs again are dirty.

Let us introduce to you a little cast iron ring whose importance few owners fully understand. It circles the piston down in the motor out of sight, but the whole life and "pep" of the engine depends on whether or not these rings are *leakless*.

Motorists who realize this—beforehand—seldom have engine troubles.

Leakless rings keep the gas *in* and the oil *out* of the combustion chamber—for when these two get together each destroys the other's value.

Leakless rings have saved upwards of 50% of oil—keeping it from being burned up. They save gas—for they keep it all in the explosion chamber where it makes power. And gas and oil are *worth* saving at today's prices.

There are certain requirements to watch for in seeking the best piston rings. The foremost English motor authority, the Automobile Engineer (London), says:

> "The best way of getting *gas-tightness* is to obtain a ring * * * properly *hammered* to give even radial distribution of pressure."

American Hammered Piston Rings are hammered with wonderful accuracy by our patented automatic machines. Their tension against the cylinder walls is *permanent*. They are leakless.

Over a million cars are now equipped with American Hammered Piston Rings, which are giving complete satisfaction and eliminating needless motor worries and repair expenses.

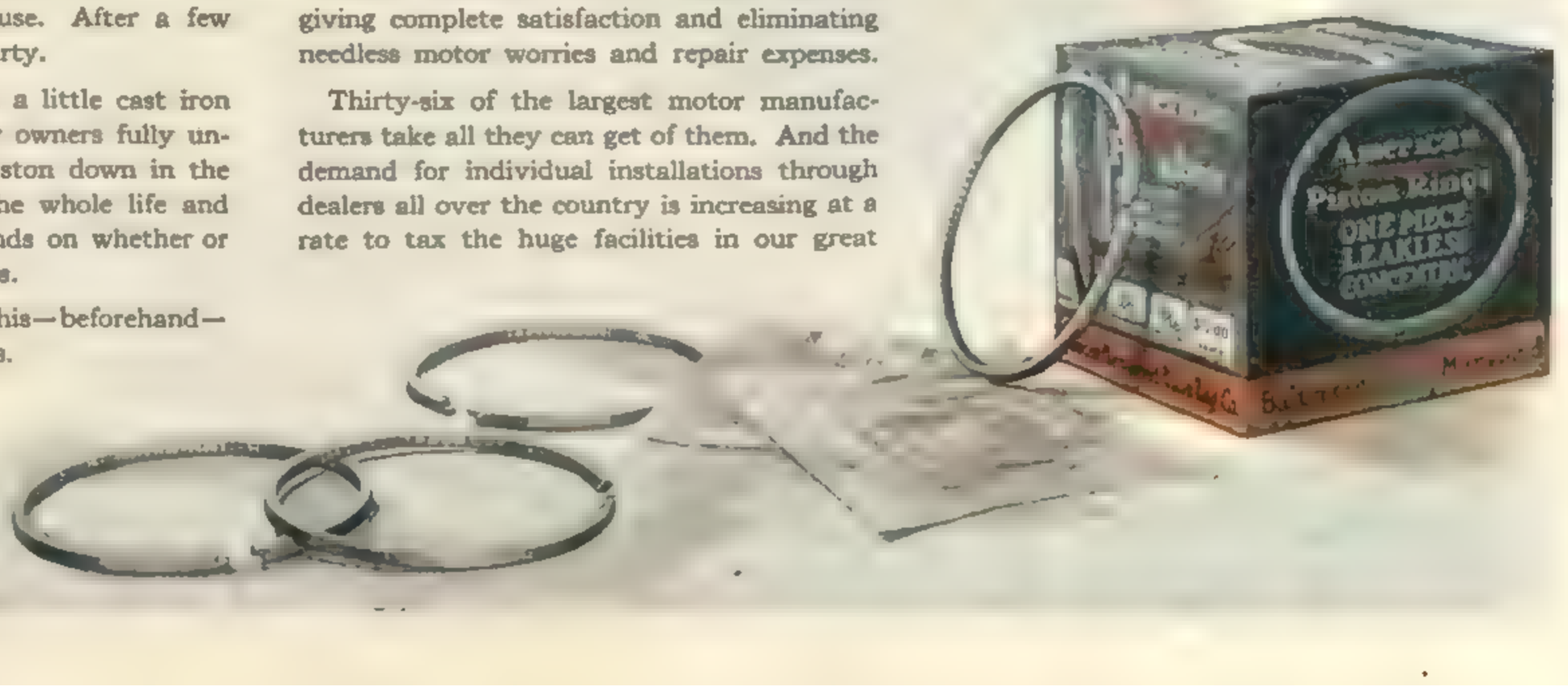
Thirty-six of the largest motor manufacturers take all they can get of them. And the demand for individual installations through dealers all over the country is increasing at a rate to tax the huge facilities in our great plant at Baltimore, where we are manufacturing more piston rings than are made in any other one plant in the world.

So, whatever your car, get acquainted with that important little ring way down in the engine. Find out about it—see if it is an American Hammered Piston Ring, which is the *leakless* kind. Don't be satisfied with any but the best rings—your motoring comfort is at stake.

American Hammered Piston Rings are sold by dealers all over the United States. If your garage man has "something better" or he "can't get them"—send his name and address, and leave the rest to us.

AMERICAN HAMMERED PISTON RING CO.
BALTIMORE, MARYLAND

American Hammered Piston Rings



(Continued from Page 116)

here and abroad. Moreover, it is not the custom for bureau heads to go to the President except when in sore trouble. They do not, and the cabinet members do not, go to the President if they can possibly avoid doing so about matters of organization.

Many of the governmental agencies never communicate directly with the White House. Thus, to cite only one of many illustrations, there is one important governmental agency which has been at work for about ten years, during all which years no representative of it has ever had personal contact with a President. It is then clearly absurd to imagine that a President does or could take the place of a coördinating head of a department of the air. He could not create a plan for such a department, because he has not the authority to consolidate the various agencies concerned. He could not and does not administer aviation.

As a matter of fact, the only authoritative central control over the various governmental agencies dealing with aircraft is the Congress, which is not intended to serve, nevertheless does serve as a kind of board of directors. Then extending the present illustration a little, we can see at once that the legislative and the executive functions of our Government are sorely confounded.

Nine-tenths of the work done by Congress, in committees and on the floors of the House and Senate, Doctor Willoughby estimates, deals with administrative activities. The board of directors, in other words, is kept overwhelmingly busy trying to stop the gaps and trying to tell the legislative branch of the Government how it should operate. Without any question, to its own great hurt, Congress exercises more interest, more initiative in sheer administrative affairs and actually does more administrative work—and this principally by the slow procedures of statute—such as is done by the president of a corporation, than does the President himself. At least this applies to matters of organization. Probably it was different when—as in 1850, say—the executive branches of the Government were relatively only a few and there were approximately only 1000 workers in all the departments then existing. But now, if we count postal employees, there are at the time this is written—by the latest and most authoritative count to be had—771,117, of whom about 100,000 are in Washington.

Congress as an Executive

In this complex situation, wherein minor executives, or major ones, never go to the commander in chief except in emergencies—when the man who reaches a President first is apt to get the decision—Congress takes on burdens hardly intended for a board of directors. This might not be so bad did Congress itself have any executive organization which could perform duties of general direction, supervision and control. It has, however, no such body. Even the committees that are charged with devising ways to raise revenue act in complete independence of the committees having in charge the determination of how that money shall be spent. And the fact remains, nevertheless, that all the governmental agencies concerned with aircraft, like all the other governmental agencies, must go at periodic intervals, not to the White House, but to Congress—to argue for and get their appropriations.

With an eye to making appropriations intelligently and laying down the lines on which they shall be spent, Congress requires all manner of reports. As a matter of legislative routine thus Speaker Gillett, at the beginning of the present session of Congress, called for approximately 250 separate reports as a start on legislative work. These—in lieu of an administrative code which in some states automatically provides uniform reports from all agencies—supplied certain details in one agency but paid no heed to similar details in others; so in a sense they afforded no information of general value.

Continuously, too, Congress requires extensive testimony, which in itself is voluminous enough to manifest the extensive interest the House and the Senate take in executive matters. And there are 112 regular committees and many subcommittees working under the House and Senate. There are at least six having to do with aviation, none of which knows exactly what the others are doing until measures that have held common interest reach the floor. Accordingly contrasting opinions are not brought out sharply and varied opinions are not welded together constructively. Nevertheless with such machinery as it has Congress does—of its own volition, because public will demands it or because it must take on its own shoulders burdens that must be carried—more work of the kind that the general manager of a corporation does than the President.

The least examination of appropriation bills sent to the President for approval demonstrates that. In the 1919 Army Bill, to take only one of thousands of illustrations, Congress manifested its interest in administrative affairs and its distrust of their conduct by the executive departments by overruling the allotment that the General Staff made for aviation officers. That is, the General Staff assigned 800 emergency officers, half of them fliers. Congress provided instead 1200, and specified that eighty-five per cent should be fliers, and in the present Army Reorganization Bill both the House and Senate put the proportion of fliers at ninety per cent.

But all this is by way of background. In the foreground, realizing that the quick test of the effectiveness of any plan is the facility with which one can picture it on an organization chart, one strikes at once on the impossibility of exactly charting the lines of authority and of communication in our Government. In other words, it is inexact to represent the President at the top of the executive agencies in all matters. It is also inexact to represent Congress there.

Nevertheless somewhere in the landscape beneath the general manager of an organization and the board of directors it is necessary to represent all service agencies. Somewhere then one must place aviation and all the score of agencies tinkering with aviation, and with the defense of the nation therefore.

But where? It is quite impossible to say. Worse still, aviation itself is a plane without a rudder. For no one can say that it is possible clearly to chart the lines of authority in aviation.

Clearly the army air service is not subordinate to the navy air service. Clearly the other agencies are not subordinate to these two. Certainly these two do not function smoothly, each as to the other.

Atop these two, and clearly the most influential force in governmental aviation, is the Joint Board, which was established by the Secretaries of War and Navy, "to consider and reach common conclusions on all matters calling for the coöperation of the two services." It is composed of the Chief of Staff and the director of the war plans division of the General Staff; the director of operations of the General Staff, of the Army; with analagous officers of the Navy. Thus there is an even vote on both sides—and none of those who vote is an aviator or has ever had any experience in flying.

Beneath this Joint Board is the Aëronautical Board—a working body actively employed in the consideration of aëronautical affairs. It is composed of three officers of the Army and three of the Navy, one of whom has had experience in flying.

Now at once it ought to be conclusively established that such boards seldom function satisfactorily, as surely as there is truth in the old saying that when two men agree absolutely in everything one of them is an idiot. Even when there is complete agreement such boards are not satisfactory, and when there is disagreement there is no recourse but a deadlock or a trade.

To illustrate the manner in which the Army and the Navy have been unable to function satisfactorily through boards, one needs to turn only to our progress with rigid and semirigid airships, which are of course quite different from one another. It will be remembered that the first lighter-than-air form was the balloon. The Germans, years back, developed the balloon into the Zeppelin, which is built upon a huge, intricate and costly framework of light alloy and is the typical rigid airship. The Italians, striking out for a lighter and less expensive ship, developed the semirigid—that is, they diminished the size and complexity, and of course the weight and the cost, of the Zeppelin in such a way that the balloon compartments when deflated fall and rest upon the rigid frame. Both ships have special merits, and it seemed desirable for the United States to make a start in the development of both, or one or other. After the war the Army was offered an Italian semirigid for $185,000. After the armistice, when the Allies had access to Germany and her military secrets, the Army contracted with the Zeppelin company of Germany for a rigid, the LZ-125, at even less cost. This contract was canceled, however, in such a way that the United States may be subject to damages. However, an option was taken by the Army on the LZ-125 at $700,000, which option will have expired about the time that this article reaches its readers, for the reason that the Joint Board had given the rigid ship to the province of the Navy. With the same confusion of types in mind for a time, the Army gave over the hope of owning the Italian semirigid because the ruling of the Joint Board on rigids was accepted as applying to semirigids. It has, however, since bought the ship. Meanwhile the Navy purchased in England the R-38, a rigid, for $2,500,000.

Independent Purchasing

The designs and specifications of the LZ-125, which were completed, called for the most powerful aircraft ever built. She was planned to have a cruising radius of 12,000 miles, whereas the R-38 is designed for only 5600 miles. Her total horse power was set at 3600 as distinguished from 1950, that of the R-38. Her lifting capacity was to be 128 tons as distinguished from 92.7. And her speed, ninety-one miles an hour instead of sixty-nine.

It may be seen, then, why the army air service is not satisfied with the functioning of the Joint Board. It may be imagined, too, that such boards generally do not function satisfactorily and that they do not assist in the difficult business of getting the best results from our aviation plans.

Alongside the Aëronautical Board in a sense must be considered the Helium Board, composed of representatives of the Army, Navy and Bureau of Mines. This board is charged with the development of the invaluable noninflammable gas, America's exclusive gift so far as the War Department knows—helium.

Beneath the Aëronautical Board also must be represented, of course, both the directors of army and navy aviation, neither of whom has had experience as an aviator.

On the same governmental horizon also, working quite independently so far as organization goes, is the Post Office Department, which has now the greatest air mail service in the world and has demonstrated to the satisfaction of Congress not only that its aërial mail work is carried on in a thoroughly businesslike manner, not only effects great savings in time, which is the essence of things in the delivery of the mails, but is doing its air work more economically than it can be done by railroad.

Also now making a start as an independent force with its own appropriations is the Coast Guard.

The three major executive agencies, the army and navy air services and the Post Office Department, do not consolidate their personnel, technical and purchasing problems, though these problems are common in many respects.

First now, on the score of purchases. Recognizing, as we must, that national defense in the air is dependent upon industrial development, and strikes in on commercial aspects so influentially that intelligent allocation of orders is necessary to keep the new transportation industry alive, we find these three major agencies and the Coast Guard and others in lesser fashion making their purchases independently. The results accordingly are not uniform. Thus when the Aëronautical Board, which is charged with passing on estimates for appropriations, approved the purchase of fifteen Martin bombers by the Navy and

(Continued on Page 122)

PHOTO BY COURTESY OF THE U. S. ARMY AIR SERVICE

Airship Building Plant and Gas Plant at Friedrichshafen, Taken From an Airship

The Challenge of Craftsmanship

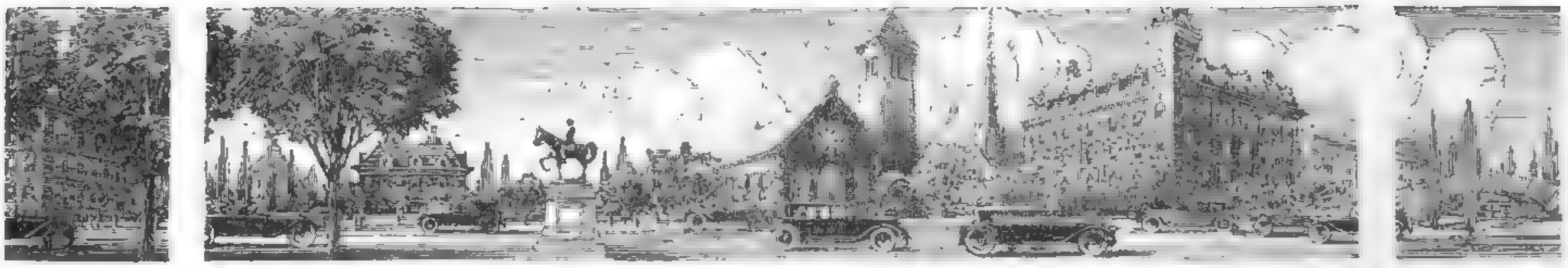
WHEN young Duncan Phyfe set up as a furniture maker about a century and a quarter ago, his name meant nothing to the mahogany merchants of the West Indies.

But when it was discovered that Duncan Phyfe was making the finest furniture in America, that under no conditions would he compromise his self-imposed standards, that he challenged the world to produce finer materials than he could use, these merchants were so proud to have him as a customer that they selected the best timbers in their forests and marked them "Duncan Phyfe logs."

It has been nearly a generation since the triumphant day when the Duryea brothers took their first "horseless carriage" from their little workshop and ran it up the New England village street, thus announcing to the world that America had built her first practical gasoline automobile.

Unknown then, to-day the name Stevens-Duryea bears such significance that manufacturers of steels, coach lumber, special machinery, upholstery and other motor car materials take pride and pleasure in sending their best products to the Stevens-Duryea factory.

Thus do the standards of crafts-



manship challenge the workmanship of the nation.

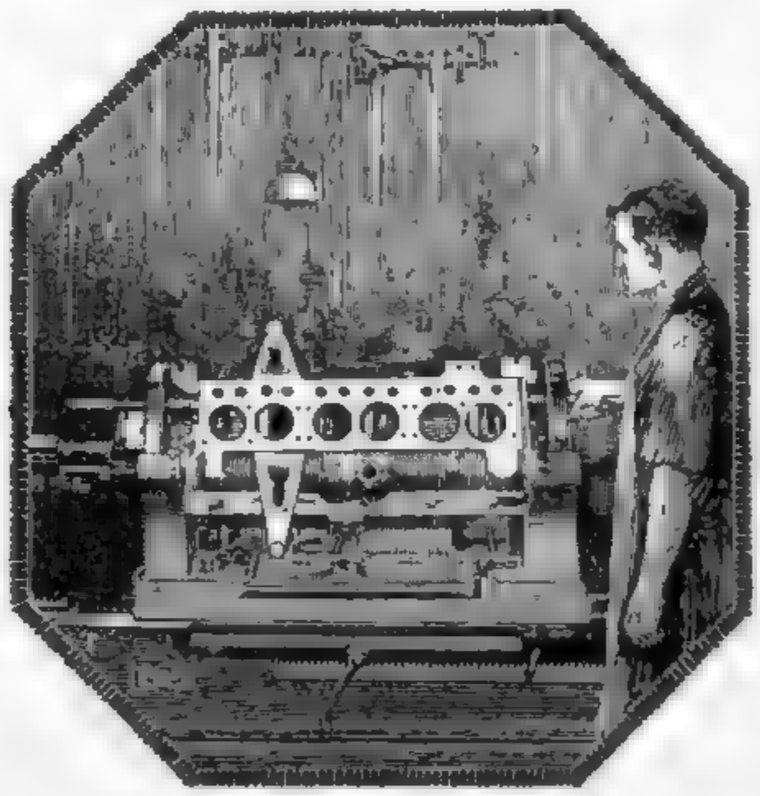
Yet, though the Stevens-Duryea challenge stands for the country at large, most of the finished and semi-finished materials used in building these motor cars still come from neighboring New England factories where craftsmanship standards are traditional.

▼

As motor car owners become more and more trained in the appreciation of motor car performance, of the construction and fitting of internal unseen parts, relationship and co-ordination of mechanical factors, they begin to understand the significance of the uncompromising attitude which is so fundamental a part of the Stevens-Duryea craftsmen's character.

Having arrived at such appreciation, the first cost of the Stevens-Duryea becomes a secondary consideration, inasmuch as it represents sound value and is practically the only expense which needs to be seriously considered for many, many years.

STEVENS DURYEA, INC., CHICOPEE FALLS, MASSACHUSETTS



Stevens-Duryea Motor Cars 30th Year

Ask Your Dealer to Show You the SHALER

5-Minute Vulcanizer

Any accessory dealer will gladly show you how simple it is to vulcanize your own punctured tubes with a SHALER 5-Minute Vulcanizer.

It takes only five minutes—no fuss or trouble—all you need is a match. After five minutes the tube is perfectly and permanently **vulcanized,** ready for instant use.

Carry a SHALER in your car wherever you go. It works anywhere—in any weather. All necessary fuel, rubber, etc., is in the Patch-&-Heat Unit that it uses. Anybody can make perfect repairs—it cannot fail.

Complete Outfit $1.50

Slightly higher West of the Rockies and in Canada

Ask your dealer for a demonstration

C. A. SHALER CO.
1405 Fourth St., Waupun, Wis.

WRITE FOR OUR FREE BOOKS ON PATENTS
MUNN & Co.
620 Woolworth Bldg. NEW YORK
625 F Street WASHINGTON, D. C.
Hoyt Tower Bldg. CHICAGO
Hobart Bldg. SAN FRANCISCO

PATENTS. WRITE for free illustrated guide book and "EVIDENCE OF CONCEPTION BLANK." Send model or sketch and description of invention for our free opinion of its patentable nature.
Highest References. Prompt Service. Reasonable Terms.
Victor J. Evans & Co., 727 Ninth, Washington, D. C.

Worthington Quality
Chairs and Tricycles
The Colson Co.
975 Cedar St., Elyria, O.

PATENT-SENSE
"The Book for Inventors & Mfrs"
By Return Mail FREE Write
LACEY & LACEY, Dept. W Washington, D.C.

PATENTS
BOOKLET FREE
HIGHEST REFERENCES
BEST RESULTS
PROMPTNESS ASSURED
Watson E. Coleman, Patent Lawyer, 624 F St., Washington, D.C.

CUT ME OUT!

and mail me, with your name and address, to The Curtis Publishing Company, 795 Independence Square Philadelphia, Pa. I will bring you full details about how you as our subscription representative can make $5 or $10 a week *extra* in your *spare* time!

Name
Address
City State

(Continued from Page 119)

seventy-five for the Army, Congress was disturbed by the fact that the Navy, of course, had to pay more for each plane than the Army. Since there are 27,000 items in the equipment of an air squadron, the opportunities for unsatisfactory comparisons are numerous.

Next the question of personnel. Here General Mitchell, who is the head of the training and operations group of the army air service, says: "Basically all air work is essentially the same, no matter what takes place, and basically all training is the same. There is no reason why we should have an overhead for each of these entities instead of combining overheads.

"Fighting in the air is the same, no matter where it may take place, whether over water or over land. The only part of aviation that essentially belongs to and has to be attached to an army or a navy for its own domestic use is observation aviation, which relates to local reconnaissance for them—that is, seeing the objects at or near to them, adjustment for their artillery fire, liaison between different elements.

"All pursuit aviation—that which pursues, catches up and attacks hostile aviation, which by its very nature is the most important aviation there is, because if you can shoot the enemy completely out of the air you have predominance over him—is the same, no matter where it is. Bombardment aviation is handled under exactly the same principles also; likewise attack aviation, which attacks objects on the ground, such as troops, vessels, trains."

With this authoritative conclusion laid down, it is hardly necessary, and it is regrettable, to say that there is duplication and all that goes with it in the matter of training.

To be sure, the Post Office Department picks its fliers from a long waiting list of trained men, and though the Army has trained many navy fliers, still the work of training men for all government services is by no means unified. Near Washington itself are three fields. One of these is the postal field at College Park, Maryland—ten or fifteen minutes by motor farther from the Washington post office than Bolling Field. There, at Bolling Field, a congressman says, when he inquired of one of the executive officers of the army air service whose outfit that was yonder he was told that it was the Navy's.

"But," the answer came, "I don't know who the commandant is. I suppose I ought to know, but we have no special reason to know. Sometimes we do take up navy fliers. They have to fly only once a month to draw extra flier pay. We have to fly ten times a month."

Lack of Coördination

The Army maintains separate fields from the Navy, and separate stations; the Post Office Department likewise. Realizing that airdromes are to aircraft what service stations and roundhouses are to automobiles and locomotives, it becomes clear that as preparation for war the logical plan would be to place all airdromes to strategic advantage.

"Unless we are adequately prepared in the air," General Mitchell insists, "we cannot deny an enemy air-service access to any vital points in this country. We have proved that we can get to any part of the country east of the Mississippi in eight hours from either the Atlantic or Gulf coast, or both, and we can get to any place west of the Mississippi in ten hours, and from coast to coast in twenty-five flying hours."

In extending its routes to the Pacific Coast, as the aërial mail is now doing, it has had to work near the centers of population, which fact lends itself after a fashion to military plans. If winter weather is severe it may be that the northern transcontinental route followed by the army fliers in their race via Binghamton, Buffalo, Cleveland, Chicago, Omaha, Cheyenne, Reno, will be changed south via Dodge City, Albuquerque, Flagstaff, which would throw the route within one run of about 400 miles from the army concentration camps in the South. Nevertheless there is no careful coupling up of all airdrome facilities such as could no doubt be effected if the various efforts were integrated, nor in any conclusive fashion are all airdromes and stations equipped with standardized parts.

Likewise in the matter of technical development. Here, though superior performance at once gives vital advantage to one plane or another in war and is preeminently important accordingly, the efforts of the three major users of government aircraft are not integrated.

The Army has a large and well equipped technical plant on McCook Field near Dayton. Near Newark the Post Office Department maintains, as it no doubt must do elsewhere as its routes are extended westward, a rebuilding and repair shop. Its rebuilding and repair work must be done quickly and—it insists—economically. The result is that it is averse to trusting this work to the Army. Meanwhile its experimental work is intrusted to commercial plants.

Also the Signal Corps of the Army is working on technical matters. And the Navy has at the Washington Navy Yard its aërodynamic laboratory, which conducts tests of aircraft engines and models in its wind tunnel. It has also other technical agencies. And other agencies of the Government aside from the major three also are coping with technical questions large or small. For instance, the forest service is trying to adapt navy radio equipment to its needs while using army aircraft in its work. Nowhere is the technical work on aviation headed up.

It is a far stretch of fancy also to imagine that the work done by one technical agency is continuously and satisfactorily made known to the others.

"Intentionally," says Col. Thurman H. Bane, chief of the engineering division at McCook Field, "we do not keep secrets from the Navy; unintentionally perhaps we do. We give them everything, but they get a piece of paper that merely records that such and such a thing has been done. But perhaps they are too busy to read that such and such a thing has been done, and go along on a side line and do the same thing."

Coöperating Organizations

"If we had one head of technical work he could coördinate all the various agencies. I have always felt that from a technical point of view a united air service is absolutely essential for the reason that you must have control of all the different technical activities having to do with equipment such as goes into an airplane. Under the present arrangement all armament matters are controlled by the Ordnance Department of the Army—that is, all armament matters for army aircraft—and all radio matters are controlled by the Signal Corps of the Army.

"This makes it very bad when we get to putting radio equipment into airplanes at McCook Field—that is, into our experimental models. We find that these people who have no knowledge of and are not familiar with the possibilities and limitations of the airplane are liable not to consider the necessity of making armament and radio equipment especially for aircraft purposes. To illustrate: We have at the present day no machine gun developed entirely for use in the air. The same thing holds for radio equipment. The radio equipment that we must put into the corps observation airplanes is in three units, large boxes, and weighs about eighty-five pounds. I am sure that the people developing this radio are not so thoroughly interested as we are in getting it down in weight and having it less cumbersome.

"Another thing is this. With the present organization, the Navy, the Army and the Post Office Department are working along separate lines, and though we try to keep in touch with everything that the others are doing, it is almost impossible to keep accurate liaison with them. Finally the development of the airplane has merely just started. It is a great big interesting thing, but it is hard to conceive that departments in which air service is only a side issue will take the interest and push to its conclusion the development that a separate service would make possible. Certainly with one technical head of the whole thing we might have better coördination of the work we are doing."

Using army-air-service equipment and personnel, the forest service of the Department of Agriculture during the last year has demonstrated the practicability of using aërial observation for forest-fire control.

Also using army equipment and personnel, the Bureau of Entomology, of the Department of Agriculture, has demonstrated to its satisfaction the practicality of using the air for the detection of crop blights.

Again, Col. E. Lester Jones, who served in the air service abroad and is superintendent of the Coast and Geodetic Survey, though deploring the manner in which aviation is being permitted to go into decrepitude by the Government, points out that though the War Department so far has not coöperated save in one instance from which a report has not yet been made, the potentialities of aërial photography in revising maritime coast charts and in making maps of Alaska, say—maps that would fill a dire need and be subject to adjustment later—are tremendous.

Using naval equipment and personnel, Dr. Hugh Smith, Commissioner of the Bureau of Fisheries, points out, aircraft so successfully spotted schools of sardine and tuna on the Pacific Coast that a closed-down industry was opened and has been open ever since, with the result that the work on the Pacific is to be continued and is now extended to the Atlantic Coast to locate mackerel and menhaden.

In the organization picture as a whole must be considered also the Bureau of Mines, which is concerned with the investigation of fuel as one of the problems in aëronautics, with flares and other signaling devices, liquid oxygen, perfection of light alloys, and the development of the invaluable noninflammable gas, helium, for airships, blimps and balloons. This gas, which removes one great hazard, is exclusively our own, and to develop it $9,000,000 has been spent. If possessed by the Germans it probably would have permitted their Zeppelin crews to defy destruction, at least in the early stages of the war, and would have permitted them, shooting from immovable platforms, to terrorize and possibly to conquer the Allies. The Bureau of Mines, which is in the Department of the Interior, also serves as it can any of the other agencies using aircraft.

In something of the same category is the Bureau of Standards, a national institution for scientific research, which is finely equipped and has made extensive studies in aërodynamical physics, aircraft instruments, aëro engines, aërial photographic apparatus, aircraft metallurgical materials; likewise the Forest Products Laboratory at Madison, Wisconsin, which has to do with aircraft woods, their growth, treatment, physical strengths.

Also the Weather Bureau, which has branches in all the principal cities, furnished invaluable data to the transatlantic fliers, furnishes regular forecasts to the postal fliers and is anxious to carry on, by the installation of instruments on planes flying at regular intervals or otherwise, studies dealing with the upper air currents, densities, and so on.

Commercial Aviation

But these are by no means all the organizations dealing with aviation. There is a National Advisory Committee for Aëronautics, which was established by Congress in 1915. It has twelve members appointed by the President, including five from private life, and has as its function to advise in determining the problems in aëronautics to be experimentally attacked and to coördinate among the various governmental and private agencies the research and experimental work involved, which work is intended to be accomplished through the instrumentalities of subcommittees, on each of which the Army, Navy, Bureau of Standards and other agencies have representatives. It has its own laboratories at Langley Field, Virginia; it has an office of information, which the army and navy air services also have, and a permanent branch in Paris.

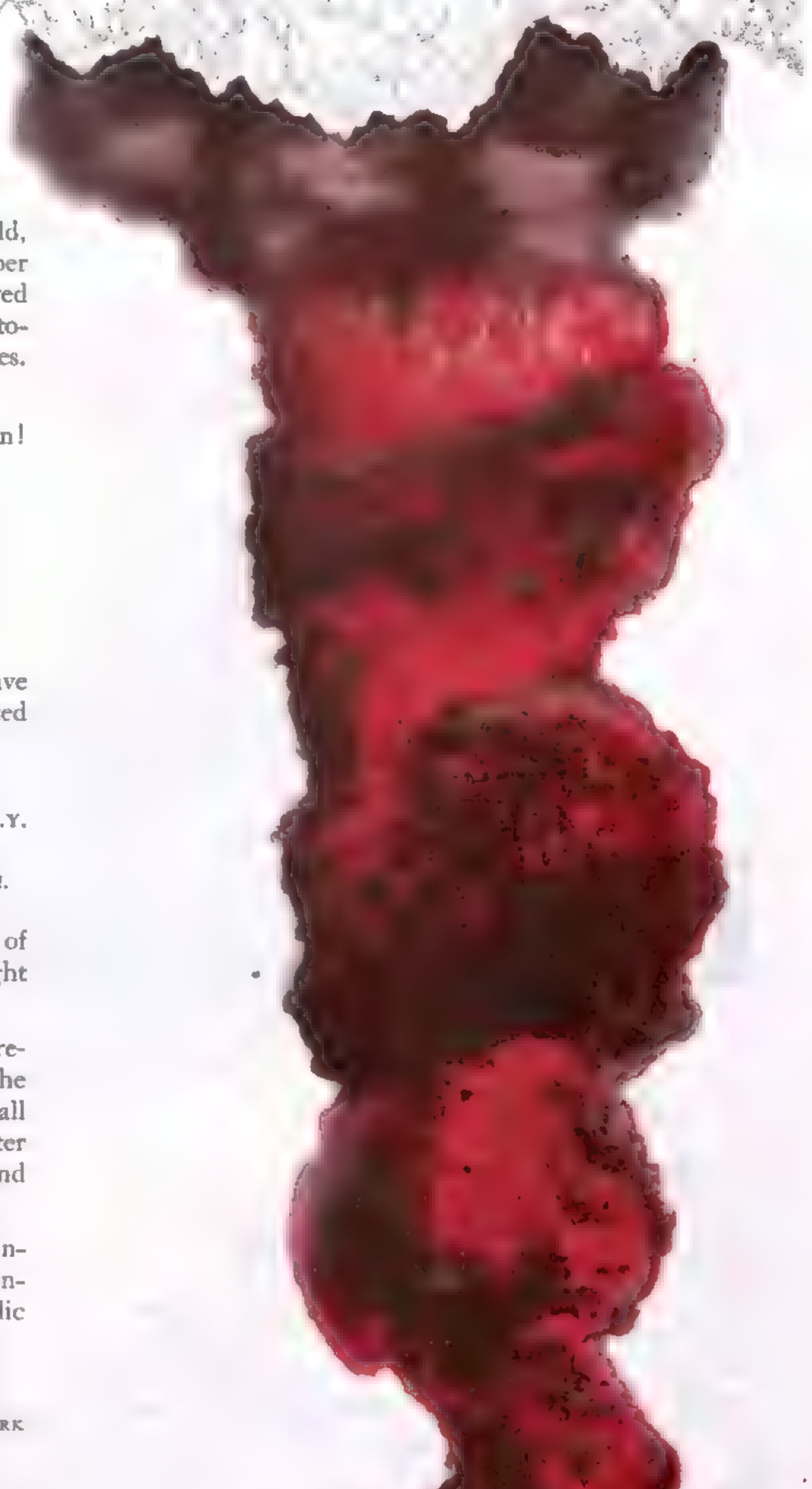
There is also the International Aircraft Standards Board, which inaugurated in various instances specifications for raw materials, parts, inspection, and so on. And there is the Interdepartmental Board of Commercial Aviation, composed of members from all the departments, meeting on Thursday afternoons in the Department of Commerce Building, for the consideration of commercial aviation. This is a more or less voluntary affair, with practically anyone considered a member attending the meetings.

Also there is the National Research Council, a branch of the National Academy of Sciences under its national charter and constitution, which acted during the war in a coöperative capacity, with some of its expenses paid, as the department of science and research of the Council of National

(Concluded on Page 125)

When Lightning Strikes

The fire-smothering blanket of FIREFOAM. It coats—it clings—it floats.



AGAIN lightning struck the Burkburnett Oil Field, catching the producers unprotected. On November 9, 1919, most of Waggoner City, Texas, was devoured by blazing oil. Nineteen huge oil tanks were lost. All together, $300,000 worth of property went up in flames. A human life was lost.

Do you know the reason? Non-effective Fire Protection!

Read what one of the oil journals said of this fire:

> "Proper protection in the form of fire-fighting apparatus would have lessened loss at Burkburnett recently. There are recognized fluids and *foams* for fighting fire—their value has been proven lately especially—and a regulation requiring certain protection for a certain number of tanks might result in cutting down damage and loss of life."

Firefoam (the only fire-smothering "foam") would have put out that fire in short order. No oil tank protected by the Foamite Firefoam Company has ever been lost.

Among the large users of Firefoam today are:

Atlantic Refining Co.	Sinclair Oil Company	Standard Oil Co. of N.Y.
Gulf Refining Co.	Standard Oil Co. of Calif.	Sun Company
Imperial Oil Co.	Standard Oil Co. of Kan.	The Texas Company
Magnolia Petroleum Co.	Standard Oil Co. of La.	Union Oil Co. of Calif.
Ohio Cities Gas Co.	Standard Oil Co. of N. J.	Vacuum Oil Company

Until Firefoam was invented, producers and refiners of oil, manufacturers of paint, varnish and chemicals sought in vain a means to combat fires of burning liquids.

No fire, however fierce, can penetrate a blanket of Firefoam. It floats on all burning liquids, smothering the flames without spreading them. It coats and clings to all surfaces. Its fatal action on fires of every type is a matter of seconds and minutes—not hours—and unlike water and many chemicals, Firefoam does not damage.

Firefoam apparatus, endorsed by leading fire and fire insurance authorities, covers the entire field of fire prevention. No home, no farm, no industrial plant, no public building should be without its protection.

Send for literature

FOAMITE FIREFOAM COMPANY, FIFTH AVENUE BUILDING, NEW YORK

Sales engineers in principal cities. Dealers everywhere

Foamite Firefoam

SMOTHERS FIRE

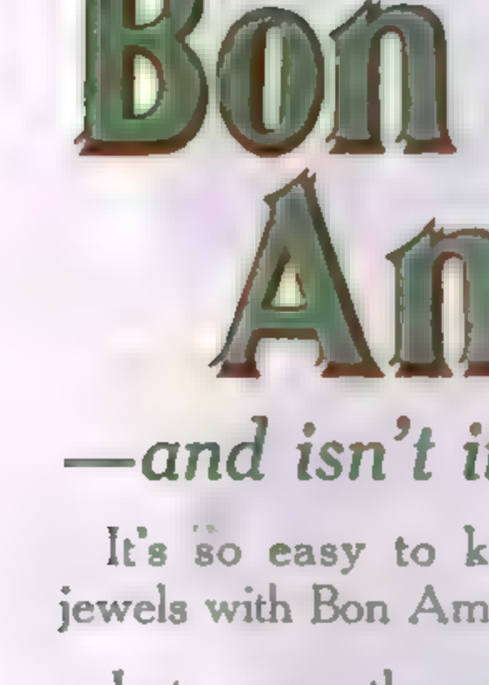
Bon Ami

—and isn't it clear!

It's so easy to keep mirrors sparkling like jewels with Bon Ami.

Just cover the glass with a thin lather of Bon Ami. It dries in a jiffy. Then wipe off with a soft, dry cloth. The fly-specks and dust will vanish like magic, leaving the mirror clear as crystal.

Bon Ami lightens house-cleaning. It is fine for cleaning and polishing windows, nickel, brass, enamels, linoleums and tiles.



Made in both cake and powder form.

(Concluded from Page 122)

Defense and as the science and research division of the Army Signal Corps. It has dealt with such problems as those afforded by airplane instruments, bomb sights, bomb trajectory, stabilization, photographic signaling, and so on. Its present chief purpose in aviation is to organize scientific effort, survey and collate, and to initiate, promote and stimulate research in science and its useful applications.

Now the slightest knowledge of organization is sufficient to show that such a setup as this above not only could not be represented on an organization chart, but holds the aviator and the future of American aviation as hostages. In other words, unless almost every rule of good business in the American corporation, the most efficient organization the world has produced, is wrong, the Government's plan—if it be a plan—is egregiously wrong.

But to get the picture whole, before going further, it may be worth glancing at the following facts, with which the American Aviation Mission, of which one of the present writers was chairman and which devoted months to searching investigation and personal inquiry of the best authorities in Europe, entirely concurred.

England, France and Italy have come to consider the dominance of the air as of the importance of domination of land and sea, and frankly and avowedly are planning definite policies of continuous aërial development, not only military and technical with relation to warfare, but commercial as well. They realize that military aviation, like military transportation by railroad or motor, rests upon commerce for its development. Accordingly the three great European powers propose to encourage the general development of aviation through direct governmental aid to aircraft commerce and industry. Such direct aid is not practicable or desirable in America, but that fact only emphasizes the need of initiative in other directions.

Europe's Forward Look

Both France and England have maintained wartime technical facilities and personnel at full strength. Thus almost a year after the armistice the American Aviation Mission found in England, at Farnborough, a complete experimental plant employing about 3000 men and women carrying on actively nearly every line of research, experiment and development in motors, planes and accessories. More than a score of planes rigged with apparatus for aërodynamic experiment were in the hangars and on the field. Physical and chemical laboratories seemed busy and fully manned. Estimating the lighter-than-air and naval experimental and research personnel, it seemed probable that this one plant, along with the other personnel engaged in Great Britain's technical division, is about equal to the entire personnel, both governmental and civil, engaged with aviation in America to-day.

England, France and Italy see clearly that continuous technical development, along with continuous development of personnel, constitutes the principal factor in the future of aircraft in war and in peace. They believe and frankly state that any future war between major nations inevitably will open with great aërial activity far in advance of contact either upon land or sea, and that victory cannot but incline to the belligerent able first to achieve and later to maintain its superiority in the air. M. Clémenceau so suggested in a letter to President Wilson.

Marshal Foch went further, and said to one of the present writers: "The fact was clearly demonstrated in the present war that if a nation is to conquer she must have supremacy in the air."

And General Duval, director of military aëronautics and an experienced flier, added: "If commercial aviation is not encouraged and stimulated military aviation will die."

In England Lord Fisher, who was First Sea Lord of the Admiralty, went further.

"By land and by sea," he said, "the approaching aircraft development knocks out the present fleet, makes invasion practicable, cancels our country being an island, transforms the atmosphere into a battle ground of the future. There is only one thing to do to the ostriches who are spending these vast millions on what is as useful for the next war as bows and arrows—sack the lot! As the locusts swarmed over Egypt, so will aircraft swarm in the heavens, carrying inconceivable cargoes of men and bombs. Some will be fast, some slow. Some will act like battle cruisers and others as destroyers. All will be cheap, and—this is the gist of it—all will require only a few men as crews."

Admiral Bradley Fiske, it will be remembered, in a public statement made much the same points, which are commonplace to airmen who served in the air abroad, and seem plausible enough, despite the heavy deck armament battleships now use, to those of us who have flown. Thus one colonel in our air service says that a fleet of three or four hundred planes, all carrying projectiles weighing a ton, could sink any fleet. Another adds that ample planes, plus ample chemical bombs, could terrorize and defeat an army. And General Mitchell concludes: "We believe that an adequate air service will not only greatly hamper the operations of any navy against us, but will put within a comparatively short time all surface vessels under the water, which is to say they will be unable to resist aërial attack in any decided way. This is particularly so since the successful development of impelled torpedoes, burning bombs, aërial cannon, means of destroying searchlights on ships, smoke screens and depth bombs, and since radio communication has been established between airplanes and submarines."

Such authentic views of the future potency of aircraft in warfare are discounted by the traditional forces of conservatism in the Army and Navy. Those forces must be added then to the inertia that comes inevitably from having so many governmental organizations concerned with the development of aviation. Concerted and conclusive achievement accordingly is made more difficult. Traditionally conservative forces in the world's military, it will be remembered, opposed the initial use of gunpowder. To take another example of the reluctance of the military to make the most of a new factor in warfare, there is the repeating rifle. This was known and accepted in sporting circles as early as 1840, but it was not adopted by our Army until the last year of the Civil War, at and after the minor battle of Franklin in 1864. Again the Gatling machine gun, which was of American invention, was not adopted by our Army until after the Germans had demonstrated its worth. And the Navy refused to accept the ironclad until after the battle between the Monitor and the Merrimac. It was not the Navy that built the Monitor; a syndicate built it. It was not the Navy that manned it; volunteers manned it. The rule governing the traditionally conservative forces in the Army and the Navy has been, in numerous instances, not to accept any invention until it has been demonstrated generally. But even this rule ignores the work that aircraft did during the war.

Yet we know the efforts that Great Britain, France, Italy, even Germany, are making to develop aviation. We know that armies never contended that they could perform the functions achieved by navies, and there is no sound reason to suppose that armies and navies can perform the functions necessary to warfare in the air, though always modern armies and navies will need observation auxiliaries in the air for exactly the reasons they were so attached to the various army corps abroad, coöperating with the Army much as the Navy coöperated with it.

Abroad the great governments, driven no doubt by the force of public opinion, which in turn was strengthened by actual war experience with aircraft, are endeavoring in every possible way—even by direct subsidy, which is not practicable here—to encourage commercial aviation so as to equip that for war emergencies. Thus, to take only a few illustrations, three of the European nations have provided military aviators and mechanicians for commercial missions to other countries to exploit and advertise the commercial products of private manufacturers. Three such European missions were sent to South America. And as this is written plans are being carried through by British interests to use, or to sell, in America about ten thousand planes and immense quantities of parts and equipment which, it is understood, were obtained at only about one per cent of their wartime cost.

One French company is now delivering orders for aircraft in South America at prices below their wartime construction cost. France has even given planes to private companies to aid development. England, France and Italy are assisting private manufacturers further by selling them excess war material at low cost, while our postal authorities insist that unless some impetus is given private manufacturers it will soon be impossible to obtain necessary spare parts. They are extending mail service by air wherever possible. France and England both have routes from London to Paris. France is planning routes to Algeria and Morocco, to carry mail, express and passengers; and has routes to Lille and Brussels, Bordeaux and other points. England, incredible as it may seem, is planning regular service to Cairo, from Cairo to Bombay; and to the Cape, to Canada and America—virtually all over the world.

As these nations see the situation, only a few years of encouragement will be necessary to make the new transportation a utility of real commercial value, which, because of its great speed and range of operations, will go so far in eliminating distance that oceans, countries, states, will be passed over with greater facility than counties and townships are now crossed by motor cars. And in line with these clear-cut convictions they go ahead to adjust all international and internal conditions that affect aviation, such as liability to carriers, licenses for flying, rules of the road.

Here in America, however, the Government is inert in these particulars, while states and communities are beginning to lay restrictions on airmen so that these restrictions will soon be worse than those laid on motorists and railroads. And when in accordance with our international agreement a question concerning aviation, international mails and other matters was referred to us we had no central agency able to handle it, and of necessity it was finally referred by the State Department to the Assistant Secretary of War.

Turning to the other and more hopeful side of the picture, wherein the variety of governmental agencies successfully using aircraft argues in no wise except for centralizing all the major and general aspects of aviation, we can see that, though we are falling down in the development of aircraft for national defense, we are nevertheless emphatically establishing aviation in other ways.

The Post Office Department has—though the House cut out its appropriation for aërial mail at first—gone ahead and has now the most extensive and successful commercial system in the world. It has demonstrated in an experience that is as full of epics as a war that it can carry mails when express trains are frozen in. It has cut time in two over short distances; it promises to do better over long distances. It has excelled railroad service, not only in time and regularity but in economy. Now with liberalized appropriations and laws it is going ahead to expand its service to the coast, east and west, north and south, almost everywhere, and even as this is written is about to receive bids from private enterprises for the carrying of the mails between various points.

Meanwhile the forest service has demonstrated during the 1919 dry season, with one squadron of army planes and a few stationary balloons, that California forests, and, of course, the rest of the 153,933,700 acres of national forests, and the national parks if desirable as well, can be guarded against fire and other depredations as they never have been.

Thus the acting district forester for California, C. E. Rachford, says: "Experimental airplane forest-fire patrol in California has been a success—very much more of a success than could have been anticipated or than was warranted, considering the fact that the work was undertaken without previous experience, without apparently adequate equipment and personnel, and without any opportunity for preparation on the part of the air service, and without preparation, proper plans, funds or knowledge of airplanes, their limitations and possibilities by the forest service."

Meanwhile too the airplane is being used more and more in the United States and far more in Canada for timber surveys and reconnaissance work.

Likewise the United States Commissioner of Fisheries, Dr. Hugh Smith, taking heed of the success with which navy aviators discovered sardine and tuna fish on the Pacific Coast, by coöperating with the Navy, has got the same service extended to the Atlantic Coast, where schools of mackerel, menhaden and other fish are being revealed to an industry whose idle craft have often sought vainly for them within a mile or two of them.

"The distances are great," Doctor Smith says. "The area of water is great. The fishing vessels might be cruising round for weeks, and not sight fish in abundance when they are only a short distance off. But by the use of airplanes enormous distance and area are covered. The airmen report back by wireless or telephone and give their exact location."

Meanwhile Canada is using aircraft for the same purposes and plans to use them to spot seal as well.

The Bureau of Entomology has also used aircraft, which were assigned by the Army, to soar over the cotton zones in the free zone of Texas to spot the pink boll weevil, and in New Jersey to seek out the Japanese beetle.

"As for anything else," the man who directed the work says, "the airplane is useful for quick scout work. We expect aircraft to continue to be useful for just such work."

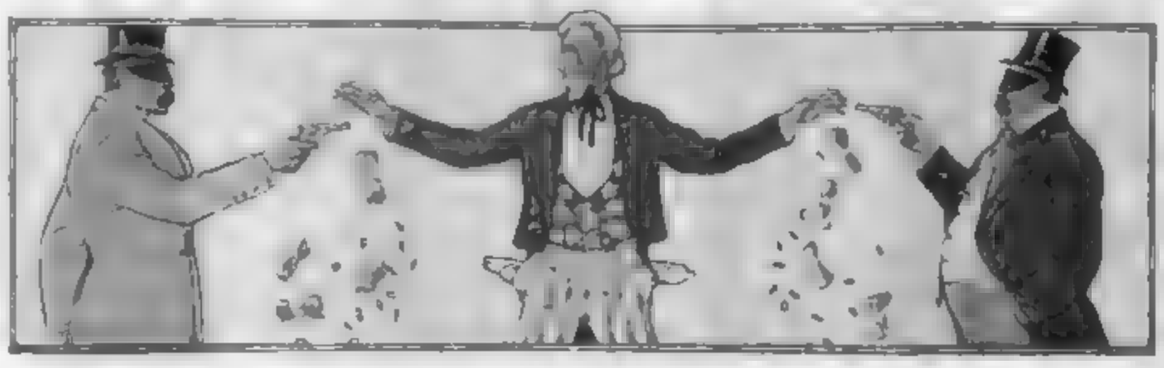
The superintendent of the Coast and Geodetic Survey sees the greatest promise in the use of aircraft in making maps.

A Definite Plan is Needed

And to go no further, it is worth noting that Captain Parker, who is in charge of the effort just initiated by the Coast Guard at the Morehead City, North Carolina, station, abandoned by the Navy, says: "Our effort is to demonstrate what we feel confident of—that aircraft will be valuable in locating derelicts, in which service they will prove, we estimate, much more efficient and cost only a third as much as the maintenance of a cutter. They will be useful in locating refugees in the flood zones of the Middle West, in getting lines aboard ships out of range otherwise, and in many other ways that experience already has demonstrated."

The conclusion probably already has been anticipated. It is that aviation has become largely by employment of equipment assembled during the war—a prodigious actuality, with very great promise both military and civil. It must be thought of first in terms of national defense. And when one thinks of it so, and realizes that it is as a weapon dependent here, as in Europe, upon commercial development, like any new transportation industry, it becomes clear that it cannot thrive, even as a weapon, without a plan.

Its plan has broken down, its prime purpose is largely overborne. It needs, like much else in Washington, a master of salvage and the support of a Congress that is sorely perturbed at the present situation to set it on its feet and square it off against the future. The President cannot accomplish its salvation. Only an exact and carefully formulated plan, with a head definitely defined, with authority definitely centralized and responsibility clearly established, will do. Unless American business is all wrong, the only way the Government can get as great service as it is entitled to get for the money that is being spent, or better service for less money, is to centralize aviation in one agency instead of permitting it to be scattered among twenty. The obstacles in the way of that achievement are not insuperable. Indeed France and England both encountered obstacles similar in kind. They overcame them. It is incredible that we cannot do so.



HAVE YOU DARED FOR LOVE?

Some women dare much, as in "The Love Flower."

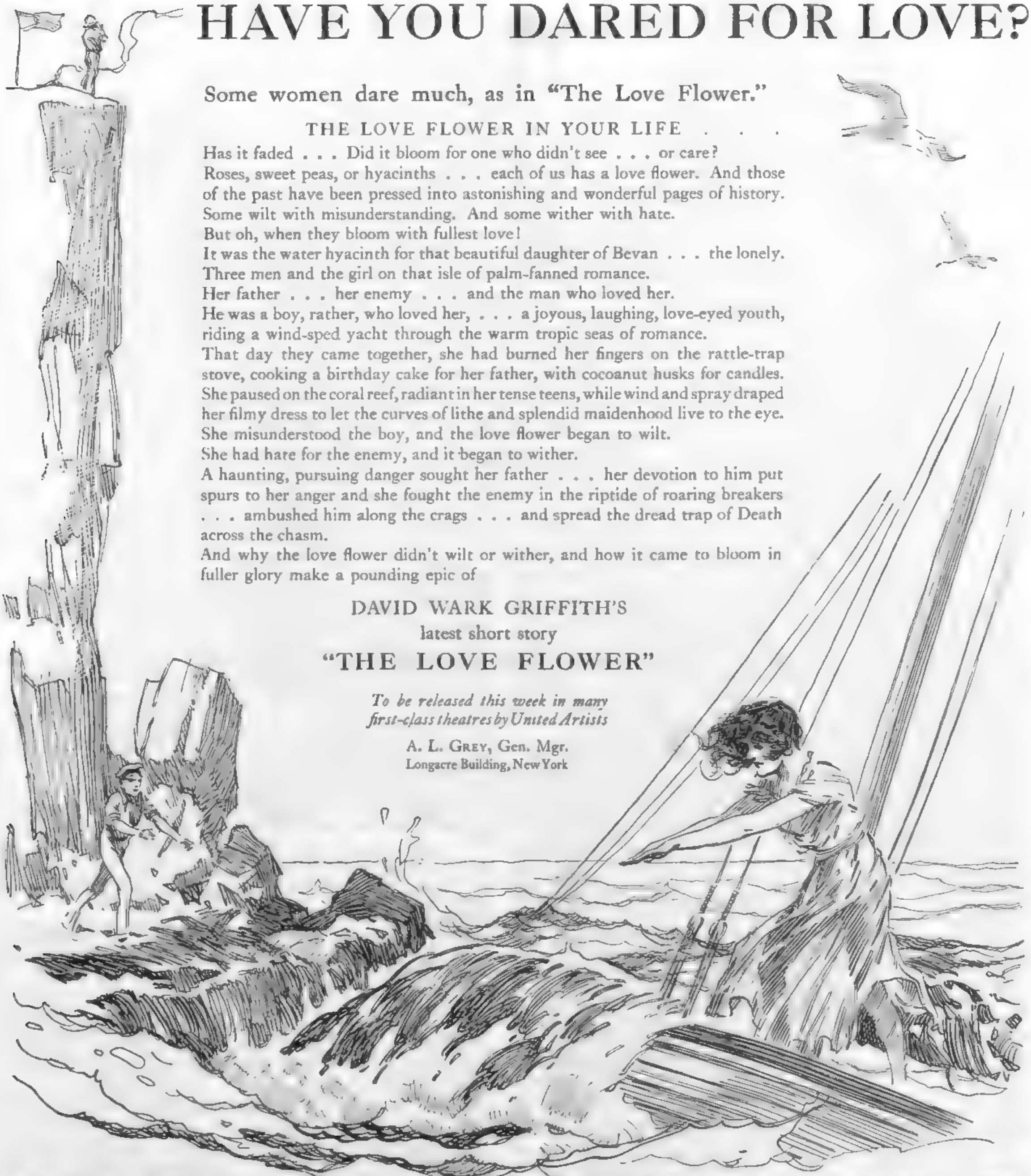
THE LOVE FLOWER IN YOUR LIFE . . .

Has it faded . . . Did it bloom for one who didn't see . . . or care?
Roses, sweet peas, or hyacinths . . . each of us has a love flower. And those of the past have been pressed into astonishing and wonderful pages of history.
Some wilt with misunderstanding. And some wither with hate.
But oh, when they bloom with fullest love!
It was the water hyacinth for that beautiful daughter of Bevan . . . the lonely.
Three men and the girl on that isle of palm-fanned romance.
Her father . . . her enemy . . . and the man who loved her.
He was a boy, rather, who loved her, . . . a joyous, laughing, love-eyed youth, riding a wind-sped yacht through the warm tropic seas of romance.
That day they came together, she had burned her fingers on the rattle-trap stove, cooking a birthday cake for her father, with cocoanut husks for candles.
She paused on the coral reef, radiant in her tense teens, while wind and spray draped her filmy dress to let the curves of lithe and splendid maidenhood live to the eye.
She misunderstood the boy, and the love flower began to wilt.
She had hate for the enemy, and it began to wither.
A haunting, pursuing danger sought her father . . . her devotion to him put spurs to her anger and she fought the enemy in the riptide of roaring breakers . . . ambushed him along the crags . . . and spread the dread trap of Death across the chasm.
And why the love flower didn't wilt or wither, and how it came to bloom in fuller glory make a pounding epic of

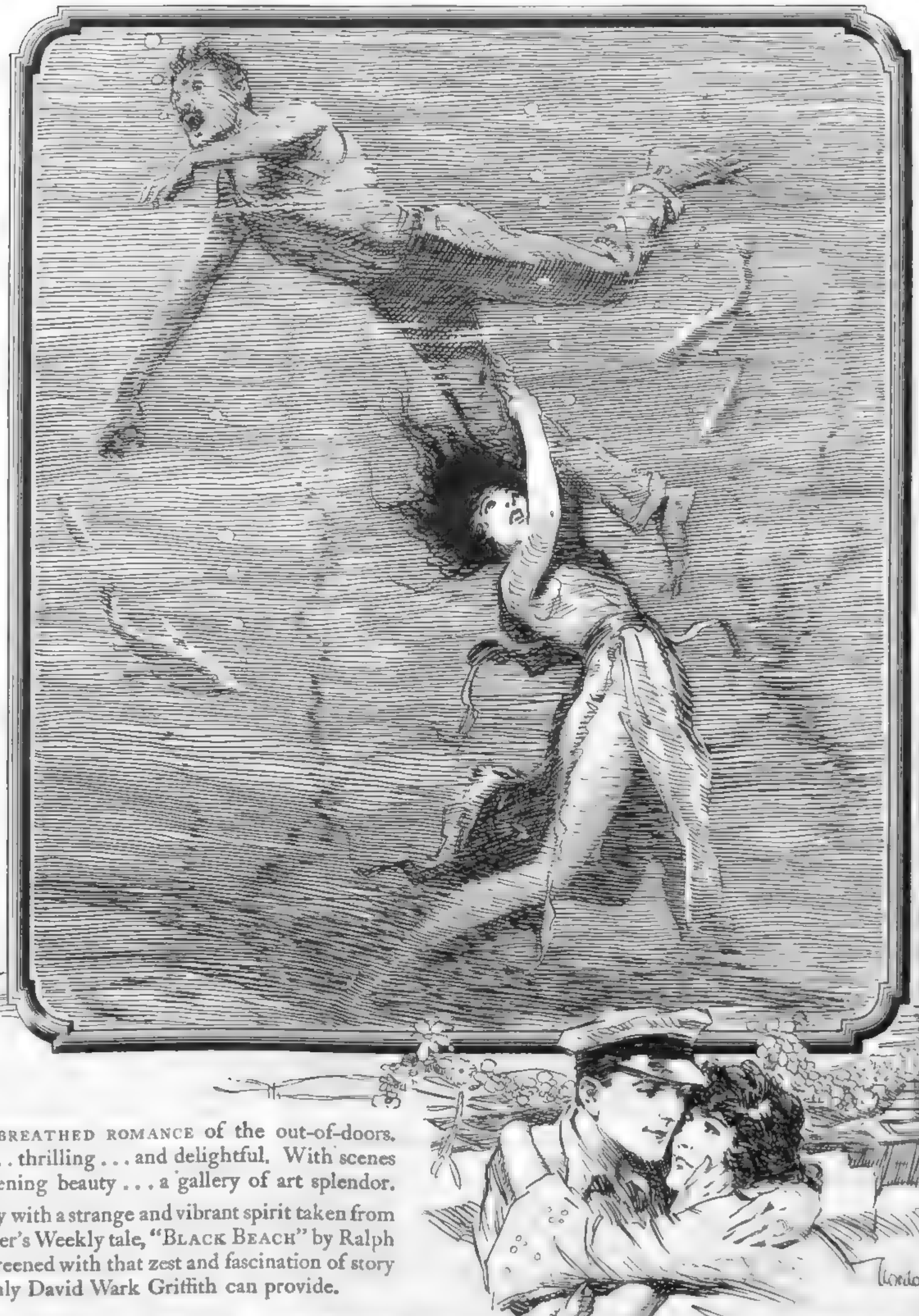
DAVID WARK GRIFFITH'S
latest short story
"THE LOVE FLOWER"

To be released this week in many first-class theatres by United Artists

A. L. GREY, Gen. Mgr.
Longacre Building, New York



GRIFFITH



A DEEP-BREATHED ROMANCE of the out-of-doors. Happy . . . thrilling . . . and delightful. With scenes of quickening beauty . . . a gallery of art splendor.

A story with a strange and vibrant spirit taken from the Collier's Weekly tale, "BLACK BEACH" by Ralph Stock, screened with that zest and fascination of story telling only David Wark Griffith can provide.

PICTURES

For Men:
Re. CHARACTER

PRODUCTS like *people* have definite character.

The world of merchandise has its Washingtons, Jeffersons and Lincolns.

It doesn't seem to matter much how many obstacles a Lincoln-like man or a Lincoln-like product has had to overcome. Both are bound to come eventually into their rightful place.

A college education isn't essential to success, nor does it hinder. It is likely to help. But it is the inner quality of the individual that sends him ahead.

Take Fels-Naptha:

Here is an instance of growth without forcing.

With fewer salesmen than most such products have, Fels-Naptha has gone steadily ahead year after year demonstrating a greatness, a vitality, that is a marvel even to its sponsors—as a famous man's progress astonishes his parents.

Fels-Naptha's *character* in few words: Plain to look at, honest in its claims, harmless as sunshine, powerful for good.

Fels-Naptha has found its way to all parts of the land—to places where no salesman has taken it, but where women have talked to other women about the great helpfulness of the good golden bar. It largely has been a spontaneous growth derived from the product's inherent goodness.

It has achieved peculiar prominence in the American home and grocery trade.

Soap!

The use of soap is very old; it is mentioned in the Bible. The ancient Romans made soap.

The great improvements in its manufacture were not reached until the nineteenth century. Then the true nature of soap began to be understood.

Out of bigger ideals came Fels-Naptha, an original and distinct step forward in the production of soap products.

The Fels-Naptha idea was the perfect combination (a difficult process to achieve) of a good soap with naptha. The method was perfected in the Fels-Naptha laboratory. It is exclusive with Fels-Naptha. It never has been successfully imitated.

The Reward of Originality

The value of this improvement made in soap by the Fels-Naptha process was quickly recognised. With increased cleaning-quality and distinct labor-saving features Fels-Naptha was bound to gain the popularity it justly deserves.

We refer to Fels-Naptha as a "soap" because that is the general classification of the product. It is in reality a product greater than soap—a veritable super-soap. There is no other product just like it.

And no product has been so rewarded by the loyalty of its users.

Something More than Good Soap

In Fels-Naptha you get the value of good soap and the energy of real naptha. These together in Fels-Naptha do better work than either can do alone.

Naptha is a surprising dirt-loosener. Dry-cleaners use it for even the most delicate fabrics. When combined with good soap *the way it is in Fels-Naptha*, the soap plus the naptha produces the greatest clothes-cleansing combination ever invented.

Men! How about your women folks?

Is Fels-Naptha helping your wife, mother or sister? If they are not using it, they are working harder than necessary. That should mean something to you.

Fels-Naptha should be at work in every room in the house—in the laundry, in the kitchen for dishes, sink and all cleaning; in the bathroom for very dirty hands and for making tub and washstand spotless in a jiffy!

And Fels-Naptha should be used by them for general cleaning—for woodwork, for removing spots from cloth, for brightening rugs and carpet.

If Fels-Naptha is *not* working for you, you are losing in another way—for Fels-Naptha saves clothes from destructive rubbing. You know how much fabrics cost today. Get Fels-Naptha into your home to help your family and your purse.

Fels-Naptha—a product which proves its character in the household every day.

© 1920, Fels & Co.

FELS & COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA

CHILDHOOD IMPRESSIONS

(Continued from Page 15)

my small private reception was part of the general ovation to Grant. I heard afterward, though I have no memory of the occurrence, that someone asked me if I was a little American or a little foreigner, and I answered emphatically: "I am a Gwant!" I remember being teased about this pretentious remark for many years.

At Galena we stayed a little with the grandparents, who returned to their wee cottage there, where they had lived before till the outbreak of the war in 1861. Grandmamma gave me the garden, and I gave up everything else and went in for mud pies, while all the world passed by me in and out of the garden gate and cottage door. Handsome big men and many an elegant woman in her best frills came to the modest cottage. After four years in the field and eight in the White House, with their tour of European and Asiatic palaces thrown in, it spoke well for the couple that they contentedly returned to their old place to settle down. We left them, and returned to our own house in Chicago again after a while.

I remember many faces vaguely among my mother's Chicago friends, but all these were dominated by the personality most in view by right of his military experience, Gen. Philip H. Sheridan. Very different from my grandfather he was, but with qualities which won and held the devotion of those who served with him and made him a social favorite too. I remember him well, for his daughter and I were playmates in those days, and her father would drop in and speak with us on his way in or out. He had a low-pitched but rather loud voice, an easy merry laugh or chuckle, and a warm, strong way of shaking hands. I believe he was short, but to our small figures he seemed tall enough to be impressive, and he moved rather quickly. He did not have much hair, whether because of baldness or because the head was close clipped I don't recall; a round face with fine lines and nose, however, and large blue expressive eyes. They changed constantly in expression—beamed with fun or looked suddenly tender and sad. All warmth and sympathy and Celtic charm as he passed through his children's nursery was the general who led cavalry with such genius.

Mrs. Palmer Shows Diplomacy

My father, on this commander's staff, was more in Chicago and less in the Far West then, and once he and my mother both went away, leaving me with my lovely aunt—my mother's sister, Mrs. Palmer—during the time of their absence. It was a new experience for me to be visiting and alone, without either of my own people, and I had several impressive experiences, one being the family Christmas tree, the only really large fine one I had ever seen. Arranged in the evening, it took on great importance in my sight by that fact. I fancy I was allowed a little more candy and party food, and was given an extra amount of spoiling because I was a visitor. Anyhow, I enjoyed extremely the excitement of my position, though I hailed my parents' return with delight. They had been to Mexico, they told me—an official visit which my grandfather made to President Diaz. General Sheridan had accompanied my grandfather, and my father went as aide-de-camp to Sheridan, while several important civilians accompanied my grandfather. Grandmamma went, and all the others' wives as well—a gay clever group round the central figure—and they brought back tales which thrilled me for years, and are now still told by my mother to my interested little daughters. The party had had much attention naturally; a splendid ovation all along the line was given to my grandfather, and in Mexico City fêtes, receptions and illuminations on the pattern of those Europe and Asia had offered, did him honor. I fancy he did not especially enjoy these, but the ladies did, and they loved the "daumont" carriages and the parades and pretty clothes, Spanish fans, silver and gold filigree work, willing young Spanish aides-de-camp, and the new and unexpected customs governing life in the large stone palaces where Diaz's will was supreme law. The latter was in his heyday of power and talent then, and he and my grandfather held many a serious conference which influenced American relations with Mexico through the decades which followed, and helped on friendly understanding and constructive work between the countries.

All the party shopped, and came home laden with quaint old or modern creations of Spanish hands and brains. Even my grandfather had made a purchase; grandmamma had a string of quite large pearls, somewhat irregular, but of lovely sheen and color, which he had bought her in Mexico. She was delighted with them and he was pleased, too, I remember. I was deeply impressed because I was taken on her lap and allowed to feel their weight and beauty, and was told that when I should be grown up the pearls would be mine, because I was her namesake; and my grandfather added: "Those are pearls I bought for Julia Grant, and you are Julia Grant, my pet." Through the years thereafter, whenever I was near, I was allowed to fasten the necklace on grandmamma, and always as he looked on, smiling, my grandfather would say: "My pet, your grandmamma is wearing your pearls again. Do you like her to wear them?" And I did.

President Grant in 1875

When I was five years old a great event occurred in my small life. We spent a summer with my mother's sister and Mr. Palmer at their country place just outside of Chicago; and no one who has lived in the country, always taking its pleasures for granted, can realize the joys which a small city girl finds in her first prolonged stay among trees and birds, with a garden patch to work in for her very own, and lawns to sit and roll on—two boy cousins also as daily companions. It seemed a garden of paradise to live in during the summer of 1881. I had a little illness, caused perhaps by too many strawberries or cherries, but I was getting well quite rapidly. I lay in a little room off my mother's and was to get up next day, when suddenly one evening my lovely aunty came in and took me up in her arms, carrying me into her own room, "to pay me a little visit," she said. She tucked me into her own big bed, where I fell asleep.

I was awakened by what I thought was a cat mewing, only it seemed rather loud. Then nurse came in and told me to dress quickly like a good girl, because there was to be a surprise for the two cousins and me as soon as we were ready. I asked about that cat; maybe there was one lost in the house somewhere, the nurse said. She was distracted and uncommunicative. She got through with me rapidly and sent me into my aunt's room, where the latter was doing her hair and talking to my two cousins, who were before me, and who looked impressed. I joined them with beating heart, and heard that a brand new baby boy had arrived in the house, and that because I had no brother, while the two cousins had one another, this baby was to be mine.

I grew old, with swollen importance, as I listened. It was, indeed, great news! One of the cousins took it quietly, while from the other came a storm of protest and tears. He didn't think it fair; the baby was born in their house and ought to be theirs; I was a girl and always was given everything, anyhow; and besides he was the eldest, and the first baby should by right go to him. I trembled with anxiety that my acquisition might slip from me, but I kept a dignified silence while the question was threshed out. I felt that all my cousin's arguments were just and good, but, nevertheless, I wanted to keep this exceptional possession which a good wind had brought me; and in the end I triumphed through my aunt's decision and diplomacy. We had a rapid breakfast under the strain of intense excitement and impatience. Then we were marshaled into an expectant procession, with my aunt's instructions to walk into the room on tiptoe, sit down in three chairs which we should find by the door, and await the baby, look at him in silence, and at a signal from her march out.

We carried out our orders, and soon after our entrance there appeared from my old room a nurse holding a bundle. She brought it over, showed a tiny sleeping face to the eldest, then to the second cousin, who stared with interest, then she came on to me.

"Here is your little brother, dear. Would you like to hold him?" she asked. Nearly exploding with pride and joy I nodded silently as hard as I could, and she put the bundle into my arms without letting it go herself. "In a few days you can help me bathe him," she said, and I felt I had discovered a new heaven and a new earth. Soon my father appeared, and he said: "Well, pet, do you like our baby brother? He is yours, you know."

The poor disappointed cousin was then given a turn at holding the baby, which consoled him a little—also, I imagine he didn't mind so much when he saw the new boy was too small to do much playing yet. Anyhow, we were all turned out into the garden shortly after I had been told to kiss my mother quietly as she had a headache. She smiled and said how nice it was the little brother had come. She looked very pretty but seemed tired, and they told me she wouldn't get up that day.

After that great event I was called a big girl and was supposed always to put on and button my own clothes, and do various other small things for myself. Mamma was not quite strong for a long time. The baby was named Ulysses, for my grandfather, and I took great delight in helping with his toilet. He wore my White House finery, and he was big for his age, everyone said, and very pink and white and strong, and he made a great racket when he cried. My mother was anxious about him often and held him a great deal in her arms, and sometimes when he wouldn't be quiet my father would pick him up and with the baby's head on his broad shoulder he would croon an Indian refrain learned out on the plains long ago. Apparently it was an irresistible invitation to sleep.

Living in a Gift House

My mother's health continued fragile, still; and my father, who had resigned from the Army, brought us all on to New York, where we went to a new house, 3 East Sixty-sixth Street—a very big dark house, it seemed to me. I heard with great interest the grown-ups say it was given my grandfather by the citizens of Philadelphia. Then for a time life was most exciting. I was very much my own mistress, as our nurse was constantly occupied by the baby, and my mother was not strong enough to do much at all and that little was about him. Various Grant uncles and aunts came to stay in the house, and one aunt I had not known before came from England to visit my grandparents. She was Aunt Nelly—Mrs. Sartoris—and she brought with her three children who spoke awfully funny English, and a nurse and governess who were very severe, and almost completely to me incomprehensible. I found Aunt Nelly most sympathetic, with lovely soft eyes and smile, and a gentle voice and caressing manner, and she always wore soft clothes. I never saw much of her through the years, but the impression lasted.

The new house had many rooms. All the lower rooms had very interesting things in them about which grandmamma told stories—the library's books were a gift to my grandfather from the city of Boston, and the beautiful bindings, all tooled in gold, were a joy to look upon in their ebony bookcases. A great fire constantly burned in the grate of the library and the flames' lights played on the black-and-gold brocade of the furniture, which was a gift of the Mikado of Japan. In the front parlor gold, red, orange, green and white were woven into another brocade from the same source, and a wonderful gold-lacquer cabinet, eleven hundred years or more old, stood as a further testimony of the Mikado's enthusiasm. Some more modern lacquer furniture, duplicate of a set in the imperial palace in Tokio used by the Empress of Japan, had been given grandmamma also. Chinese teakwood, with jades and porcelain gifts, from the Emperor "Son of Heaven," and from Li Hung Chang, his wise old adviser; malachite and enamels there were from Russia; gifts from England and from France; also precious documents, the freedom of various cities abroad in gold-wrought or bejeweled caskets, with medals given by Congress, swords

(Concluded on Page 133)

Drawing Made From a Model Hoosier Kitchen

NOTE how this kitchen is planned with the Hoosier as the central working point. All tools, utensils and foods that are needed frequently in the preparation of a meal are placed conveniently in the Hoosier. Shelves, range, pantry and sink are grouped around the Hoosier in a way that saves hours of time and miles of extra steps.

HOOSIER

—and now they build kitchens to fit the

HOOSIER

IN the past twenty years, two million American kitchens of the old, unplanned type have had order and ease put into them through the labor-saving HOOSIER Kitchen Cabinet. Two million American women have driven drudgery from their kitchens through the wide opening doors of the HOOSIER.

Making the Hoosier the Real Heart of the Kitchen

Today the Hoosier idea of simplified kitchen work, by means of tested improvements, has gone a step farther. Women are having the kitchens of their new homes built with the idea of making their work at the Hoosier most effective. Skilled architects are planning model kitchens, in which the Hoosier is in reality the heart of the kitchen.

New kitchens are being built from plans that specify the most desirable location of storage shelves, cupboards, ice-box, stove and sink as related to the spot that is to accommodate the Hoosier. Even the relation of the pantry door to the position of the Hoosier is carefully and scientifically planned.

This planning of Hoosier's position in the new home is, of course, only possible for those who are fortunate enough to be able to plan their kitchens in advance.

But, whether you are going to build a new home or not, you need the Hoosier now.

It offers you freedom from your most trying domestic drudgery.

Hoosier, the Cabinet of Proved Improvements

The Hoosier has been built out of the experiences of American women. As its makers, we have for twenty years invited Hoosier users to help us make it a better and better kitchen convenience. We can safely assert that every suggestion that was ever made for the improvement of a kitchen cabinet has been actually tried out in connection with the Hoosier. The best have been retained—the rest rejected.

Today the Hoosier is a cabinet of proved improvements. It is the concrete expression of what American women have learned about cutting out waste steps and eliminating unnecessary reaching and standing. It organizes your kitchen work in a single compact spot. Every necessary utensil, every needed cooking ingredient is within your easy reach, as you sit before Hoosier's big, uncluttered work-table.

Do You Know What You Are Missing?

The sooner you get the Hoosier, the sooner you will cut down the wear and tear of housekeeping and build up a reserve fund of energy—as well as add to your hours of rest and recreation.

Go to your Hoosier dealer today. See the Hoosier Beauty. Sit before it. Note how handy it is in every detail and appointment. Picture it in your own kitchen. Visualize how much ease and relaxation it will add to your life. And then—order it sent home.

Write for the booklet—"New Kitchen Short Cuts."

THE HOOSIER MANUFACTURING COMPANY
MAIN OFFICE—820 Maple St., Newcastle, Ind.
BRANCH OFFICE—Mezzanine Floor, Pacific Building, San Francisco, Calif.
BRANCH OFFICE—368 Portage Ave., Winnipeg, Man., Canada.

SAVES STEPS

Copyright 1920, The Hoosier Mfg. Co.

EVERY day Eversharp saves writing time for hosts of users. Every hour Eversharp helps business people, housewives, students, society folk and travelers. Every minute Eversharp keeps a sharp point—yet it is never sharpened. One filling of Eversharp Leads writes 250,000 words at 10,000 words per penny. Fashioned with Wahl precision, Eversharp accompanies dainty party frocks or smart dress clothes as appropriately as workaday outfits. Make sure you get Eversharp—the name is on the pencil. All styles, all prices. Handy eraser and pocket clip or chain ring. Dealers everywhere.

THE WAHL COMPANY, Chicago

Eastern Offices: 165 Broadway, New York City. Western Representatives: Bret M. Morris Company, 444 Market Street, San Francisco. Canadian Representatives: Rowland & Campbell, Ltd., Winnipeg, Canada; Consolidated Optical Company, Toronto, Canada

EVERSHARP

Companion of the Tempoint Pen

Everyday

(Concluded from Page 129)

of honor, all the souvenirs of a wonderful life stood about in the large, quiet rooms. Little by little I learned of their meaning, and of that of some of the fine portraits—Sheridan's Ride, and my grandfather in one rôle or another. He and my father were now going into a banking business, in which one of my uncles was interested; the firm was called Grant & Ward and was a flourishing concern and in it my grandfather and my father cheerfully put what they had saved by careful long economy from their army pay, or, in my grandfather's case, the fund went in which was given him by New York City to express its admiration.

My mother was still delicate, and to strengthen her we moved for the winter to a pretty cottage at Morristown, New Jersey. She and my father were delighted with the place, and I remember very well how interested they were in furnishing their new home, and how attractive they made it, even in my unnoticing childish eyes. My mother was looking quite radiant at this time—very young still, she dressed in charming and becoming clothes. Always she was much admired and fêted, and my father was enthusiastic in surrounding her with all that his new business success could offer in the way of a frame for her beauty. The home was gay with visitors coming and going. My great delight was in our horses, especially one pair, which my father drove himself in a high phaëton, or which my mother drove in a low trap he gave her. She had always been an accomplished and graceful horsewoman in her youth, and it was a keen delight to her to handle the ribbons again. There was a wonderful sleigh, too, low, on Russian or Swedish lines, with floating red horsehair plumes and tinkling bells. It had warm, furry robes. Sometimes I was allowed to drive out with my mother, and I delighted in the sleigh.

Morristown was an attractive place and occasionally we joined the grandparents again for a few weeks' stay, either in New York or at their seashore cottage at Elberon, New Jersey. The latter was paradise to us children. On one corner of the large lawn a group of pine trees sheltered us from the sun and made an ideal playground, and grandmamma had had "the woods" fitted up with a swing and other arrangements dear to our hearts. Then every child had a tiny garden patch, where flowers and vegetables were rivals for our care; my brother, grown a healthy toddler, had planted a melon vine which bloomed. Every time he reported a flower, next morning he ran into the garden, to find that in the blossom's place lay a ripe watermelon or a cantaloupe, which he immediately carried to the house and sold to his grandmother for ten cents. The miraculous vine became a family classic! There were big shady balconies with hammocks at Elberon, and on one, just by the stairway leading to our nurseries, stood a small barrel kept full always of home-made cookies especially for the benefit of weary, hungry children. Best of all, there was the beach and the blue ocean to paddle and bathe in. And all these pastimes were allowed through long, busy, happy days.

My Grandfather's Intimates

Grandmamma still let me go in and help her dress; besides, there was an offer on her part to us, a secret arrangement according to which if we were any of us in trouble, or were not permitted to do one thing or another as we wanted, we were to come to her, and she would see what she could do to remedy the situation. My grandfather evidently enjoyed us very much. He continued to call me his pet, also sometimes to sing me the Juliana Johnson song, and he kept me with him and talked to me a great deal. A wonderful experience was when he let me go out to drive in his buggy with the fast trotters, which were his single luxury. I stood between his knees, which steadied me, and held the reins out in front of his hands, and found skimming over the good hard road as great a joy as he did. He introduced me to his two intimate friends, who spent a great deal of time at the house. One of these was Mr. George W. Childs, the other his inseparable and devoted comrade, Mr. Drexel, and both were very nice to me. Mr. Childs often brought me gifts, which I loved. My first gold watch and a little ring which I wore all through my girlhood came from him. We had long talks and I enjoyed it immensely when he told of his early struggle as a poor boy, and how Mr. Drexel and he had built up their great fortunes in Philadelphia, one in the banking business and the other through his newspaper. Both these men spent much time with my grandfather.

Another, who at Elberon counted himself almost one of the family, was Gen. Horace Porter, who had been on my grandfather's staff. Handsome, dashing, still with a charming manner and keen wit, General Porter was an acquisition to any group. He was developing rapidly into a fine business man and was making a reputation as a public speaker. Another one of my grandfather's circle at Elberon was Mr. George M. Pullman, already at the head of his great business—a strong, grim personality, with a glint of humor sometimes in his eye—very different from the gentleness of Mr. Childs and the artistic, quiet temperament of Mr. Drexel. Often I watched the group gathered round grandmamma at the corner of the piazza which commanded the best ocean view and breeze. She and my mother talked gayly and the men all joined in. My grandfather would sit quietly, his face relaxed, an amused or interested look in his expressive eyes. He talked little, but now and then he would take the cigar from his lips and place a few words, asking a pointed question, making a comment or even telling some anecdote, always with the simple manner and voice habitual to him. Politics and other serious subjects came up, too, and were fully discussed—but I was too little to care or understand these.

We had returned to Morristown, and the spring of 1884 was on. One day, when my father had gone as usual to town and my mother drove to meet him at the train by which he ordinarily returned—he did not arrive by it. A friend, coming from town, seemed surprised to see her there waiting in her victoria, and approached her, asking if she had not had a telegram. He thought perhaps my father might be kept late, he said, all night even, but he was vague in his explanations—with evident willfulness. Anxious, my mother returned to the pretty cottage, dined alone and went to bed, after receiving a strange, strained wire which told almost nothing and created alarm.

Next day passed, and with the evening my father came home looking very weary, pale and troubled. He hugged me as always, and passed on with my mother to their upstairs sitting room. Her cry of surprise and distress rang out, and then loud questions and quiet replies floated to us in the hall below, where we children sat frightened. When they came down my mother's eyes were red, and she told me to go to bed quickly—so I went, wondering what had happened.

Next morning I learned. We hadn't any more money at all, and were to go to live at grandmamma's, who seemed to have enough, for some unknown reason, to keep her home while we must give up ours. To me it was compensation enough for any trouble to go and visit grandmamma, but as the days passed I grew to feel the drama of the Grant & Ward failure and to see how much my father suffered from it. He went to town earlier and returned later. Our horses and carriages had been driven away the first day, and sold. It left the stable empty, so my father drove to and from his trains on the box seat of the village grocer's wagon. To show his sympathy the kindly man had offered the use of his wagon to my father. Every day packers came and packed and moved some of our furniture. It would have been fun to watch this, were it not that my mother spoke so sadly of each thing which went into barrel, crate or box, and wondered when she would have a home again. Each day my father came home to ask how nearly ready we were. I packed and unpacked my toys and little treasures in a fever of excitement and of desire to help. After a few days, perhaps a week, we were finished.

The house stood empty as we left it and went to Elberon. It was years later when I realized the heroism of my elders at that time. How that dreadful morning when my father and grandfather had reached the city they had been sent for by my uncle, who was Ward's partner in the bank. How he told them that Ward had run away with all the funds and that the firm had failed. Practically all my father had was in this company, and what little was outside he turned at once into the common till to pay small investors. My grandfather, in the same position, acted likewise. His house in town long before, at his request, had been put in grandmamma's name by the citizens of Philadelphia, and he had given her the Elberon cottage during his presidency, so he decided she should keep those for the time being, and take the family in. As a last resort they might be sold, however, to pay the debts of a bank which bore his name, and where poor people had invested savings because of the confidence that name inspired. All his outside funds were placed in the till drawer, and then to make up the rest of what was lacking he set out to sell all that he possessed.

I have often heard grandmamma tell the story through the following years, and if I remember it rightly it was this: The second morning, after the liabilities were ascertained, my grandfather, downtown as usual, went straight to the office of old Mr. William H. Vanderbilt. There he sat down in the crowded waiting room awaiting his turn to see the great financier. Someone coming out recognized him, and told the attendant. The latter went into the office and warned Mr. Vanderbilt that my grandfather was in the group outside. Instantly the old gentleman came out.

"Why, general, what is this? You waiting here for anything! Come right in with me."

And my grandfather answered, hesitating: "I come with a petition, like the rest."

"Never mind, just come right into my office and tell me what I can do for you."

Once inside, he added that he had heard the bad news, and again asked how he could serve my grandfather, and the latter, greatly touched, was as brief as Mr. Vanderbilt.

"It is true, all that you heard. The firm my boy was in has failed; and though he was not the thief, his and my name was connected with it and inspired depositors to put in their money. I feel responsible, therefore, and I must pay these debts at once. I have come to you, thinking perhaps you would lend me the necessary sum, and accept the security I can offer—my gifts from various cities and sovereigns of Europe, my swords and medals, and such other personal property as I possess."

Mr. Vanderbilt's Generosity

Mr. Vanderbilt replied: "I am touched that your good feeling and confidence in me brought you here to-day, General Grant. I shall consider it an honor to lend you this small sum, and I will accept no security whatever—especially not the trophies and honors which mark the record of your life."

But my grandfather was obdurate; he said he knew the security he offered was not intrinsically equal to what he was borrowing, but that as the things had to him a sentimental value he would feel anxious to redeem them quickly. They argued for some time, and finally the rich creditor gave in to his determined debtor. My grandfather took the check, paid the liabilities of the firm for which he felt responsible, and within a day or two all the treasures from the personal cabinets were sent off. Mr. Vanderbilt did not like taking them or keeping them, and protested, but in vain. Finally he returned them to grandmamma, I think during my grandfather's last illness or just after his death. Grandmamma considered she should not keep them, and with the consent of the whole family—and Mr. Vanderbilt also acquiescing, I believe—the things touching my grandfather's public life went to the Smithsonian Institution in Washington, while the swords he had actually used, his studs, and so on, were kept by the family. The loan was finally repaid from the money my grandfather's memoirs' sale brought in.

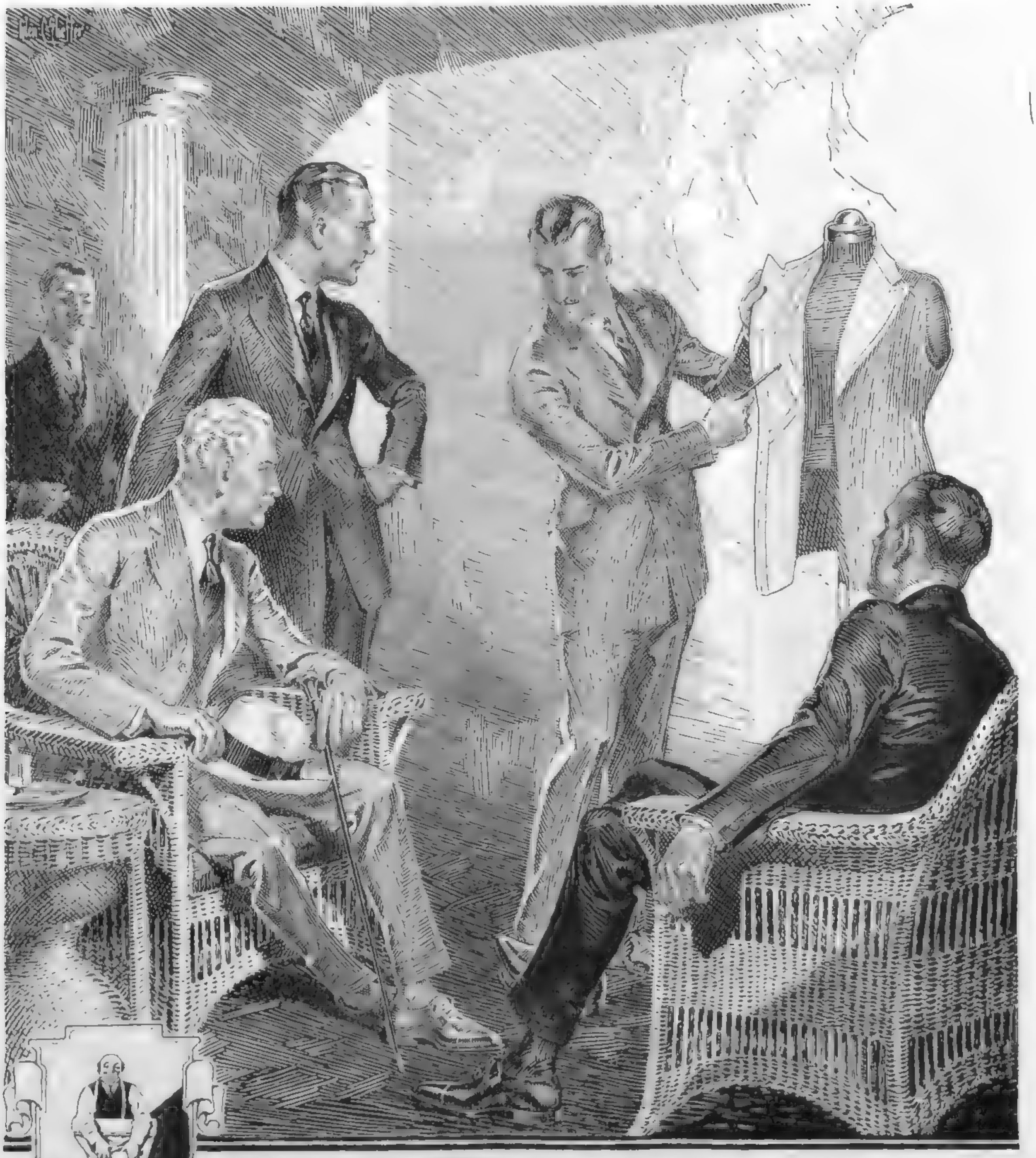
I have no documents to go by, and I was very young when all this happened, but I heard the story often told by grandmamma, and repeat it as it returns to my mind after thirty-six years.

It was the Grant & Ward failure which took us definitely into my grandparents' household to live. There we stayed four or five years. My father went to work in New York and in his spare hours he helped my grandfather in looking up war records or documents among his old papers, which were to be used for some articles my grandfather was to write for a magazine which had offered him an unheard-of price for a series of several; each was to be paid for at the rate of five hundred dollars, and my grandfather was greatly pleased to feel his power to support his home was unabated in spite of the loss of his small fortune.

So the household, though enlarged by additional members of the family, leading a simpler life perhaps, and run with greater economy, was still a contented one, courageous and busy, each doing a share for the general comfort, while a new and terrible trouble cloud gathered gradually.

Mrs. Grant, Washington, 1875

Editor's Note—This is the first of a series of articles by Princess Cantacuzène. The second will appear in an early issue.



At the Sign of
Ye Jolly Little Tailor

E. V. Price & Co.

A finer kind of
CUSTOM TAILORING
through scientific organization

The length of service you get from clothes depends on the quality of materials and inner construction—which accounts for the wonderful "staying power" of

Ed. V. Price & Co.

CUSTOM TAILORING

Two thousand tailors, each concentrating on the part he can do best, naturally achieve, in the finished garments, the highest degree of excellence in style, fit and finish. This is why exacting dressers everywhere can be fitted to perfection in clothes of fine, all-wool fabrics, tailored to their individual measurements,

AT A REASONABLE PRICE

Our dealer in your locality is your point of contact. Ask him to show you the new woolens, the exclusive styles and remarkable values now ready for Autumn.

Clothes that inspire one's friends to ask

Who's Your Tailor?

Our book of correct tailoring—Men's Togs—is just off the press. There's a copy ready for you.

ED. V. PRICE & CO.
Van Buren and Market Streets
Chicago

Tailoring

At the Sign of
Ye Jolly Little Tailor

ATOP of Neverleek gives complete protection. Not only when new but through long years of service. Neverleek is a top material of honest value. From surface finish to lining, it is quality through and through.

Neverleek is thoroughly guaranteed. Its beauty and style are lasting. It will not leak, fade nor crack. It tailors splendidly and has the strength to hold plate glass windows without sagging.

More than fifty makers of high-grade cars are using Neverleek as regular equipment—the number has grown steadily since Neverleek was introduced nearly ten years ago.

If your car needs new top or curtains, ask your top-maker to use Neverleek Material. Samples and information on request.

NEVERLEEK

TOP MATERIAL

Partial List Of Cars Regularly Equipped With Neverleek Top Material

American	Daniels	Hupmobile	Moore	Saxon
Bell	Dorris	Jordan	National	Standard
Biddle	Dupont	King	Nelson	Stanwood
Bour-Davis	Elgin	Kline	Owen-Magnetic	Stearns-Knight
Chalmers	Ferris	Lexington	Paige	Stephens
Chandler	Franklin	Liberty	Pan-American	Stutz
Cleveland	Glide	Marmon	Peerless	Tarkington
Clyde	Grant	McFarlan	Piedmont	Templar
Columbia	Hatfield	Maibohm	Premier	Tulsa
Comet	Haynes	Mercer	Preston	Velie
Crawford	H. C. S.	Mitchell	Roamer	Westcott
Cunningham	Holmes	Moon		Winther

The Rover Co. (England) Pic Pic (France)

F. S. CARR COMPANY

31 Beach St., Boston 969 Woodward Ave., Detroit

Sales Representatives:

Wm. E. Knight
2-3 Norfolk St., Strand, London

Saenhaus Vulcan
Apartado 2308, Havana

Nolan, Smith & Co
159 King St., Sydney, N. S. W.

THE ROSE DAWN

(Continued from Page 25)

the buzzing of bees and humming birds, the warblings of many songsters. His eyes drank in the sunpatched world before him. He remembered the snow and ice and winds mentioned by the colonel, and he lifted up his spirit in the sentiment expressed aloud by one tourist:

"Why should anybody die out here? They'll never get any nearer to heaven!"

Since the journey was long, short visits were unknown. People came in December and stayed through until June at least. By that time the country had them. They returned to their homes as insufferable nuisances. The exceeding pleasantness of Southern California was a new thing; it had not been described and overdescribed and advertised and made most of. The tourist had the intense proselyting zeal of one who discovers something and has something new to tell. The term "California liar" became current about this time. It was a misnomer. The California liar was generally some Easterner or Middle Westerner trying to translate superenthusiasm into his native dialect.

Generally he returned the following winter and the next, until he became a habitué, provided he had the means and the leisure. If he had not these he did one of two things: Either he continued where he was and was either ignored or killed off by exasperated neighbors, or else he sold out and moved to his discovered heaven. There were a great many of the latter class, and more were coming every year. They were buying ten, twenty, forty acres, and making themselves homes. Incidentally they were planting things, more or less as amusement or to keep occupied; and astonishingly, some of them were making money. The two parent trees of Bahia navel oranges had budded thousands of old seedling stock. People were discovering irrigation. The land was stirring from its long sleep.

A small, dapper, quick-moving man entered the dining room and made his way directly to the colonel's table. This was Watson, manager of the hotel. He carried a sheaf of papers, which he deployed and on which he proceeded to comment in a rapid-fire sort of fashion. The colonel listened, his eyes roving here and there about the dining room. Apparently he was listening with only half his mind, for he constantly threw in comments utterly irrelevant to the matters in hand.

"I wish you would step down for a moment, and I will show you what I mean. The arrangements are becoming totally inadequate; and yet I hate with the present ledger showing to undertake more expense."

"I shall be delighted to do so, but not this morning," the colonel answered him. "If the arrangements are not adequate we must make them so. That goes without saying. Can't do things without things to do them with."

"But, colonel, the expense seems ——"

"Pardon, it isn't a matter of expense. It's a matter of whether we've got to have them or not, don't you see? Have them installed by all means if you are fully of the opinion that we cannot get on without them."

"I wouldn't hesitate for a moment," worried the little manager, "if it weren't for the fact that our last statement ——"

"Oh, I see!" beamed the colonel. "Why did you beat round the bush, Watson? It's ready money. Why didn't you say so? How much do you need?"

"Here is the statement," said the manager. "It is not so encouraging as I should like to have had it. If you will permit me to run over the items with you I think I can explain ——"

"I should be delighted to have you do so, Watson, and I will make it a point to drop into your office for that express purpose," said the colonel, folding the statement and thrusting it into his inner pocket; "but not just at present. I haven't time. But I will drop in at the bank and make arrangements with Mr. Mills. Rest easy on that."

He rose from the table and held out his hand to the perplexed little manager.

"Don't worry, Watson," he said kindly. "If we have run behind a trifle lately I can understand. There are undoubtedly a great many things to be considered."

He bowed with courtly politeness to the girl who had waited on him, looked vaguely about him for Daphne, who had long since disappeared, and took his way out of the dining room, bowing right and left as he went. The wonderful negro held open the frosted doors—again closed, as it was after nine o'clock. He alone of all those present managed to play up.

The pressure of the colonel's affairs that had prevented his giving time to Watson's explanations seemed to lift somewhat when he had gained the wide, low, railless veranda. It was now well occupied. Ladies sat in deep rocking-chairs; men walked up and down or leaned over the ladies or lounged smoking against the big square pillars. Children raced back and forth. It was approaching the hour of the daily ride. Practically all those not actually on the verge of the bedridden were preparing to sally forth on horseback.

Everybody rode horseback, whether he knew how or not. It was in the air. Grandmothers who had never seen a sawhorse tried it on. The tiniest children, their legs sticking straight out across the backs of gentle beasts, went forth in coveys under charge of steady old Spaniards. There were all degrees of skill and there were all types of costume.

The women rode side saddle and were encumbered with long skirts, which they hooked up when afoot. The men used the stock saddle with high horns, with long stirrups hanging straight under the body, with flapping tapaderas—stirrup covers—that made a gay sound when they loped.

Wide, portable horse blocks with little flights of steps stood round for those to whom their own horses appeared like two-story buildings, however small the other fellow's horse might look. Some of the young ladies, however, were able, by placing their feet in the cupped hands of their cavaliers, to spring neatly into their saddles from the ground, and some of the said cavaliers loved to vault to their seats without touching stirrup at all. There was a great deal of clanking about, for all of the younger men and most of the older wore the huge, loose-fitting, big-roweled Spanish spurs that dragged and rattled on the floor.

The Spanish lads from the stables were continually trotting up, each leading four or five saddle horses, which they tied to the iron rails. The names of the riders had been written on cards attached to the pommels. Old Patterson rode solemnly up with his string. They were noted as being the gentlest and fattest horses in town. Old Patterson hired them and himself all together in one flock, and would not hire them otherwise. He was a solemn person with a large beard and a silver whistle. When he blew the latter the riders must instantly pull down to a walk from the very gentle lope. Patterson's horses, it is said, had never yet sweat in long and useful lives. His convoy was naturally affected by the infants, the beginners and the ultra-timid. These unfortunates were looked down upon with derision by other youngsters, who delighted in dashing madly by, to old Patterson's monumental indignation.

Don Enrique also made his usual spectacular entry. Don Enrique was a very impressive-looking elderly Spaniard, also with a large beard. He was ornamental and therefore had been asked to lead so many parades and *fiestas* that they had ended by going to his head. He was never quite happy unless he was showing off. To this end he had spent most of his substance on a wonderful saddle and bridle. There was marvelously involved carved-leather work, and about twenty pounds of silver in corners, buttons and *conchas*, and I don't know what else.

The don had a very good horse and was an excellent horseman. He came dashing at a dead run through the gates, headed at full speed toward the veranda, until it seemed he would leap through the crowd, but pulled up within three feet. The horse fairly sat on its haunches and slid. A fine spray of gravel fanned out in front. Some women shrieked softly. Don Enrique, oblivious of all mundane affairs, his swarthy, handsome countenance set in a far-off frown, swung from the saddle with one magnificent motion, threw the reins over his horse's head with another, and stalked, clanking and unseeing, across the veranda and into the office. The horse, trained to stand tied to the ground, rolled his bit musically and stared straight ahead with a lofty air of conscious virtue.

(Continued on Page 139)

The HADDON

WEAR a Haddon this fall. Simple lines, sensible style, comfortable fit. The new patterns and colors; all wool, *of course*. All Collegian clothes are stylish *good* clothes that keep you looking your best —and last longer. Honestly priced by maker and dealer, you get full value when you buy. Look for the Collegian Label.

You ought to have Collegian Clothes
Smart Styles for every man of 17 to 7

DAVID ADLER & SONS COMPANY, Milwaukee
Tailors of stylish *good* clothes since 1849

Collegian Clothes
THEY KEEP YOU LOOKING YOUR BEST

BOSCH

DEPENDABLE IN ALL EMERGENCIES

Bosch High Tension Magneto Ignition does not depend on any storage battery for its current or on the attention of any owner for its upkeep. Bosch Magnetos are self-contained and self-maintained producers of electric current for ignition only and have proven themselves to be absolutely dependable and economical under all conditions and emergencies. The thoughtful and experienced owner insists upon Bosch High Tension Magneto Ignition for his engine always.

Be Satisfied **Specify Bosch**

AMERICAN BOSCH MAGNETO CORPORATION

Main Office and Works—Springfield, Mass. *Branches*—New York, Chicago, Detroit, San Francisco

300 SERVICE STATIONS IN 300 CENTERS

AMERICA'S SUPREME IGNITION SYSTEM

MOTOR TRUCKS · TRACTORS · AIRPLANES · MOTOR CARS · MOTOR BOATS · MOTORCYCLES · GAS ENGINES

(Continued from Page 136)

Colonel Peyton watched this lively scene, his hands beneath his coat tails. Daphne appeared and stood beside him. After a time Kenneth Boyd came out, greeting them with a flash of his attractive smile.

"I suppose you are going riding?" observed the colonel genially.

"No, sir, not this morning."

"But you do ride, I suppose?"

"I've ridden under English masters since I was seven years old," rejoined Kenneth, a little touched in his young pride that he should be even half doubted of this manly accomplishment.

Then he caught Daphne's cool, level look and turned away, flushing hotly. It was a perfectly respectful look, such as a gangle-legged child should give a glorious youth, but there was something in its depths Kenneth did not like. It was something too old for her, he told himself.

"You should have a horse of your own," the colonel was saying kindly. "That is the only way to get satisfaction. The livery horses are very fair, but they are ridden by everybody, and they are ridden too much. You can buy horses here very cheap. Indeed, it is much like old days still. Then, you know, if you borrowed an outfit they did not much care whether you returned the horse or not, provided you returned the saddle and bridle."

He laughed contagiously at his little joke.

"How much do you suppose I could buy a horse for?" inquired Kenneth, interested.

"Twenty-five dollars," replied the colonel, also getting interested, "and they'd take care of him for you for ten dollars a month. If you decide to get one I might suggest something."

"Mr. Boyd would not want to ride one of our range horses," put in Daphne. Her tone was absolutely candid, but Kenneth flushed again. "They would hardly interest anybody who had taken lessons and could really ride. He ought to have something like Gypsy."

"Puss, you're an extravagant little piece," said the colonel. "Do you realize that Gypsy is a Kentucky mare? She's a fine animal—too fine to buy and sell again in a month or two. Our range horses are very good if you pick them right."

"I was just thinking of what Mr. Boyd said about his riding masters," said Daphne meekly.

At this moment a group loped up to the veranda and drew rein. It was led by a very dashing figure in a bottle-green habit topped by a little forward-tilted chip hat. Kenneth in relief recognized Dora Stanley; and with a murmured word of farewell to the colonel hastened to the edge of the veranda. That Brainerd kid was certainly fresh! A regular little brat, Kenneth decided resentfully.

"Well, Puss," said the colonel, "I suppose we must be getting along if we are to meet the boat."

"I want to see Mrs. Fortney," said Daphne. "I don't believe I'll go to the boat. Pick me up, please, on your way back."

"This is desertion!" cried the colonel in mock dismay.

"Take somebody else with you," suggested Daphne unmoved. "Take the square, jolly man. He looks like good company."

So it happened that Patrick Boyd joined the colonel, and they drove away together behind the chestnuts.

"The ship gets in this morning and I have to be there," explained the colonel, "to see about the tourists and all such matters. If you just want to potter about—if you have nothing especial to do ——"

They drove out of the hotel grounds, but instead of turning down the main street the colonel tooled the chestnuts carefully on a slant across the high, projecting ridges of the street-car rails and so to a pepper-shaded side street. The light vehicle swayed and pitched over the metals, so that Boyd had fairly to hold on.

"I should think the town would make the company grade those things down," he growled. "They're liable to take off a wheel."

"Oh, it's a sort of makeshift affair," replied the colonel easily. "Have you seen it?"

"Yes, I've seen it—and tried it."

"You'll appreciate the story they tell about it then. They say a stranger saw a car going down the street one day, and boarded it. 'Say,' said he to the driver, 'I no sabe how this thing goes. Seems to slide along all by itself.' The driver looked over the dashboard. 'Hanged if those mules haven't crawled under the car again,' he said."

The colonel laughed heartily at this, one of his three favorite stories. Boyd laughed, too, but could not forbear adding a word to his first criticism.

"Just the same, I should think your common council would force them to put these tracks in some sort of shape."

"I suppose they will some day," rejoined the colonel cheerfully. "We are sort of used to it."

"Where are we going over here?" asked Boyd. "I thought you said we were going to meet the ship."

"Plenty of time," replied the colonel. "Here we are."

He drew rein beneath some wide, overarching peppers before a picket fence. The sidewalks in this part of town—for that matter in any part of town off the main street—were of hard earth. Behind the picket fence was a small, white, one-storied house of the commonplace box architecture of the early eighties. It was glorified, however, by a riot of bright flowers growing in the lavish profusion that only Southern California can show. The colonel fumbled in one of his hampers, which had been replaced, captured a flat basket of oranges lurking in its apparently inexhaustible depths and pushed inside the fence. His tall figure with its stovepipe hat seemed to stoop in order to enter the tiny house. He did not ring or knock, but entered the sitting room, which he found empty. Thence he proceeded to explore, prowling about the premises, until at length in a little shed back of the kitchen he found a young woman in an enveloping apron, her hair covered by a mobcap, her sleeves rolled up, busy at a washtub. She flushed a little when she saw the colonel. The latter was quite unconscious and unembarrassed however. He perched his long form on a workbench, thrust back his tall hat.

"So here you are," he cried cheerfully, "looking fresh as a rose! I brought you a few oranges, my dear."

He perched, swinging one leg, for a few moments, chatting; then bade farewell and rejoined Boyd.

"Nice little couple there," he told the latter as he took the reins. "Friends of mine. Came out from the East last year. Husband has just a touch of lungs, I think, though that's just a guess. Happy as a pair of turtledoves. I like to drop in to see them. Does me good."

He turned round and headed back toward Main Street. But on the way they passed a very imposing place. It occupied a full quarter block, was planted with fine old trees, and a semicircular driveway inside the grounds swept up to and past the house. The latter was of wood and ran greatly to peaked towers and woodwork. The boards were laid in patterns round and above the window frames, the posts and rails of the veranda were lathed into graceful bulges, the roof line bristled with vertebræ of scroll fretwork like the backbone of a fossil fish. It had stained glass and a certain proportion of iron railings and grilles, and a pair of stone lions. Indeed, it might fairly be called a mansion.

"We might see if Mrs. Stanley is home," hesitated the colonel.

"It doesn't seem just the hour for a call," said Boyd.

"Oh, we won't call," cried the colonel. "We'll just drop in and see her. I'd like to have you meet her. She's a very fine woman."

He turned into the drive and hitched the chestnuts to the usual rail.

"There she is now!" he cried, and started impetuously down a graveled walk toward a distant figure.

Boyd followed slowly and a little uncomfortably. It was, as he had said, no conventional hour, and Mrs. Stanley looked to be in no conventional attire nor engaged in conventional occupation. He saw a tall, gaunt figure that moved widely and freely like a man. Her skirts were quite frankly pinned round her waist, exposing serviceable colored petticoats. She wore long gauntlets and a sunbonnet, from which escaped wild gray hair. Her face was large featured. In her left hand she carried an old painter's bucket, into which from time to time she deposited treasure-trove found under the leaves. But she displayed no embarrassment at being thus caught.

"How do you do, Mr. Boyd," she acknowledged the introduction in a deep voice. "Newcomer, eh? Then you don't know yet what beasts snails are. They eat everything you plant."

"Medill says quicklime ——" began the colonel.

"Medill is a fool," stated Mrs. Stanley. "The only thing that does the slightest good is ducks. And I won't have the silly, quacking things about the place. Do as I do—pick 'em and put them in salt."

"Very likely you are right. Of course I have ducks on the ranch, and that may be the reason I am never bothered," said the colonel. "You certainly have wonderful roses. I've not seen such deep color anywhere else."

"Then it's your own fault," boomed Mrs. Stanley. "It's a matter of nails, iron filings, old cans. Bury 'em at the roots. Anybody can do it who will take the trouble."

"That is worth knowing, isn't it, Boyd?" commented the colonel cheerfully. "But you have one rosebud whose bloom is not due to iron filings."

"Which one is that?" demanded Mrs. Stanley, casting her commanding eye about her.

"I refer to Dora," said the colonel gallantly. "She has grown into a beauty."

"Oh, Dora! Yes, she has a good complexion. Nothing mysterious about it. Fresh air, wholesome food, open-air exercise, no late hours. Mothers are fools. They let their children go traipsing round at all hours, eating messes, and then wonder they look sallow and sick. Perfect nonsense!"

"I dare say you are right," was the colonel's comment. "Of course you are; the results show for themselves. Still, young people are young. Seems to me when I was that age the most blissful thing in the world was to dance the whole night through; and the dance just at dawn was the best of all. We have to allow something for the young spirit."

"Young fiddlesticks!" said Mrs. Stanley energetically. "Just a nonsensical idea. I think the way the modern child is allowed to run wild without self-control or discipline is a scandal. I do my duty by my children, and I expect them to have a sense of responsibility. I furnish them with opportunity for every healthful amusement, and give them free rein; but I do not allow them to stuff or sit up all hours."

"I dare say you are right," repeated the colonel. "Of course you are. Well, we must be going. Remember me to Dora and to Martin. You certainly have fine roses."

"Good-by. Glad you dropped in. Glad to have made your acquaintance, Mr. Boyd. Come again and see me." She stooped her gaunt frame, raised a leaf and pounced on what it concealed. "Salt dissolves 'em," she remarked to the retreating gentlemen.

Boyd had not spoken a word. He felt somehow rather overridden. The colonel did not seem to feel it. On the way to the team he commented cheerily on the various plants and trees and the cast-iron fountain of two children under an umbrella from the tip of which spouted the water. Only after the team was again under way did he revert to the subject of their hostess.

"A most remarkable woman," he repeated. "Great common sense—very firm."

"Has she a husband?" asked Boyd, with entire conviction that Mr. Stanley must long since have passed on. This proved to be the case.

"She has two children. Martin is sixteen and Dora about eighteen," the colonel told him. "They have been brought up by an almost perfect regimen. They are very handsome, healthy, spirited children. Mrs. Stanley has been fully justified—up to now."

"Up to now?"

"Boyd, don't be a humbug!" admonished the colonel cheerily. "You've been young, and you probably have an excellent memory. At the ages of sixteen and eighteen would you have hated anything worse than being treated still as though you were twelve? And would you have wanted a more fascinating game to beat than that?"

"You think there's trouble coming in the Stanley family?"

"Oh, I wouldn't say trouble! Just a little shock, I hope. It may mean trouble, of course. I think Mrs. Stanley is making a mistake, but it is only because she doesn't realize they are grown up. Parents rarely do until something happens. There isn't any dividing line. They go on thinking of them as they used to be. Then something happens. I've seen it so many times. Dora will stay out after hours at a dance, or Martin will take a drink—some little thing that would be rather terrible in a child but nothing in a grown-up. Then everything will depend on how Mrs. Stanley takes it. Dangerous time, Boyd. Dangerous time."

He chirped to his horses and continued.

"I think it's lucky when it happens young. I've seen it go on until a boy is in his twenties before the thing happened—before they got into the new relations. That's a pity. It's more difficult. I wish Dora would throw her slipper over the moon. I really do. Unpleasant! Good Lord! But it's got to come, and it makes me nervous waiting for it."

"You are quite a philosopher, colonel," said Boyd.

He thought of Kenneth, and realized with a pang that he had really never considered the matter of their relations at all. Did he hold Ken as boy or man? It was something to think about.

"How many children have you, colonel?" he asked.

The colonel considered a moment.

"Twenty-nine," he replied.

Boyd started.

"I should not have thought it," he recovered himself. "Are they—that is—is the present Mrs. Peyton your first wife?"

The colonel chuckled delightedly.

"Mrs. Peyton is my first and only wife, and we have neither chick nor child of our own," he explained. "But I have twenty-nine children round this place, just the same. I'm not sure but it is thirty—I like the looks of that lad of yours, Boyd."

They were driving down the length of Main Street now. The colonel was busy responding to salutations. It was the shopping hour, and this was the era of personal shopping. Buggies, surreys, phaetons with fringed canopy tops, saddle horses stood hitched to rails and posts the full length of the street. Ladies under gay parasols were conversing in the middle of the sidewalk, or selecting vegetables or fruits from the displays in the open windows. Mexicans lounged in front of the saloons. Shopkeepers who for the moment did no business stood in their doorways. Down a side street Boyd looked into Chinatown—a collection of battered old frame and adobe buildings that mysteriously had been lifted sheer from squalor to splendid romance by no other means than red paper, varnished ducks, rattan baskets, calico partitions, exotic smells and a brooding, spiritual atmosphere of the Orient. They passed the San Antonio Hotel, which the colonel casually mentioned as his own.

"There are always a number of people no gentleman would want to entertain in his home," he told the astonished Boyd. "I had to have some place for them."

Soon they reached the beach, a semicircle of yellow sands three miles long flanked by cliffs and rocks, with a lagoon running in from the sea, and small scattered shacks with drying nets and the odor of fish and abalone. A lazy surf dropped languidly. Sea birds wheeled and screamed or sailed in long, steady processions across a tranquil sea. The smell of kelp was in the air.

It was low tide and the wet sands were exposed. On the hard, stoneless beach riding parties could be seen; and before them, when they galloped, the flash of white as of miniature snow squalls where the sanderlings wheeled in flight. The long swells rose and sucked back among the pilings of the wharf, draining and freshening the numberless barnacles, *lorettas*, starfish and sea urchins that crusted them, or lifting and letting fall their long sea tresses. The wharf was more than a half mile long and ended in a platform that held many buildings, like a little city. The chestnuts trotted briskly over the hollow-sounding boards.

"We're just about in time," observed the colonel, pointing with his whip.

A cloud of black smoke was rising above the cliffs where the coast bent. After a moment the ship appeared and turned in toward the wharf. As she turned she fired a cannon. After a few seconds the report reached them; and after a long interval the echoes began faintly to return from the mountains. For Arguello had no railroad as yet. The traveler must either take a two-days stage ride or come thus by water. The steamer was one of the most important facts in Arguello's life, and she knew it and conducted herself accordingly with pomp and the firing of guns. Later, when the Southern Pacific completed its spur, she was content to sneak in quietly.

On the big platform at the end of the wharf quite a crowd was gathered. The long hotel busses had backed up side by

(Continued on Page 142)

What may happen

WHILE you are reading this, someone's building is being destroyed by fire. It happens every minute of the year. If your place burns, what will happen to your business records that can't be duplicated and can't be insured? Even if they are in a safe, is it a modern safe that will live through the fire?

So that your vital papers will be really safe, the *Allsteel* Class B Safe is made to pass the two-hour test of the Underwriters' Laboratories, Inc. This gruelling test, more drastic than any fire that is likely to visit you, is as follows:

The safe, containing typical business records, is first put into a gas furnace, with recording instruments. It is kept there for one hour at a temperature up to 1700° Fahrenheit. Paper burns at 460° F., and the temperature inside the safe must not go over 300°, because at that degree paper will discolor.

At the end of the hour, the red-hot safe is hoisted to a platform and dropped thirty feet on a concrete bed covered with broken bricks. After cooling, it is turned upside down and is again put in the furnace and heated another hour to 1700° F. When cooled, the safe is opened and the contents must be intact.

Further, in order to earn the "B" label, a duplicate safe is heated continuously for two hours at a temperature up to 1850° F. In this test also, the interior temperature must not exceed 300°.

***Allsteel** Safes that will successfully go through such tests as these give protection in the modern sense of the word.*

Allsteel Safe in testing furnace

Allsteel Safe falling thirty feet. Drawn from an actual photograph

***Allsteel** Safe after dropping thirty feet while red hot. The scientific construction of the door has prevented it from bursting open as a result of the fall.*

***Allsteel** Safe after test, with records not even scorched*

GF Allsteel

if your place burns

YOU will find it a source of profound satisfaction to know that your valuable records are protected from harm in an *Allsteel* Safe. Every *Allsteel* Class B Safe has the label of the Underwriters' Laboratories, Inc., which means that it is the same in design and material as the ones that actually passed the test described on the opposite page.

But safety is only one of the advantages of the *Allsteel*. It is the lightest safe of its type made. It can be carried upstairs and one man can roll it across the floor. It has greater interior capacity than any other safe. Furthermore, you can select from a wide variety of sections the interior arrangement adapted to the particular needs of your own business.

"Safe" has ceased to mean the cumbersome cast-iron affairs of other days. This is the age of steel, and you will find the *Allsteel* Safe a revelation to you in security, convenience, and beauty. Take the first step toward the protection you owe to yourself and others, by paying a visit to the *Allsteel* store in your town.

Allsteel Office Furniture

Whether it be filing cabinets, desks, shelving, or counters, there is just the item in the *Allsteel* line that will fill your needs. Among the users of *Allsteel* office equipment are many of the foremost firms in the country—concerns like the New York Stock Exchange, Bush Terminal, Loose-Wiles Biscuit Co., J. P. Morgan & Co., Bethlehem Steel Co. *Allsteel* is the equipment that belongs with success. Send for our 88-page illustrated catalogue.

Typical interior of an **Allsteel** *Class B Underwriters' Model Safe. Drawers can be pulled out with doors open at right angles, making it possible to keep safe in corner. Note also that door can be folded back against the side.*

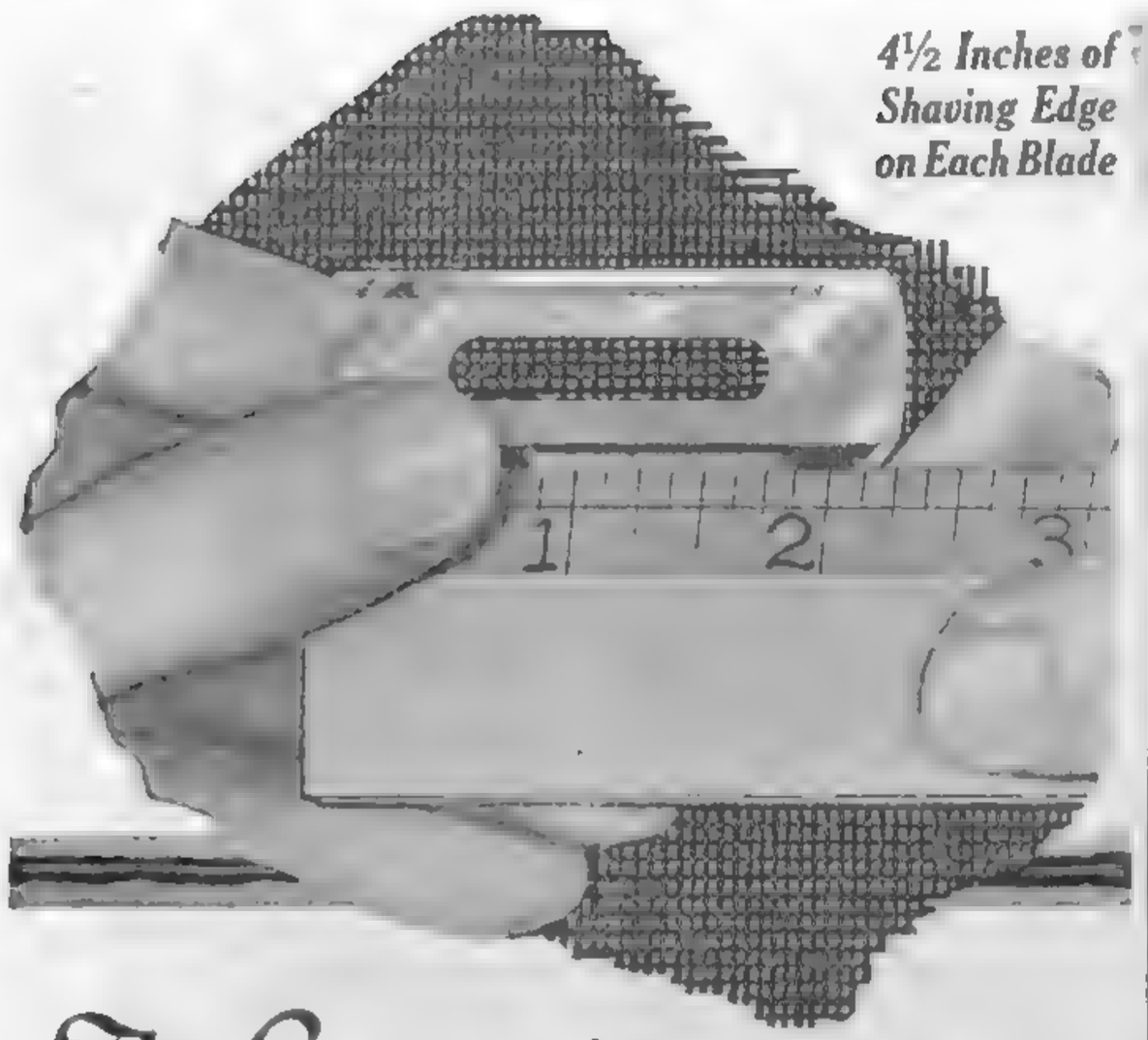
The General Fireproofing Company

Youngstown, Ohio

New York Chicago Boston Washington Atlanta Seattle

Dealers in All Principal Cities

Safes for Modern Protection



The Greatest Shaving Mileage

No man who shaves can afford to ignore the economy of Durham-Duplex double-edged, hollow-ground blades. Longer and stronger than any other blade on earth, a Durham-Duplex gives you the greatest number of shaves for your money. And not only the *most* shaves, but the most *comfortable* shaves.

Buy a Durham-Duplex Razor from your nearest dealer today and you'll get a new idea of shaving economy and shaving comfort.

DURHAM-DUPLEX

A Real Razor-made Safe

DURHAM-DUPLEX RAZOR CO.
Jersey City, New Jersey
FACTORIES
PARIS, FRANCE

Sales Representatives in all Countries

STANDARD SET

Razor, safety guard, and 3 two-edged blades in a neat, durable sanitary case of American Ivory. One Dollar Complete.
Other sets $2 to $12

Additional blades 50 cents for a package of 5

(Continued from Page 139)

side, and their runners were standing ready at their sterns. The colonel drove alongside and stopped.

The steamer docked with the usual bustle and confusion, and the passengers streamed down the gangplank and toward the busses through a passage between two ropes. The colonel became alert. As each passenger or group came to the runners he made a sign with his whip. The runners caught it and shunted the passenger to one or the other of the waiting busses. Thus Colonel Peyton segregated the sheep from the goats, sending the former to the Frémont and the latter to the San Antonio. At times there was a little argument from someone who had been to Arguello before and who had ideas as to where he wanted to stop. But this did him little good.

"There are no rooms left at the Frémont," said the runner of the San Antonio—a statement corroborated on appeal by the Frémont official.

If the individual proved obstinate and said he would go see for himself no objection was made. But the clerk, tipped off by the porter, who in turn had been tipped off by the runner, was very sorry, but ——

All this the colonel explained to Boyd in answer to questions while the initial stage of selection was going on.

"I look on the Frémont as a little different from the usual hotel," he explained sincerely. "People come there to spend the whole season, and they like to get acquainted with each other and I like to get acquainted with them. So naturally you don't want anybody there you would not care to know."

When the busload should arrive at the Frémont, and should go to their rooms, they would find there baskets of roses with the colonel's personal card. And when they left, whether their stay had been three months or three days, they would be presented—to refresh the journey—with a basket of fine fruit, again with Colonel Peyton's personal card. It was his custom.

VII

THE colonel drove rapidly back to the hotel. "I am sorry to desert you so abruptly, sir," he said courteously, "but I have considerable business now to attend to. I trust we shall meet often."

"It has been a most interesting morning," returned Boyd. "You may see more of me than you want. The more I see of your climate and surroundings here the better I like them."

He watched the colonel drive away with Daphne again by his side.

"Most extraordinary old cuss I ever saw," he remarked to one of his cronies who joined him. This was Marcus Oberman, a brewer from Milwaukee—small, white, wizened, wrinkled, not at all like a brewer, but playing a remarkably good hand at poker. "Fine old chap. He seems to have more interests here than you would think. Make this hotel pay, do you think?"

"Don't see how he can," cackled Oberman. "But he makes us comfortable, and that's all that worries me."

"This is going to be a wonderful valley, man, you mark my words. There's no climate like it in the world. And nowhere will you get a combination like this of mountains and the sea. Look at the flowers! It's a garden spot. The day will come when there'll be fine homes all over these foothills. The man who buys real estate and holds it is bound to make money."

"The place is as dead as a pickled herring," said Oberman. "Did you ever in your born days see such streets, such lighting, such sewers, such everything? A town of this size! Disgraceful, I call it!"

"They're asleep. Just need someone to wake them up."

"Well, I'm no alarm clock. I'm having a good time. As for making money, I know a trick worth two of that."

He made a motion as though spreading a hand of cards.

"Now I can prove you wrong there, at any rate," said Boyd. "Come on, you old Dutch pirate, let's find the gang."

The colonel drove directly to the Clock Building and pulled up.

"I'll be gone some little time," he told Daphne. "If you want I'll hitch the team and you can play round."

But Daphne preferred to sit and wait, so the colonel entered the bank. He made his way, bowing to the men behind the grilles, directly to the frosted door that led into Oliver Mills' office. This was customarily on the latch, but an alert and active clerk had already flitted round to slip the bolt, so the colonel entered without delay.

"Good morning, Oliver," he greeted the banker, who half rose. "I trust I find you well."

"Quite well, colonel—and yourself and Mrs. Peyton?"

The colonel carefully deposited his stovepipe hat bottom up on the desk top, spread his coat tails and sat down.

"Fine! Fine! Do you know, Oliver, you were a disgrace at my party yesterday?"

"Disgrace!" echoed Mills blankly, turning his bulging blue eyes on the colonel.

"I had my eye on you. The way you carried on with Mrs. Stanley was a scandal. We are all much interested."

"I assure you," cried Mills earnestly, his naturally ruddy face deepening in color, "you are quite mistaken, colonel, quite. I esteem Mrs. Stanley, and I am aware of her widowed condition and the extent of her property interests; but her possibility as an amorous vis-à-vis never has entered my head."

The colonel eyed him with twinkling eyes.

"You greatly relieve my mind, Oliver," he said with entire gravity. "But I must get home to dinner to-day, so I cannot go further into your domestic troubles. I just dropped in to get a little money."

Mills was eying him suspiciously, evidently still red and indignant, but uncertain.

"Our cashier will fix you up. How much will you want?" reaching to strike a silver call bell.

But the colonel restrained the movement.

"No, no, Oliver, it is not a matter of currency; you misunderstand me. I want a loan."

"How much?"

"I don't know—ten or fifteen thousand, I should think."

Mills reached for an indexed desk book and consulted it.

"Collateral security, colonel?" he asked.

"No, put it on the property."

Mills closed the book slowly. He was evidently worried and a little embarrassed.

"Is this for personal use, colonel?" he asked.

The colonel straightened.

"Egad, Mr. Mills," he said gently, "I cannot see the bearing of that question. Is not my credit good?"

"Perfectly, perfectly," Mills hastened. "My question was awkwardly expressed. I want to know whether this loan is for personal use, for use on the hotel properties, or on the ranchos."

"I still fail to see what bearing my use of the money has to do with the question. Egad, sir, I cannot forbear pointing out that in thirty years in this community this is the first time any difficulty has been made over the loan of so paltry a sum!"

"Now, colonel," returned Mills, "you must not blame me for asking simple financial questions. There is no difficulty whatever in making the loan. But it must be remembered that part of my duty to my stockholders and depositors is to know something about where their money goes. You are borrowing on your property, but I have no knowledge as to whether this money is to be spent inside the property for its improvement, or outside with no return."

The colonel thought a moment.

"Possibly you are correct there, Oliver. I do not pretend to know a great deal of the banking business."

The banker's brow cleared. He did not want to hurt the colonel's feelings with the direct statement—that the colonel's borrowings on his property had already passed the point where general credit is good and was approaching the point where details would have to be looked into a little.

"This loan is to fill out some trifling needs at the Frémont."

"How is the Frémont doing lately?"

"Splendidly, splendidly! We have as lovely a lot of people as you would find anywhere in the country, and all are pleased and satisfied. I fully believe all our friends intend to return next winter."

"That is good, but I mean financially."

"Watson gave me the figures this morning; I've got them somewhere. Here you are," said the colonel, handing over the statement he had stowed away in his inside pocket.

Mills went through the foolscap sheets carefully.

"This does not seem to be as good a showing as we might expect from the very

(Continued on Page 145)

Charming Traveling

Delightful refinements in this spacious Sedan reflect true qualities of "Commonwealth" Craftsmanship—Beauty, Comfort and Durability—radiantly present in infinite detail.

Combining utility and convenience in an enviable degree, it is smartly and snugly built upon the proven Chassis that for many Seasons has been closely identifying "Commonwealth" with fine cars internationally.

Personal Transportation

It is estimated that during 1919, motor cars carried three times as many passengers as our railroads, and conveyed them 21,000,000,000 passenger miles further. Motor cars—"personal vehicles"—dominate our national passenger transportation.

Commonwealth owners' careful records reveal an average exceeding 20 miles to the gallon of gasoline, 1000 miles to a gallon of oil. Performance counts.

"Built in America Girdles the World"

Sedan—$2465
(With standard wood wheel equipment)

Sportster Model—$1785
(Four-Passenger)

Touring Model—$1595
(Five-Passenger)

Magneto, standard equipment on all models. Optional special colors at slight increase.

All of the following National Distributors have in connection with them over 100 Dealers. If any of these Distributors are not near you we shall be glad to tell you the name of the nearest Dealer—one must be near you.

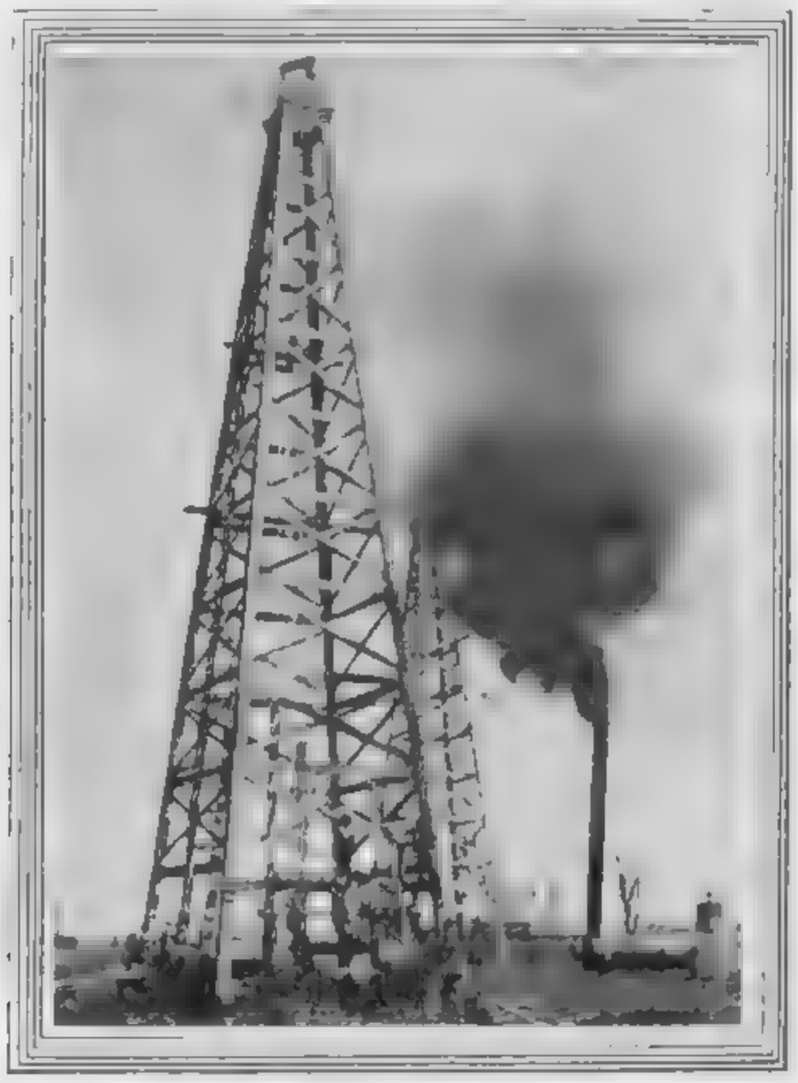
ALABAMA—Portis Motor Sales Co., 1 Bell Street, Montgomery.
ARIZONA—Geo. H. Reuben Auto Co., 235 No. Central Ave., Phoenix
ARKANSAS—Interstate Garage & Storage Co., 101-7 No. Eighth St., Fort Smith
CALIFORNIA—Southern California Motor Sales Co., 955-959 W. Seventh St., Los Angeles.
CALIFORNIA—White-Humphries Motor Co., Inc., Van Ness Ave. at Pacific, San Francisco.
COLORADO—Jackson Motors Co., 1512 Broadway, Denver.
FLORIDA—Sprinkle Brothers, Fifth and Main Sts., Jacksonville.
ILLINOIS—Peterson & Prendergast, 4549 Washington Blvd., Chicago
INDIANA—Young-Ryder Sales Co., 44-45 When Bldg., Indianapolis.
IOWA—Des Moines Motor Car Co., 211 Ninth St., Des Moines.
IOWA—T. E. Peck & Son, 518 6th St., Sioux City
KENTUCKY—The Motor Mart, 221 Guthrie St Louisville
MARYLAND—E. P. Jester & Son, 1301-25 North Spring St., Baltimore.
MASSACHUSETTS—Massachusetts Motors, Inc., 108 Massachusetts Ave., Boston.
MICHIGAN—Garson Sales Co., 607 Cass Avenue Detroit.
MICHIGAN—Federal Garage, Franklin St., Saginaw
MINNESOTA—Minneapolis Motor and Tire Co., 17-19 S. 11th St., Minneapolis.
MISSISSIPPI—Martin Auto Sales, Mount Olive
MISSOURI—Johnston Motor Co., 1701-3 Grand Ave., Kansas City.
MISSOURI—Harry Newman, Inc., 3147 Locust St., St Louis.
NEW YORK—Thompson & Smith, Inc., 216 Genesee St., Buffalo.
NEW YORK—United Motors Distributing Corporation, 240 West 59th St., New York City.
OHIO—Allen & Wolfe, 5205 Euclid Ave., Cleveland.
OHIO—Frank A. Schneider, 671 Elm St., Youngstown
OREGON—Farley Auto Sales, 21st & Washington Sts., Portland.
PENNSYLVANIA—The Fidelity Motors, Inc., 4830-4 Market St., Philadelphia
PENNSYLVANIA—McClure-Andrews Motor Co., 5910 Penn Ave., Pittsburgh
SOUTH DAKOTA—Hodgins Motor Co., 130-32 N Dakota Ave., Sioux Falls
TENNESSEE—Thompson-Wilson Co., 21 So Cleveland St., Memphis.
TEXAS—Standard Automotive Co. of Texas, 513-515 So. Ervay St., Dallas.
VIRGINIA—Armstrong Motor Co., 1813 W Broad St., Richmond
WASHINGTON—Fowler Garage & Machine Works, 1814 Eighth Ave., Seattle
DIST. OF COLUMBIA—E. H. Bauer & Co., Inc., 636 G St., N W., Washington

NATIONAL SERVICE

COMMONWEALTH MOTORS CO
COMMONWEALTH
CHICAGO ILLINOIS
Reg U S Pat Office

Also manufacturers of the Quayle Oil Burning Engine
Ask for Catalog

General Offices: Chicago, U. S. A.
Factories: Joliet, Ill., U. S. A.



Oil Drilling—A Challenge to Chain!

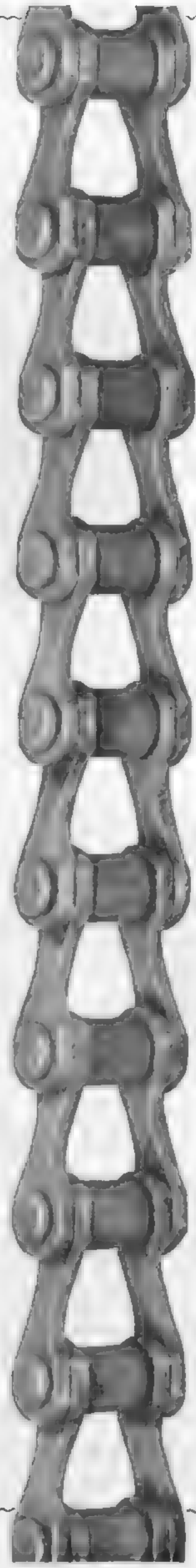
Throughout the derrick-dotted oil fields of the world, drillers are working feverishly to produce new floods of petroleum that the motor car, the ship, and the mill shall not lack for fuel or lubricant.

The terrific speeds at which rotary drills run, the sudden loads thrown on the driving chain as the tool bites deep into the varied rock formations, give Rex Chabelco Steel Chain full opportunity to demonstrate its wonderful strength and wear-resisting ability.

An instance is found in the Garber field of Oklahoma, one of the toughest drilling sections known to oil men. Here, on a rotary rig of the Exchange Oil Company, where ordinary drive chain seldom lasted ten weeks, Rex Chabelco completed a well in seventeen weeks of uninterrupted drilling.

Moreover, this remarkable performance did not end the usefulness of this sturdy chain—it still possessed the necessary strength and endurance for many additional weeks of the same exacting service.

Built purposely to conquer every chain-devouring drive, Rex Chabelco Steel Chain is widely used in lumber mills, automobile factories, canning plants and in many other industries. It is keeping vital machinery and skilled workers engaged in steady, profitable production.



REX CHAIN

Rex Traveling Water Screens, Rex Concrete Mixers and Pavers, Rex Sprockets, Rex Elevators and Conveyors

CHAIN BELT COMPANY, MILWAUKEE

Branch Offices and Representatives in Principal Cities in the United States and Abroad

(Continued from Page 142)

crowded season we have enjoyed," he suggested at last.

"I haven't looked over the figures," said the colonel, "but, as you know, the money end does not concern me so much. We should have a hotel here worthy of our town, worthy of the people who come here. I cannot adopt a niggardly attitude toward my guests—that goes without saying."

"I appreciate that, colonel; the bank appreciates it; in fact, I feel safe to say the whole town appreciates it. But"—he turned to his desk book—"Richard, the Frémont has run behind eight thousand dollars a month for the past year."

"God bless my soul! You don't say so!" cried the colonel, a little dashed. "I had never figured it out. But improvements—there's the San Antonio—one must strike an average, my dear Oliver."

"The San Antonio is a little ahead, that is true. Does that suggest nothing to you?"

"What do you mean?"

"Are you satisfied that your manager is the best for the position?"

"Watson? Why, he's the best I ever saw! I defy you to find in the United States—yes, or in Europe—a better run, more comfortable hotel than the Frémont!"

"It's well run in that way, but how about this?" said Mills, laying his hand on the statement.

"I cannot afford to be niggardly with my guests," repeated the colonel, "and I cannot afford to discredit Arguello. The money will come back many times over later."

"Perhaps. But we are talking about now. And it's a matter of ten or fifteen thousand dollars. I hate to say so, Richard, and I would not hurt your feelings for the world, but the Frémont is carrying all the loan it can stand. In fact, it is carrying far more than any other bank would advance on it."

"Oh, that is what bothers you! I see!" cried the colonel, relieved. "I am glad to know what all the pother is about. Why, God bless your soul, put it on the rancho! You bankers are so confounded hidebound, Oliver. Just because it is to be used for the hotel! I don't care a continental red cent what I borrow it on!"

Mills picked up a heavy paper knife and balanced it carefully, as though in some mysterious fashion it would add weight to his words.

"Now, colonel, listen to me, and do not misunderstand my motives. Your credit is perfectly good, and I am not casting suspicion on it in any way. But this bank cannot loan you money for the purposes of the Frémont Hotel unless the Frémont Hotel can carry it; and the Frémont Hotel is mortgaged to the full at present. In other words, this bank holds that any going business ought to take care of itself in prosperous times. If it cannot it should retrench or change methods."

The colonel stiffened again.

"My knowledge of banking is limited, as I said before," said he. "Do I understand this is the business policy of banks?"

Mills hesitated a little at this direct question.

"Is the Frémont a serious business with you, colonel, or is it a toy?" he countered.

"I am of the years of discretion, sir. I do not play with toys," replied the colonel.

"Then if it is a serious business it should stand on its feet. Now let me tell you, colonel, this promiscuous mortgage business is a very dangerous thing. I speak from long experience as a banker. Some day when you get time I wish you would go over to the courthouse and look over the tax lists of the outside property for years past. It would open your eyes. First, lists were small and all Spanish names. Then they became larger, and alongside of each Spanish name appeared one or two American names. As time went on the lists grew longer and longer, and even the few Spanish names became fewer and the American names more numerous. Now, how do you account for that?"

"The big ranchos were divided up, of course."

"Yes, but why? Not one of those old Spanish holders would sell an acre. I'll tell you how it happened in one word—mortgaged! In the case of the Cantado, in the south, old Pancho borrowed twenty-five thousand dollars. The interest was high and was compounded every month. Before the matter was settled Pancho owed nearly three hundred thousand and lost the whole ranch, just on the basis of that original twenty-five thousand—that's all he ever really got for it."

"That was an exceptional case."

"It was the usual case. But take one nearer home. Take Las Flores."

"Don Vincente is not in trouble, is he?" asked the colonel quickly.

"Of course he is in trouble. But this is, of course, confidential, between us as friends. Las Flores has been mortgaged and remortgaged until it is like a full bucket—it will not hold a single drop more. I am afraid we shall have to foreclose on at least part of it to protect ourselves."

"Surely you would not do that!" cried the colonel.

"No, I would not do that. But perhaps the bank must, and I shall have to order it because I am president. I must protect my stockholders against great and actual loss, no matter how reluctant I may be personally. I have let this go longer, much longer, than I should, even now. You must believe that."

"Of course I do, of course I do," said the colonel, obviously much distressed. "But Don Vincente—Las Flores—how much is on it?"

"A very large amount. I am not quite at liberty to tell you. If he could begin to keep up his interest I might have been able to face the directors in his behalf with some assurance, but he is twelve thousand dollars behind on that, or will be by the first of the month."

"Well, well, I am sorry to hear that," murmured the colonel, his brows knit. He was looking at the floor, studying hard over the situation, and only half heard the rest of the banker's remarks.

"That is why I cannot advance the sum you want for the Frémont Hotel. It should be able to carry itself. It is not so much business as friendship. I would rather see you sell something outright than borrow, no matter how well able you are to carry further loans."

"You advise me to sell something? What kind of banking advice is that? What is a bank for?"

"It is very unusual banking advice," admitted Mills frankly, "but it is offered from a friendly and not a business point of view. I would like to see you clean up there at the Frémont and make a fresh start on a new basis and with different management. If there is money anywhere in the hotel business it ought to be here."

The colonel thought a few moments.

"Perhaps you are right, Oliver," he concluded at last. "I will do as you say. But I must have that money now, and it will take time to sell anything without loss."

"I will tell you what I am going to do," stated Mills firmly. "I am going to loan you fifteen thousand dollars on a thirty-day note, and I am going to tell you right here and now that I am not going to renew or extend it. That will give you plenty of time to make your sale. Is that satisfactory?"

"What security do you want?"

"Your word of honor to raise the money as I suggest. This is a personal transaction."

"Of course I promise, Oliver," returned the colonel, "and may I be permitted to say this is very handsome of you?"

VIII

TEN minutes later the colonel emerged from the bank, his breast pocket bulging. He had taken twelve thousand dollars of the amount in currency.

"I am sorry to be so long, Puss," said he, climbing to his seat. "Hope you have not been too much bored."

They drove rapidly out of town, for these matters had consumed time, and it was now after eleven o'clock. Every few moments the colonel chuckled aloud. For a while Daphne made no comment on these outbursts, but finally demanded an explanation.

"What are you laughing at?"

"Nothing, Puss; nothing you would understand."

She fell silent, but after a few more repetitions she burst out indignantly.

"Godpapa," she said severely, "you are acting exactly like a bad boy who has been up to mischief."

"My dear, you must excuse me," apologized the colonel. "I have done a very difficult thing. I've fooled Oliver Mills."

For here behold the colonel in the rôle of gay deceiver. During all the latter part of the interview he had been scheming. A new use for money had come into his mind. He signed the note in entire good faith, and would sell property to meet it. But this

(Continued on Page 148)

Before and After Taking

HERE is the "cure" thousands of businesses are taking for lower production caused by greater summer heat. They're encouraging frequent cooling of face and hands by installing ScotTissue Towels.

On torrid, sticky, sweltering days, cool water is invigorating. And the after-caress of a ScotTissue Towel really helps the effect. No friction, no heat, no discomfort. ScotTissue Towels are softer, whiter, more absorbent. They are self-acting. "They dry."

All of which suggests economy as well as comfort. Only one ScotTissue Towel is needed for either hands or face.

Write on letterhead for trial test offer.

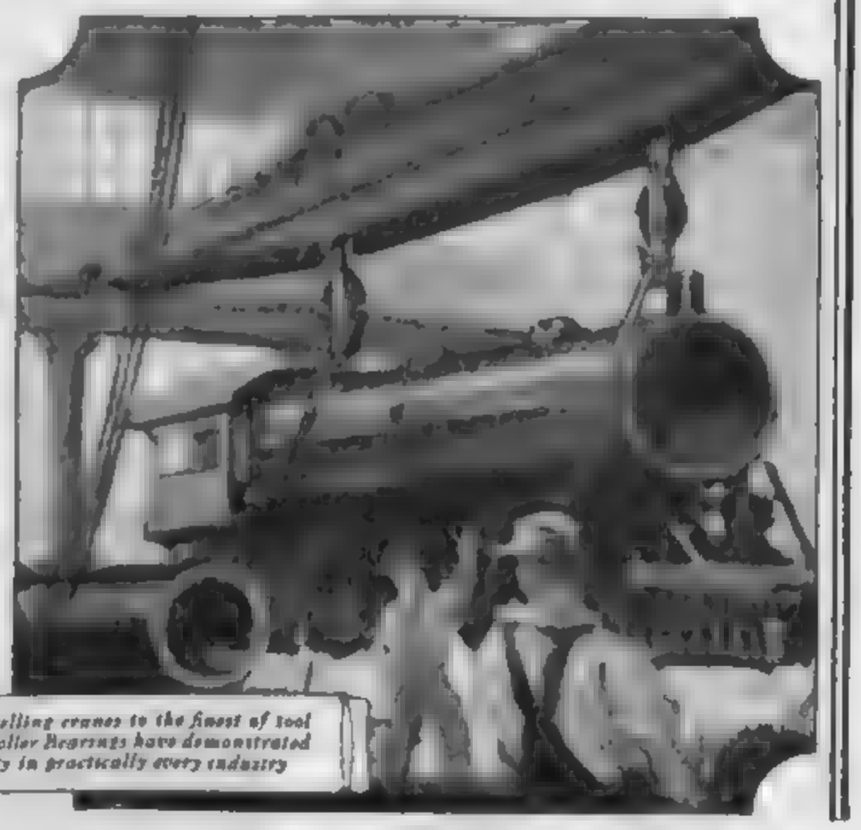
Scott Paper Company
CHESTER, PA.
New York Chicago San Francisco

Scottissue Towels They Dry

ScotTissue Products for Personal Hygiene

Hyatt Roller Bearings have made the performance of the vast majority of motor cars more quiet and carefree

Hyatt Roller Bearings are universally recognized as the standard bearing for farm tractors



From massive travelling cranes to the finest of tool machines, Hyatt Roller Bearings have demonstrated their adaptability in practically every industry

Hyatt Roller Bearings

have all the advantages found in other types of radial bearings, and an additional feature—the Hyatt Hollow Roller—designed and built after many experiments to determine the most efficient type of roller.

Hyatt Roller Bearings carry the load, automatically keeping themselves in line, distributing and cushioning the loads and shocks and constantly maintaining proper lubrication over the entire bearing surface. The result is carefree service and permanent satisfaction.

HYATT

Judged by Their Performance

THE test of worth is performance.

Judging Hyatt Roller Bearings on this basis, you will find that the test of time has proven their dependability.

During the past twenty years, they have been reducing friction and have withstood the hardest conditions of service.

When the designers of the first automobiles looked for dependable anti-friction bearings they chose Hyatt Bearings.

Today these bearings are standard parts of the great majority of all motor cars and trucks in operation.

The demand for increased production necessitated quick, dependable transportation of material.

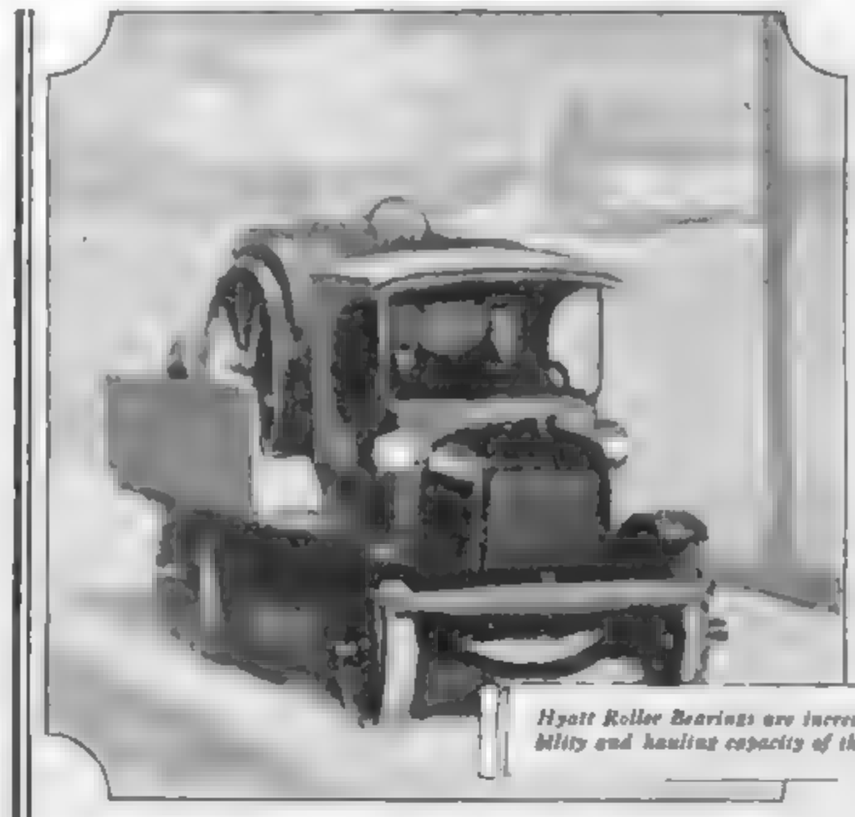
This led to the successful use of Hyatt-equipped factory and warehouse trucks, conveyors, cranes and—for the longer hauls—motor trucks.

From the advent of the modern farm tractor and improved agricultural machines Hyatt Roller Bearings have performed successfully, increasing reliability, assuring greater crop production.

The Hyatt record of performance demonstrates the true measure of Hyatt Roller Bearing worth.

HYATT ROLLER BEARING COMPANY

Tractor Division: CHICAGO — *Motor Division:* DETROIT — *Industrial Division:* NEW YORK



Hyatt Roller Bearings are increasing the dependability and hauling capacity of thousands of trucks

Hyatt Roller Bearings increase farm production by improving the efficiency of all forms of power farming machinery

By eliminating friction in all forms of conveyors Hyatt Roller Bearings are helping to overcome the shortage of man power in industry

ROLLER BEARINGS

(Continued from Page 145)

particular fifteen thousand dollars would never see the Frémont Hotel. That impecunious hostelry would have to be helped out in another way.

"Very hungry, Puss?" he asked.

"Hungry!" she scorned. "After such a breakfast? And at that hour?"

"Want to take a little drive and have fruit for lunch?"

"Where? Oh, let's! But how will we let them know at home?"

"I see Manuelo ahead. That is what gave me the notion," said the colonel, pointing with his whip. "He can take them word."

Daphne settled back blissfully. These impromptu excursions were by no means unusual, and they were always good fun. The colonel might drive his chestnuts directly across country to some distant spring or windmill to see how the cattle were making out. In that case there were exciting dives down the precipitous sides of *barrancas*, with brakes squealing and the jerk at the bottom as the horses took up the slack in preparation for the plunge up the other side; and tippy progressions along flower-starred side hills, when it seemed that they must turn over; and bump-itty-bumps across the bottomlands, with ground squirrels scurrying to the holes and the little burrowing owls bobbing. Or he might drop in on some of his outposts, little adobe buildings, whitewashed, in which case there were generally fat, comfortable Mexican women and brown children, and a meal of Spanish dishes; but in any event, even when women lacked, one was sure of dogs.

To-day, however, they continued straight on past the avenue of palms along the *Camino Real*, so Daphne knew they were going to Las Flores.

Las Flores was an old-fashioned Spanish ranch house situated atop a low, wide knoll. It was one-storied and built in *patio* style, of course, with casement windows opening outward, thick walls, floors of big, polished, square tiles laid unevenly on the ground. The low ceilings showed huge beams hewn by hand. In the kitchen wing Daphne remembered the great smoke cowl, like a candle extinguisher, and the dark rafters and the bright utensils glittering in the dusk. There were flowers in the *patio*, and a curious fountain; and quaint, faded, old brocaded furniture and fragile, inlaid, glassed cabinets full of queer ancient things, and a tinkling piano with a painted scene on its cover, and many frowning darkened portraits. It was crowded, stuffy, mysteriously ancient within; and sunny, bright, luxuriously lazy without.

Daphne never went there without either discovering something inside she had never noticed before, or something lying about outside that was not there at her last visit—a saddle, or *reata*, or *metate*, or some such matter. On one or two rare occasions Don Vincente had showed her some of the things in the glassed cabinets and had explained them to her. There was, for instance, the filigreed-gold smelling bottle presented to an ancestor by Queen Isabella herself. As near as Daphne could make out, this ancestor, acting in capacity of page, while riding in attendance on the queen had been thrown off on his head. The queen on hearing the circumstances sent first aid to the injured in the form of kind inquiries and the smelling bottle. As to why the smelling bottle had not thereafter been returned to its royal owner Don Vincente was not quite clear. But it was very interesting.

Daphne, however, was a trifle uncomfortable with the rotund, side-whiskered, dignified little gentleman. She liked better Doña Cazadero, or Pilar, his daughter. These ladies differed only in size round and age, for Doña Cazadero and her amiable daughter were almost exact replicas inside their pretty, rather silly heads and their capacious and very warm breasts. They possessed also about the same low horse power in energy and high voltage in prude of family and race. They dwelt in wrappers and hammocks all the early part of the day, but came forth nobly every afternoon for a stately drive to town in the victoria.

Sure enough, when they descended and one of the numerous loitering Mexicans had taken charge of their team, Daphne found the ladies in their usual cool nook. The colonel at this time of day naturally awaited the don in the parlor. Doña Cazadero and Pilar were filled this morning with unusual animation. Their novels were lying neglected, the chocolate box had not even been opened. Pasteboard boxes and wrapping paper lay strewn about, and over the benches that had evidently been brought up for the purpose were draped bolts of beautiful dress materials.

"It is the little one!" cried Doña Cazadero in Spanish, which Daphne had—as all children of that day—picked up after a fashion. "Just in time! You must help. See, these things have but just come, and you must assist. Here are materials come straight from New York, and Pilar and I must choose how they shall be made and which of us will wear them."

In five minutes Daphne was lost in the twentieth feminine heaven of ravishment. Such a profusion could nowhere else have been seen outside of a dry-goods shop. There were silks heavy as canvas and light as a spider web; brocades that rivaled Chinatown's best; satins, lawns, linens, patterned and plain. They were all in the piece. But, also, there were nearly a dozen gowns all made up, patterns of the styles, dainty, ravishing creations; and slippers and silk stockings of all colors and many other more intimate affairs. Daphne was breathless with awe. Never before had she seen anything like it.

"It is so confusing!" cried Pilar in despair. "There are so many! For the evening gown I cannot decide. Let us wait until the new jewels come."

"Jewels?" breathed Daphne.

"It is a nothing. But when last in San Francisco I saw a set of emeralds that was of a great beauty, a green like the new summer. Ever since they have been in my dreams. And last week papa consented. So they have been sent for, and they should come now very soon. It would be better to make an evening gown to match with them. Do not you think so, *niña?*"

"If I had just one—just one—dress like any of those," breathed Daphne, "I'd never think about emeralds. And if I had emeralds I'd never remember a gown, like Salome before Herod."

Pilar laughed, but Doña Cazadero looked severe.

"I think you do not think what you say, *niña*," she rebuked. "It is not modest. I am not quite sure, but I think it is blasphemous as well."

In the meantime Don Vincente had come in and greeted the colonel in his slow and dignified manner, apologizing for the delay. Fully two minutes were consumed in the leisurely exchange of beautiful compliments in the Spanish fashion, and then Don Vincente led his visitor to his own private office at the end of the east wing. This was a small, stuffy, rather dark room with a huge desk, leather chairs, sheep-bound books, a large carved-wood clock, an owl under a glass dome, abalone shells, some framed documents in Spanish, a leather lounge, a bridle braided of bright-dyed horsehair. It was crowded coziness. Here the gentlemen sat themselves down and lighted cigars.

"I have come on a personal matter," began the colonel after the preliminary conversation had been cleared away. "Between men not so intimate as ourselves it would be an affair of some delicacy. But with us it is as one brother speaking to another within family walls. We have been neighbors and friends for thirty years."

"Proceed, Ricardo," said Don Vincente. "Nothing you could say to me would be taken amiss."

"I am informed in confidence that there is some difficulty in meeting a trifling obligation, and that you may lose a portion of Las Flores. Is that true?"

Don Vincente blew a cloud and shrugged his shoulders.

"True enough. It is business, I suppose. I can blame nobody, though it has seemed to me that a little patience until the season of the selling of cattle would not have been much to ask. Last season, as you know, was dry and bad. It had not seemed to me until lately that money was lacking. There has always been plenty. Some mistake, I think. Impossible to say. But Señor Mills has explained to me. I can see the justice of his remarks. He cannot be blamed. It is only a misfortune, and one must bear misfortune serenely when it comes."

The colonel's kind old face was beaming with pleasure, and if Don Vincente had happened to be looking at him instead of staring obstinately at the stuffed owl he might have been surprised at the fact.

"What portion of the rancho is involved?" asked the colonel.

"I have discussed that with the Señor Mills, and we have agreed that the *ranchería* will set things right."

"It would be a pity to lose the *ranchería*."

Don Vincente sighed.

"I shall regret the necessity—yes. In the old days it was the home of my people's Indians before they scattered. It possesses historic and sentimental interest. But it can be the best spared."

The colonel chuckled aloud. Don Vincente looked at him in surprise and a slight displeasure.

"See, old friend," cried the colonel, "how fortunately these things turn out! It happens that just at this moment I have a sum of money by me that has come to me in an unexpected fashion"—oh, sly but truth-telling old colonel—"just at this moment of your need. It is not so great as I would have it; perhaps it is not enough, but such as it is you are welcome to the loan of it."

Don Vincente's expression did not change, but a cloud seemed to lift in the depths of his melancholy black eyes.

"How much is it, *amigo?*" he asked, striving hard for a careless absence of haste.

"About fifteen thousand dollars."

Don Vincente's pent breath exhaled softly.

"Twelve thousand will be enough. I cannot refuse."

"Refuse! I should think not! It is what any neighbor would expect of any other. You shall pay me at your convenience—when the cattle are sold—at any time."

The colonel fumbled in his pocket and produced the roll of bills. Don Vincente received them and thrust them nonchalantly into a half-open drawer.

"It shall be as you say, Ricardo, and thank you. My *vaqueros* tell me you have placed sheep on the Alisal. Is it your idea to make of that *sierra* a sheep range?"

They talked for some moments longer, and then the colonel rose to go. The subject of the money was not again mentioned between them.

IV

"WELL, Puss," observed the colonel cheerily as they drove away from Las Flores, "we have had a very busy and profitable morning. If we hurry we can get home for a late lunch after all. What say?"

"What will Sing Toy say? That's the question."

"True, true! Perhaps we'd better play hooky after all."

"I'll tell you what let's do," cried Daphne, wriggling about in her seat with the splendor of her idea. "Let's go to my house and I'll cook us both some lunch. You've never eaten my cooking. Oh, I would like to show you! Will you? Say yes—aay yes!"

"Yes," obeyed the colonel promptly.

"You dear!" cried Daphne, and threw her arms round him so vigorously that the chestnuts leaped and the colonel all but lost overboard his stovepipe hat.

They turned off across country and drove down remembered shallow swales and over low flats in the hills. The air sang with insects and birds; was heavy with the odor of lupine. The bright scarfs of the wild flowers lay flung across the slopes; the tiny stars of the alfilaria peeped from its vivid green; under the live oaks the cattle stood as under benign spreading arms. In the noon slept the ranges of the Sur in wonderful clarity of outline against a very blue sky, reposing until the evening, when they must waken to throw the necromancies of sunset changes across their ramparts. Buzzards swung in slow, sleepy circles across the sky. Under the light wheels the flowers and grasses bent with a soft, crushing sound; and from that crushing came a faint sweet odor different from all the rest. Nobody in the tepid, sun-steeped world paid any attention to them; neither the insects nor the birds nor the cattle nor the trees nor the slumbering ranges; nobody except the sentinel ground squirrels. These scampered and chirked shrilly, and sat up stiff and straight on their hind legs like so many picket pins.

After a time they came to a loose-wire gate. Daphne hopped down to hold it aside, and so they drove into the tract owned by Brainerd. The way led alongside a barbed-wire fence, round the corner of a hill, and so by a gentle grade to the bungalow. In the flat was an orchard of ten or twelve acres; up the cañon stretched a narrow strip of grain land; the sagebrush hills crowded close round; almost in the back dooryard rose the first abrupt, dark, chaparral-covered slopes of the Sur. The place did not look prosperous. Under the orchard trees the earth had been left too long uncultivated, and the trees themselves were in need of pruning. Deep ruts from the last rains made driving difficult. The paint on the low, attractive bungalow had peeled and blistered in the sun. Nevertheless, there was none of the shiftless disorder usual in the premises of the average sagebrusher. The few agricultural implements were under cover. There were no broken tools nor baling wire nor bottles and tin cans scattered about; the windmill had all its blades.

The colonel hitched his team to the corral fence, and the two moved down on the bungalow.

"Daddy must be up the cañon fussing with the water," pronounced Daphne. "You go into the living room and I will have something in a jiffy. No, I don't want any help."

The colonel walked on the wide veranda to the front of the house. The boards underfoot, slightly warped by the sun and the lack of paint, creaked under his deliberate tread. He entered the living room and sat down in a very worn leather chair, sighing with the comfort of an anticipated quarter-hour's rest. His keen old eyes moved slowly from object to object in the long and narrow room. They were old and familiar to his sight, for many times in many years he had sat thus waiting, since Daphne was a little thing being put to bed.

It was a threadbare room, worn and old and never renovated, with a few pieces of much-used furniture and many shabby, faded books. A fireplace and mantel centered one side. It was a neat room withal. Even such scattered affairs as pipes, matches, magazines and riding gear did not give an impression of things out of place.

"Here's Mugs to keep you company," said Daphne, suddenly opening the door and unceremoniously dumping down a fluffy ball that at once trundled itself in the colonel's direction. "I won't be but a few minutes."

The tiny fat puppy came to a halt and fixed the colonel with the blue eyes of extreme youth. The colonel reached down and gathered him in. Immediately he snuggled down with a sleepy grunt of content.

It was nine years ago, just about this time of year. The colonel, staring out the window across the magnificent acres of Corona del Monte, remembered every detail. Manuelo had come riding in one noon to announce that a man was camping at the mouth of Ramon Cañon. There was nothing unusual in this. But after dinner the colonel, having nothing better to do, rode round that way to see what the man was up to. He found a tent under the oaks, a pair of horses grazing in the bottom and a stranger seated on the wagon pole mending harness. He was tall, gaunt, hollow-eyed, dressed in a flannel shirt and overalls. Both the latter articles were clean. High on his cheeks burned two round red spots. The colonel knew the type—a lunger. The man looked up from under his heavy brows, but made no move.

"Good afternoon," the colonel greeted cheerfully.

The man merely nodded.

"You have selected a good place to camp. You will find spring water up that side about forty rods."

"I have found it," said the man grudgingly. His voice, unexpectedly, was cultivated.

"I hope you will stay just as long as you feel like doing so," pursued the colonel, "and make yourself quite at home."

The man for the first time looked directly at him.

"I intend to do so," said he. "I have filed on this hundred and sixty."

"Filed?"

"Yes, filed. I have taken it up—homesteaded it."

"This is not government land. It is part of my rancho."

"That is where you are wrong," stated the newcomer vigorously. "Look up your title."

"I have no need to do so, sir," rejoined the colonel with dignity. "I have owned this rancho for twenty years."

"It doesn't matter if you have owned it for two hundred," retorted the man. "This particular corner is not yours."

The colonel checked his reply and rode away. After all, it was beneath his dignity to quarrel with the fellow, and besides he looked sick. His claim was absurd, of course. Nevertheless, the colonel next day instructed Lawyer Stanley to investigate. La Corona del Monte was part of an original Spanish grant, and Spanish grants were notoriously uncertain. The grantee was

Continued on Page 151

FAULTLESS
"Wearever"
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
RUBBER GOODS

PAT. JULY 13 1915

PAT. MARCH 20 1906

For Greater Summer Comfort

WATER inside the body as well as outside cleanses and soothes, refreshes and invigorates and does much to promote greater comfort and better health, particularly in hot weather.

For employing water properly as an internal cleanser, a *No. 24 "Wearever" Fountain Syringe* is the article that gives thoroughly satisfactory service to baby, child or adult, as occasion requires. It is made of high quality rubber *moulded-in-one-piece*. There are no seams or splices to leak, no bindings or patches to come loose. It is a perfect syringe giving perfect service.

A companion piece, the *No. 40 "Wearever" Water Bottle*, also adds much to your comfort and health in Summer through its many every-day uses. Good for both HOT and COLD applications. Made of the same high quality *moulded-in-one-piece* rubber as "No. 24." In your home or with you on vacation, both No. 40 Water Bottle and No. 24 Syringe help to safeguard your health.

For BABY DURING HOT WEATHER the *Faultless Nurser Nipple* is a real boon to Baby. Its Patented Valve and Re-inforcing Rib Construction prevent collapsing and assure steady and uniform flow of nourishment. This velvety smooth nipple that feeds food—not air—is "Next Best to Mother's Breast." It helps save Baby from wind colic and digestive upsets. Sterilizing six *Faultless Nurser Nipples* at a time insures a clean nipple at each feeding and saves work for mother.

Faultless "Wearever" Rubber Goods, a quality line of home needs and conveniences for the toilet, nursery and sick room, are sold and recommended by all leading druggists and merchants everywhere.

THE FAULTLESS RUBBER CO. (*Ashland Rubber Works*) ASHLAND, OHIO, U.S.A.

The Brunswick Method of Reproduction

The Ultona
Plays All Records Better

The Tone Amplifier
With Grill Removed

In Many Styles and Finishes

New Tone Betterments

Demand your consideration of The Brunswick

THE Brunswick Method of Reproduction, although it has many advantages, primarily brings better tone. All its features combine toward that coveted achievement.

Suppressed or muffled tones are absent. There is a roundness or fullness of expression that is quickly noted, the first time you hear The Brunswick.

The Ultona, the all-record reproducer obtained only on The Brunswick, obtains the utmost from the record. It brings out intonations often slighted. It plays each type of record exactly as intended, being adjustable at the turn of a hand.

Furthermore, it practically eliminates so-called "surface noises." It is the only counterbalanced reproducer. It travels a cushioned path around the infinitesimal grooves of the record, its suspension so perfect that the needle follows every undulation.

The Tone Amplifier, built to conform to acoustic laws, is another feature of the Brunswick Method of Reproduction. Here again tone waves, having been reproduced perfectly, are allowed to amplify and develop naturally.

This Tone Amplifier is built entirely of moulded wood, so shaped as to permit proper vibration of tone waves. There is no clashing caused by imprisoned tone waves.

In every particular and considered as a unit, the Brunswick Method of Reproduction is one of the greatest advancements in the phonographic art. It brings final perfections, new refinements.

Your ear will quickly detect the superiority of The Brunswick. A comparison will award The Brunswick first choice.

So if you seek the utmost in a phonograph, be sure to hear The Brunswick first. Visit a Brunswick Dealer. Ask also to hear Brunswick Records, which can be played on any phonograph with steel or fibre needles.

THE BRUNSWICK-BALKE-COLLENDER COMPANY
General Offices: 623-633 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago

Brunswick
PHONOGRAPHS AND RECORDS

(Continued from Page 148)

given so many leagues in a given direction. He and the surveyor determined the boundaries almost by guess, and marked them by trees small piles of rock, or even a steer's skull. Property overlapped or left gaps At first, when the country was pastoral and there were no fences, this did not particularly matter, but later it resulted in a great mass of litigation.

Lawyer Stanley reported that the mouth of Ramon Cañon might by a stretch of the law be considered one of these gaps and so open to entry. But it was only by a stretch of the law, and he expressed the further opinion that the claim could be easily upset. The squatter problem was at that period a great and growing nuisance. These sagebrushers, as they were called, established themselves where they pleased if they considered themselves strong enough. Already in the north there had been several squatter wars. Therefore, the colonel instructed Stanley to go ahead, and promptly dismissed the whole matter from his mind.

That was of a Tuesday. On Wednesday the colonel, riding abroad, surmounted a hill to see below him on the flat a group of cattle weaving restlessly back and forth, their heads up and all facing in the same direction. The colonel knew well the symptoms. The half-wild creatures saw something unaccustomed, and they could not make up their minds whether to rush it or to run away. The object of their curiosity might be one of the ranch dogs, or perhaps a coyote or bobcat, or—almost inconceivably—a man on foot. Almost inconceivably, because no man but knew the habits of range cattle. The latter, gentle as possible with horsemen, became fierce and dangerous when the rider dismounted. So the colonel, more in idleness than in curiosity, rode down the slope to see what was the matter.

The great, restless beasts gave way excitedly as he rode through them. Thus for the first time he met Daphne.

He saw a very small, frightened little morsel in a Scotch-plaid dress standing in the middle of the closing circle. She was bareheaded and very white, and she clasped a fat puppy—own kin to the furry ball on which the colonel's hand instinctively tightened at the recollection. But she faced her great enemies erect and still defiant.

The colonel knew cattle, and he realized that he had arrived on the instant. His powerful horse leaped under the spur. In true *vaquero* style he leaned from his saddle and swept up the little maid just as the foremost cows broke into the tentative, high-flung trot that would precede a rush. He turned on them savagely in the relief of tension and drove them back with shouts. They obeyed the single horseman.

After a moment the colonel's common sense returned and he reined down his animal. The little maid was very much rumpled, her dignity had been terribly upset, she was very frightened; but she had neither cried out nor dropped the puppy. The colonel straightened her out and set her in front of him. His horse, a proud, docile and well-trained beast, stepped softly.

"Well," said the colonel, "that was a close call! Who are you and how in the world do you happen to be here?"

The child looked up at him gravely for a moment before replying.

"My name is Daphne Brainerd," she recited with the precise directness of childhood, "'n' I am six years old. I have no bumbalow. Who are you?"

"I? I—oh, I'm a fairy godfather, Puss," rejoined the colonel. "But where do you live, and how do you happen to be away out here all alone?"

The child looked up at him again with new interest. The idea of a fairy godfather evidently fitted accurately with rescue.

"I live with my daddy in a tent," she informed him, "and I got lost. My daddy will be very cross, 'cause he told me not to go out alone, 'cause I haven't any bumbalow."

"Bumbalow?" repeated the colonel, turning his horse toward Ramon Cañon. "What is that?"

"I don't know zactly," confessed Daphne. "It's something you have to have before you can go out anywhere alone. Maybe daddy will get me one when I grow older. We prob'ly can't 'ford one now. Daddy is poor, and he is sick sometimes. We can't 'ford lots of things."

"Maybe he will be able to afford one later," agreed the colonel, "though I must confess I never heard of one. What did your daddy say about it?"

"'You must not go out of sight of the tent,'" mimicked the child, "'cause you have abs'lutely no bumbaloweality.'"

"Bump of locality!" cried the colonel with a shout of laughter.

As they neared Ramon Cañon he caught sight of something far ahead through the trees.

"I am going to put you down here," he told Daphne, "and you must stand perfectly still, and in a very few minutes your daddy will come and find you. I will vanish, as a fairy godfather should."

"Have you got any peppermint candy?" demanded the surprising child.

The colonel, humiliated, confessed that he fell that far short of a perfect fairy godfather. But—parenthetically—from that day he never so failed again, as scores of children now grown up will testify

He set her carefully down and withdrew. From the safe screen of chaparral he witnessed a frantic meeting. From it he rode slowly, blowing his nose. That very afternoon he made a call on Stanley.

"I've decided not to contest that homestead in Ramon Cañon," he announced very abruptly for the colonel. "Drop the proceedings."

"But, colonel, that is in the heart of ——"

"It's no great use to me. Dammit, the man's sick, I tell you!"

A year had passed and Brainerd had made a start. Evidently he possessed a little money, for soon materials and workmen appeared; but evidently that money no more than sufficed for permanent improvements, for after the latter were completed Brainerd but rarely employed men. He tried to attend to his own cultivation, but had not the overplus energy necessary to make a success. It was not through lack of intelligence or ambition or diligence; it was plain lack of strength to carry good beginnings to good endings. The little ranch ran the classic gamut—ground squirrels took more than their share of the potatoes; the chickens and quail ruined most of the vegetables; the wildcats and foxes got among the chickens; deer and rabbits destroyed the vines; swarms of birds took the first bearing of the fruit; gophers by thousands ruined the hardly dug irrigating ditch that was designed to bring water from the upper spring to the orange grove. These were all difficulties usual to such a situation, but to meet them successfully requires youth, strength, optimism. They superimpose themselves on the hard physical labor required to plow, harrow, plant, cultivate, keep in repair.

Brainerd did not die. The red spots in his cheeks became less vivid. But at times if it had not been for the very jack rabbits, his enemies, he might have died—of starvation. Nowadays people do not eat jack rabbits knowingly. Then they did, and blessed them as the saviors of the situation. But Brainerd survived, and somehow made a little headway. The bungalow did not get painted; the brown grass grew in the garden; the fruit trees produced a scant crop for lack of full cultivation; there were many loose odds and ends. Still, by the time the jack rabbits learned to keep away from the immediate vicinity of the house it was no longer necessary to depend on them for a meat supply.

Brainerd worked his soil and read his books and raised his daughter after his own ideas. The books were varied and old-fashioned: Frank Forester's Sporting Scenes, Dickens in toto, Handley Cross, Moby Dick, The Cloister and the Hearth, were some of them. Without discrimination he liked to read them aloud to little Daphne, who thereby acquired mixed and incomplete ideas beyond her years. He also took considerable pains with that young lady's education. The most noticeable result was a certain directness of vision resulting from an almost frantic persistence against sham and subterfuge.

"Don't pretend, Daffy, and don't dodge," he would tell her over and over in many different ways.

The result in the future would probably be admirable, but in the childish years it resulted in a rather terrible frankness.

At first he and the colonel did not get on at all. This was not the colonel's fault and, indeed, the latter was blissfully unaware of the fact they were not getting on. Merely he found Brainerd a trifle difficult and reserved. In his rides about the country he often swung down by the new farm, and from the vantage of his saddle looked about on how things were going. He saw a good many lacks, both in materials and in labor;

(Continued on Page 155)

GIRARD
CLUB
WHAT America calls for today is men.
Not for new laws, schemes and systems, but for clear-headed, steady-nerved, promptly-acting men.
Every item that counts toward this end is an item worth your while.
Choose your cigar as carefully as you choose your diet or your clothes.
The fragrant, satisfying Girard with its real Havana quality and flavor, its mellow mildness, commends itself to every man who appreciates the definite business value of mental and physical fitness all the time.
In every pleasing puff it justifies its well-won title "America's foremost cigar."
Sold by progressive dealers everywhere.
Antonio Roig & Langsdorf
Established 49 years
Philadelphia
GIRARD
Never gets on your nerves

Paint and Varnish

THIS IS THE MASURY BIG

KNOWN FOR STERLING QUALITY

MASURY PAINTS

Made With Care by John W. Masury & Son

and the World's Work

IN the world's work, paint and varnish outrank even steel and wood in importance—for both of these great structural materials would soon succumb to rust and decay without the friendly, protecting coating of pigments or gums. The better the paint or varnish, the longer the life of the materials they cover—the better the finish of the world's work.

For fine quality, for purity, for endurance and continued fine appearance over the years, Masury Paints and Varnishes yield to no others, by any name. There is a Masury Product for every painting and varnishing purpose. The foremost group is called the Masury Big Six with Cosmolac, the *one* varnish for *every* purpose, the leader.

Cosmolac is for use indoors or out. It covers all surfaces like glass. It gives protection against all weather, heat or cold, soap or soap-powder. It is not marred by scuffing heels. It stays brilliant and satiny as the brush leaves it and will not turn white or cloudy. It does not craze, crack, blister or peel.

Masury Perfection Flat White and Colors for walls and broad surfaces. They dry without gloss, without brush marks. Soft and restful to the eye and endure in a way peculiar to all Masury products. Easily cleaned with soap and water. Many pastel tones.

Masury China Gloss White Enamel is really white. It covers woodwork with a smooth, hard coat that shimmers like moonlit water. It is easily kept clean and is not dulled by soap and water. And it is as good for use on metals as it is for woodwork, which adds to its usefulness.

Masury Liquid House Paints cannot be surpassed for outdoor use. They stay fresh and bright through severe weather punishment because they are pure lead and zinc paints—and so guaranteed. Many colors and tones but only one grade, that comes not only of knowledge, but the will to excel.

Masury Pure Colors in Oil are standard products used by first-class painters for tinting white lead and zinc in mixing of paint for first grade work. They enjoy renown because they are true to name and nicety of requirement. Specify their use by your painter for satisfactory results from every point of view.

Masury Superfine Colors are for use on motor cars, coaches and carriages. Insist upon them for your vehicle and you will get a first class result. Only a first class mechanic should use them. Masury Superfine Colors are used by the builders of the very finest of motor cars.

Send us your name and address, with 25 cents, stamps, to pay packing and postage, and we'll mail to you our fine book "The Partnership of Paint." It treats of the domestic and industrial uses of Paints and Varnishes and would bring a dollar in any book store. Address us please, at 50 Jay Street, Brooklyn, New York.

and VARNISHES

Brooklyn · New York · Chicago · Minneapolis · San Francisco

New Mitchell

Save $500 or more

The New Mitchell offers sensational under-pricing

THIS is an appeal to sanity in motor-car buying, as in other buying. It is an effort to induce you to make price comparisons before you decide upon which car you want to own.

The New Mitchell has already won its place because of new-day style and dependable mechanics. No car offers its new-day lines. No car of like price—or considerably more—affords finer performance nor longer lasting newness

So we speak here exclusively of price. We make it the main consideration. Other considerations, while tremendously important, become secondary to money value.

New-way manufacturing

THE Mitchell price policy has always been conservative. We have always sought to produce the finest possible car for the lowest possible price.

Our whole organization is imbued with this idea. We make countless savings by building the Mitchell complete in one factory.

Even bodies and tops and the like, which are ordinarily bought outside.

We not only gain a unified car from a designing standpoint, but we save all the profits that would have to be paid to outside parts makers and later included in the price of the car.

If this New Mitchell were built the old way its price would have to be at least $500 more. That would be inevitable.

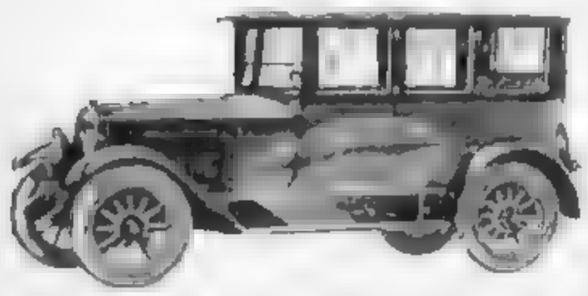
We challenge comparisons

THE one way for you to satisfy yourself that the New Mitchell is underpriced is to make price comparisons. Familiarize yourself with Mitchell superiorities. Then examine all cars of like price and up to $1000 more. Compare them with this New Mitchell.

See if you can duplicate Mitchell performance. See if you can find a car of such smart appearance. See if you can find such fine finish, such complete equipment, such roominess.

Make this investigation with the idea of saving money. But make no compromise in quality. Take the New Mitchell as your standard, and try to find all it offers for $1750. We are convinced that the New Mitchell will be your choice.

Visit a Mitchell dealer now. Get all the facts. Then make your comparisons. If you agree that the New Mitchell affords the most for your money, then place your order early, so as to insure early delivery.

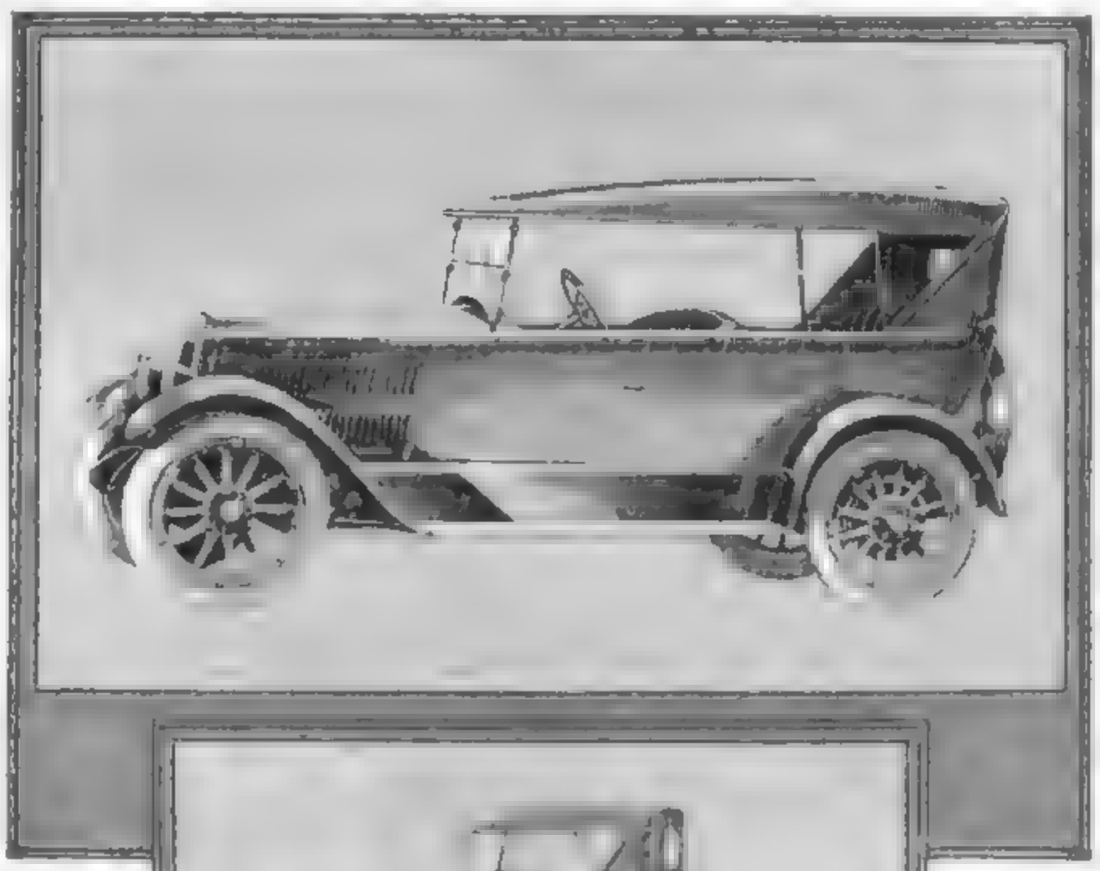


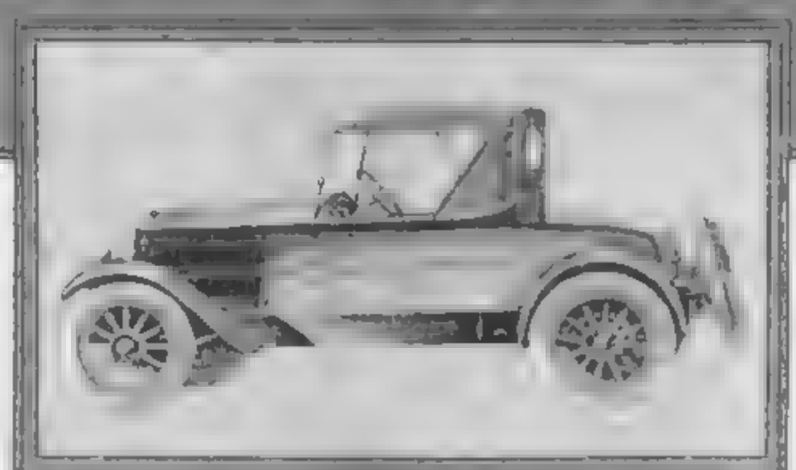
Future styles

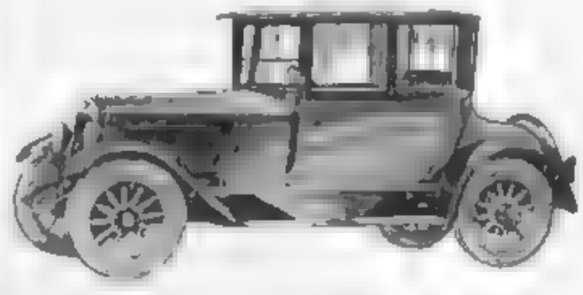
Mitchell style is irresistible. Its new lines bring great distinction.

The blunt radiator of yesteryear now gives way to one which harmonizes with windshield, doors, etc. These are the lines you see on a smart yacht—graceful, blended, slanting lines that you always identify with smooth speed and motion.

Each is a future-style model.







Open and closed cars

The New Mitchell is presented in four attractive models: a 6-passenger Touring Car, a 3-passenger Roadster, a 6-passenger Sedan and a 4-passenger Coupé.

The two open cars are priced at $1750, the Sedan at $2900 and the Coupé at $2800, all prices being f. o. b. Racine, Wis., and with war tax extra.

No such values can be found elsewhere. Mitchell style is exclusive. Mitchell craftsmanship is of the finest. See these Mitchells before you buy.

MITCHELL MOTORS COMPANY, INC., RACINE, WISCONSIN

(Continued from Page 151)

and at first he sometimes attempted to supply them. Brainerd resented fiercely these kindly meant incursions into his affairs. To his mind they both showed humiliating knowledge of his deficiencies and scented of the big proprietor. All he wanted was to be let alone. His ill health drained down his vitality so that after his necessary work he had little energy to contemplate the discouraging total of things necessarily left undone, and none at all with which to be good-humored. The colonel's genuine neighborliness had this effect, however, that Brainerd never quite reached the point of open rebuff, as he certainly would have done to one less sincerely desirous of being friendly. But the colonel never succeeded in giving him an hour or a cent's worth of help.

It was Mrs. Peyton who in the end brought that about. Allie drove about the ranch and into town behind a pair of diminutive but wicked black ponies. They were not much bigger than good-sized St. Bernard dogs, and they wore long, furry coats and copious manes and tails. Polished russet harness attached them to a varnished buckboard that looked several sizes too large for them. When Mrs. Peyton mounted to the seat she looked as though she had for the fun of the thing taken over a child's equipage. Nevertheless, the black ponies would go just as fast as full-sized horses. Their legs fairly twinkled as they whirled the varnished buckboard down the road or across country on the rancho; and they could keep it up for hours, ending with the same ludicrous appearance of earnest energy with which they started out. Mrs. Peyton had to have loops in the reins by which to hold them in when they felt too fresh. With them she explored the entire countryside, displaying a fine disregard for roads.

She saw plainly enough, though the colonel did not, Brainerd's pride and the method he was taking to show it. One time after Brainerd had been settled about a year she took with her a cake. Brainerd could hardly refuse that, especially as the gift was ostensibly made to Daphne, not to him. Daphne, as may be imagined, was immensely pleased with the ponies, not to speak of comfortable, sympathetic, black-eyed Mrs. Peyton. The cake having been well digested, it was followed by a hot dish, carefully pinned up in napkins.

"Once in a while Sing Toy manages to make something that is pretty good," said Allie, "and I am so pleased that I want to show off about it."

The something hot was merely half of a substantial meat pie with vegetables in it—a meal in itself. Brainerd felt uncomfortably that he was being come over, but Mrs. Peyton looked him blandly in the eye, and he decided to say nothing. Other hot dishes came at intervals; then some of the raw materials.

"Brought you over a few carrots and potatoes," she announced cheerfully. "I want you to compare them with yours. I believe that perhaps vegetables raised in the foothills have a little more flavor."

Brainerd had few fresh vegetables. At that period he was living mainly on staple groceries. Mrs. Peyton never explored about when she came over for a visit, but drove directly to the bungalow and directly away again. How much did the woman know, anyway?

"You must let me know which you think better," she was saying.

This went on for some time. Then one morning one of the colonel's Mexicans came loping over, carrying by the bail a stoppered milk can which he left without comment. The next day he reappeared bearing another can and taking the old one away. Brainerd was not at home either time. He was exceedingly angry. This was going too far. It smacked of actual charity. He was simmering, and he made it a point to be at the bungalow next morning at the hour when the Mexican might be expected to appear.

He did not come, but Mrs. Peyton did with her little black ponies. She carried under her arm the stoppered milk can, which she deposited inside the door.

"Where is the empty can?" she asked Brainerd, who stood glowering by a pillar of the veranda. "Oh, that's the way it is!" she stated incisively as she looked up to see his face. "I expected as much, and that is why I am here. Come inside, my friend. I want to talk to you."

Brainerd followed her silently into the living room.

"Now what is it?" she demanded. "Sit down, man, sit down, and don't look at me like a thunder cloud. I am not accustomed to it."

"I beg your pardon, Mrs. Peyton, I did not mean to appear discourteous. But I am seriously annoyed, and I suppose I show it."

"What are you annoyed at, pray?"

"This milk—I cannot permit ——"

"You cannot permit me to do a simple neighborly act without objecting," she interrupted him. "No, I am going to do the talking. We have sixty dairy cows. The milk is nothing—no more than if you offered me one of those daisies from your garden. Yes, I know what you're going to say. But let me say this: I am not bringing the milk on your account. I am bringing it for Daffy, and I shall continue to do so."

"My daughter is not a fit subject for charity," said Brainerd stiffly. "I cannot agree that comparative strangers have any right to make her so."

"Your daughter will be a fit subject for a hospital if she does not get the food and care her age requires," stated Mrs. Peyton bluntly, "and I cannot agree that you have any right to deprive her of them."

"Daphne is a perfectly healthy child," rejoined Brainerd, a shade of uncertainty creeping into his tone.

"Is she indeed?" said Allie dryly. "How long do you think she will remain so on jack rabbits, pork and flapjacks? I do not want to seem unkind, Mr. Brainerd, or to appear to pry into your affairs; but I do not intend that child to come to any harm through your foolishness. You can be just as fantastic and quixotic as you please in your own case, but when it is a question of Daphne I expect and intend to use a little common sense."

She looked at him very directly.

"Come now," she said, rising and shaking her skirts. "That is a point we need not quarrel on. I have quite made up my mind." She held out her hand to him. "I will send Juan over in the morning with the milk. Where did you say the empty can was?"

"I will get it for you," said Brainerd. "And I will confess that I am very glad to get the milk for Daphne, but I insist on paying for it."

"That is handsomely said," replied Allie; "but I am not in the retail milk business, and I do not intend to be bothered with such matters. If it will relieve your mind any, Mr. Brainerd, I will say frankly that I have become very fond of your child, and that I know something of children, though I have none living. She needs certain things which you cannot supply to her in this out-of-the-way place. I am going to give them to her. You do not interest me in the least, and I do not expect you to interfere."

She sat very straight in her chair, like a ruffled dicky bird, and looked Brainerd uncompromisingly in the eye. The latter's shell of ill-healthy grumpiness was beginning to crack under this direct assault and his natural keen sense of humor to peep forth. He surveyed her with twinkling eyes.

"Your reasoning is cogent, madam," he said gravely, "and I can see that it would be useless to resist. But it seems to me the situation should be regularized in some way. If you are to take such an interest in our destinies—Daphne's destiny—you should—to save my poor, humble face—have an official position in the household."

He raised his voice to call: "Daffy, oh, Daffy, come here a moment!"

She toddled in from outside, her hair tousled, her cheeks red.

"Daffy," said Brainerd gravely, addressing her with lofty courtesy, "I have called you in to introduce you to a new relative, taken over without the customary benefit of clergy and ecclesiastical ceremony, but none the less real and genuine. Go and kiss your new godmother"—he hesitated a moment and rolled a humorous eye at the colonel's wife—"Aunt Allie," he finished loudly.

Allie gathered the mite to her arms and buried her face.

"You little darling," she choked. Then she looked up, her eyes moist. "And I'm inclined to call you a big darling," said she.

"I'll get the milk can," said Brainerd hastily.

Mrs. Peyton heroically kept away from the little ranch for a week thereafter, though she sent Manuelo to borrow Daphne one day to see the little pigs. Then munitioned with some foodstuffs or other she made another raid. In the course of the conversation with Brainerd she mentioned sagebrush honey.

"Did you ever taste it? It has a flavor all its own—most delicious. We used to get it at San Diego, and I have always remembered it."

"I know it well," Brainerd broke in eagerly for him. "In fact, the bees I put in last year seem to prefer the sage. I can let you have some."

"Can you now, really? That would be a real treat."

Delighted to be able to reciprocate, Brainerd took the greatest pains to select the darkest and most highly flavored of the sage honey for his gift. He was absurdly pleased at being able to do something, to offer something unique to his own small establishment. But the next time Mrs. Peyton's black ponies scrambled up the little hill he met her with a sad shake of the head.

"You know you are an awful liar," he told her seriously.

"It can't be very serious if you call me that to my face," she smiled.

"It is serious. What do you mean by your sagebrush-honey stuff?"

"What do I mean? What do you mean?"

"I took a Sunday off and rode about the foothills yesterday. Why didn't you tell me the colonel kept beehives in practically every cañon in the hills—where there's nothing but sage?"

But Mrs. Peyton rallied instantly.

"I have no intention of being put upon," she announced, "or of discussing my husband's affairs with you. Here are some fresh rolls for Daffy's lunch, and I have not a moment to stop. Take them!" And she drove off in full but orderly retreat.

The colonel's experience was similar, except that his victory was neither so pronounced nor so prompt. He had no luck at all with his proffers of help about the ranch.

Brainerd would not listen to the loan of men, tools or materials. He ran his own show, sometimes with scanty and inefficient help, but oftener by his own unaided and inadequate strength. For that reason the place never quite reached its proper efficiency. But Brainerd did not die, as he had been told he would, and a certain amount of produce got to the market. When the first fruit came in the colonel offered to haul and market it with his own, charging a pro rata of expense. This seemed like a business proposition, so after some discussion Brainerd assented. The colonel was jubilant. He saw his chance. At the final accounting Brainerd's share proved to be pleasantly but unexpectedly heavy. On receiving it and the ingenious accounts the colonel handed him he said nothing. But the following season he quietly but briefly insisted that it was his turn to see to the marketing. He put it in such a way that the colonel could not refuse.

"I don't know why, but that fellow makes me feel guilty," he cried indignantly to Allie. "I'm ashamed to meet him."

"You falsified accounts; you know you did," accused Allie, "and now you're going to be found out. No wonder you're ashamed to meet him."

"Well," the colonel defended himself, "that child ought to have a few clothes, and heaven knows Brainerd can't get a start in that miserable place without a little money, and ——"

"I know. But now you must face the music."

The colonel was very much disturbed. You would have thought, to judge by his furtive air whenever a fresh cloud of dust turned in to the Avenue of Palms, that he was a criminal in dread of the sheriff. He met Brainerd finally with a false air of cheer.

"Well, my boy, fruit all sold?" he cried. "Afraid this year is not quite so good as last year. Can't expect two good years in succession, can we?"

Brainerd was eying him sardonically, and the colonel—to his own indignation—found himself fidgeting like a schoolboy. Why, confound it, he was old enough to be this man's father! And he came from a proud old blue-grass family and he was lord of the Corona del Monte and his name was known from end to end of the Californias. Nevertheless, he fidgeted.

"Judging by the results of our sales, you are right," said Brainerd. "Yet our crops are as heavy as last year, and my inquiries seem to show that prices are fully as high. But our returns are a full forty per cent less. I confess that in comparison with yourself, colonel, I am a very poor salesman. I feel greatly at fault that I have not brought you better returns."

He spoke dryly, looking the colonel in the eye.

"Nothing to worry about. Quite expected. I had a special market for the fruit—firm gone out of business now—lucky year last year," muttered the colonel.

"I am relieved to hear you say so," observed Brainerd. "Of course it can never happen again."

The colonel escaped finally, feeling like a caught small boy. He was indignant—he had done nothing to be ashamed of. But he abandoned several half-formed ideas, such as secretly guaranteeing Brainerd's grocery bills.

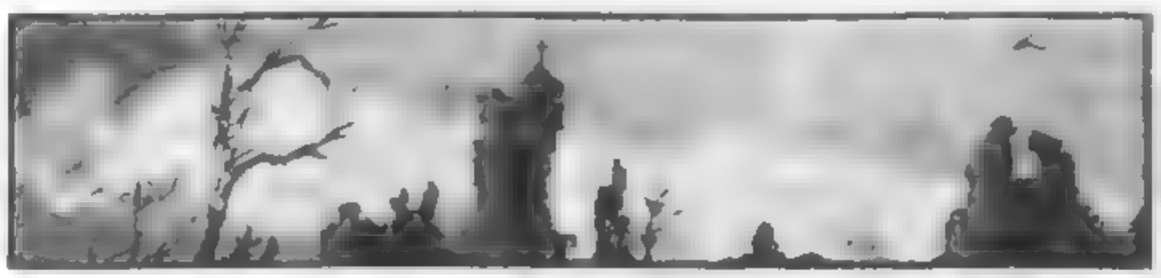
Nevertheless, on one point he was firm, just as Allie had been. He wanted Daphne to have a pony and he gave her one, together with a miniature stock saddle and a braided-rawhide bridle. So far he and Mrs. Peyton had their way. But when it came to such matters as clothes, for example, they got no farther. Daphne grew up between them into the long-legged youngster we have seen, riding her pony, raising her puppies, reading her father's books, playing in the great tree she called Dolman's House—necessarily a varied education full of hiatuses. Her life was full of hiatuses, the colonel thought as he waited for the lunch she was preparing. The matter of dress, for example—Mrs. Peyton had long since given over interference there. Brainerd had inner citadels of independence or was not wise to attack.

"Here we are, fairy godpapa!" cried Daphne triumphantly. "Here's something Aunt Allie taught me to make last week. See how you like it. And then we must go. I just remembered I told Aunt Allie I'd help her with the preserves this afternoon."

x

COLONEL PEYTON took the next steamer to the south, debarking at San Pedro, whence he soon arrived at Los Angeles. He carried with him a satchelful of documents. Without much difficulty he negotiated a further loan on his ranch property. He could easily have raised the amount—and more—in Arguello, but as Mills had so strongly advised against this procedure the colonel wished to spare the little banker's feelings. With the proceeds he paid the temporary loan, which, it will be remembered, he had passed over to Don Vincente. This left him exactly where he was before. At this juncture he recalled Mills' advice as to selling something and cleaning up the hotel indebtedness. The colonel had nothing he particularly wanted to sell, except perhaps his stock in the First National Bank. He took this to a broker, who disposed of it inside of two days. The money more than sufficed to put the hotel in running order again.

Everything was all right again, except that the colonel became a little furtive whenever Oliver Mills hove in sight. Of course there was no reason for it. Bank stock is not a paying investment unless a man is in active business and constantly using all a bank's functions. To a ranchman like the colonel its possession is sheer, rank sentiment when another use can be found for the money. It was certainly his money to do what he pleased with. The colonel rehearsed these and other arguments to himself, and agreed with himself on all of them. Nevertheless, a vague feeling of guilt troubled him. The colonel was always doing things that brought that vague feeling of guilt



(TO BE CONTINUED)

Serving the World's Business; Saving the World's Time

The whole idea back of Philo Remington's production of the first practical typewriter was to serve business, and to save time.

The world-wide prestige which Remington Typewriters now enjoy comes from the extension and expansion of this idea.

Today the name Remington means more than a typewriter.

It means a service to the world's business—a saving of the world's time—a service that is complete and efficient, and that is available wherever business is done.

Remington's high purpose long since won recognition. Its reward is a leadership which sweeps beyond our own shores into every nation that has a commercial life.

Remington growth could not have been the sound and substantial growth it is, had Remington not brought continuing and increasing benefit to the world.

The manufacture of the first practical writing machine in 1874 was the first great step.

Later came from Remington the shift-key typewriter, the automatic ribbon-shift, the decimal tabulating typewriter, the adding and subtracting typewriter, the key-set tabulating typewriter, the self-starting typewriter.

Each succeeding Remington origination and development has had the same object—to save time and money—to promote the speedy transaction of business.

Now the world has come to look to Remington for new and better business mechanisms, with which to shorten a day's work, to do better work, and to bring further office economies.

More than that, it has bought more Remingtons than any other make of typewriter, and even now is calling for more machines than our great factories can build.

The Remington organization—at home and afield, here and at the farthest outpost—is deeply conscious of the obligations imposed by Remington leadership.

It is trained to serve business so well that this leadership shall never be questioned or jeopardized.

Self-Starting Remington

Remington

Supplies That Help Operators To Do Better Typewriting

Remington's experience is that a good typewriter must have good supplies, in order to produce good work.

Accordingly we manufacture ribbons and carbon papers in our own factory—we make them to the same high standards that rule the production of our machines.

The quality of the operator's work is sadly impaired, unless typewriter ribbons and carbon papers are themselves of high quality.

Thousands upon thousands of Remington Typewriter users buy none but Remington supplies for their machines.

They enjoy not only the superior advantages and economies of Remington machines but the added advantages and economies of longer-lasting ribbons and carbons.

Their work is better done. The type impressions are clearer and neater. The carbon copies come up better. And they buy fewer supplies.

Long-Lasting Ribbons— Clear and Sharp Print

Paragon Typewriter Ribbons are recognized as a leader in their field.

They are wonderfully durable. It is a fact that the fabric in them lasts as long as the ink lasts. When a Paragon Ribbon is finally worn out, you can rest assured that it has produced the utmost of work which a typewriter ribbon can be made to produce.

It is to the best interests of every business man to see that the same wise and economical selection applies to typewriter ribbons as to all his other purchases.

Red Seal Carbon Paper Also Does Better Work

For the highly important work of copying, business recognizes the superior merits of Red Seal Carbon Papers.

They are made in a Remington factory, by Remington experts with a thorough knowledge of all that is required of carbon papers.

They are without an equal, we believe, in cleanliness, clear-cut impressions, long life and manifolding qualities.

No matter what typewriter equipment you are using, let us urge you to give instructions that Remington Typewriter Supplies be used exclusively.

If your clerical department is not equipped with Remington Typewriters and Supplies, we tell you in all candor that you are not getting the most out of it—in economy, or in quality and quantity of work done.

Please telephone the Remington Branch in your city. Its suggestions will be of value to your business.

Remington Typewriter Company
Incorporated
374 Broadway, New York *Branches Everywhere*
Remington Typewriter Company, Ltd.
144 Bay Street, Toronto

Remington Typewriter Supplies

Typewriters

Wadsworth Cases

FOR FINE WATCHES

Upper left—The Cushion Square Case for girls. Light and strong, and beautiful in its simplicity, it is deservedly popular

Lower left—The Cushion Square Case for [illegible] wearing model. Ideal for school use and [illegible]

Right—The Bascine Case, a practical model combining beauty of line with that simplicity so desirable in a boy's watch. Initials engraved, if desired

Sturdy cases for boys and girls

WHEN the boy or girl goes back to school, why not present a gift that will be useful and productive of real pleasure?

What would be more useful than a watch—a sturdy, practical watch? What will afford greater pride and satisfaction now, and during the years to come?

Select the watch with care. Choose a good movement—as a guarantee of time-keeping accuracy. But give equal attention to the case, for unless the case is neat and stylish, and well made to protect the delicate mechanism, your satisfaction will be incomplete.

A glance at the Wadsworth cases above will show you the most popular styles for boys and girls—cases which combine beauty of line and exactness of fit with a strength capable of standing the knocks which come at play time.

To Wadsworth designers is due much of the development of style and artistic beauty in watch cases. For 30 years Wadsworth has been making cases for the watch movements of leading manufacturers and importers. Many of the most popular designs are Wadsworth creations.

When you buy a watch, select any standard movement that your jeweler recommends and have him "dress" it in a Wadsworth case. The name Wadsworth in a watch case is your guarantee for correctness and beauty of design—of highest quality metals and best workmanship.

THE WADSWORTH WATCH CASE CO., CINCINNATI, OHIO

Factories: Dayton, Ky.

IT PAYS TO SMILE

(Continued from Page 27)

did they want it for, what did they want it for, that's what I'd like to know, eh?"

"Who told you such a nonsensical thing?" I asked.

"My man Wilkes," replied Mr. Markheim. "It seems the watchman, Pedro, has disappeared as well, but it's hardly likely the robbers took him."

"More likely he was one of them!" said I. "And as for the missing sword—it's too bad your servants don't dust more carefully, Sebastian Markheim, that's all I've got to say about that!"

"What do you mean?" Alicia put in. "What do you know about the burglars?"

"Only that I heard 'em and came downstairs," I said. "What else did your man Wilkes tell you?"

"Why, it seems he heard a noise," replied Markheim, "and came out of his room to listen. Then the sounds ceased, but he thought best to make the rounds. He had got as far as the library when he encountered you, Miss Talbot. Then he saw the watchman, and you left him and went back upstairs—right, eh?"

"Yes, that's right," I admitted.

"The watchman denied having heard or seen anything out of the way," Sebastian went on, "and they went over the whole place together, to make sure everything was all right. But the funny part of it is that Pedro—that's the watchman chap—can't be found."

"Well, he's done nothing to send a posse after him for, far as I can see," observed Mr. Pegg. "And if you do send one he's likely to slew at it with that sword—better lay off him."

"I took that sword myself," I announced with dignity. "It is behind the portière to the library, where I left it. I am sorry to have been so untidy, but in the excitement of the moment I confess I neglected to put it back in place."

There was a general laugh at this, though I must say I failed to see any humor in a maiden lady's having armed herself before facing a supposed burglar.

"You didn't take the watchman, too, did you?" asked Mr. Pegg.

"Of course not!" said I. "But I think he was a very evil, suspicious-looking character, with a decided accent and quite unwashed. I would never have engaged him as a watchman myself. He seemed to me obviously a bandit."

"Not at all, not at all!" exclaimed Sebastian. "Came to me with the very highest credentials—recommended strongly by the Italian consul himself."

"When did he come to you, Mark?" asked Peaches.

"Let's see," said he. "About three weeks ago."

"Then you don't know if he is a good burglar hound or not," said she. "But he may turn up, you know. Don't judge him too soon."

"I shan't," replied Markheim. "Devil his due, innocent until guilty and all that. But it's odd they can't find him. Generally sleeps in the gardener's cottage. Room's down there."

The subject being then to all appearances exhausted it was dropped, and in as short a time as would decently avoid suspicion Peaches finished her meal and strolled out of the room to the terrace. Ostentatiously avoiding all appearance of haste I joined her a few minutes later and slipping my arm about her waist strolled out of earshot. The morning was exceedingly mild and fair, and choosing a secluded nook where the sun beat down warmly we seated ourselves upon a stone bench.

"Free!" Peaches demanded. "What happened? Shoot me the whole story, and be quick or they'll be getting too darn sociable before you're through." She nodded back toward the breakfast room.

Well, I told her as briefly as was consistent with accuracy. And when I had finished she simply sat and stared at me for a moment, quite wordless, though her mouth was open.

"Freedom Talbot!" she gasped at length. "I am horrified. The only safe place for you is the ranch. The moment I take you out into the civilized world it becomes necessary for me to sit up nights chaperoning you."

"Never mind chaperoning me!" I retorted. "My character is perfectly sound, no matter how my actions may at times appear. The main problem before us is to extricate you from the position you have got yourself into through making an appointment to meet this man who I am now absolutely convinced is simply a common servant."

"Whom you have got me dated up to meet," corrected Peaches. "And believe me, kid, I'm going to meet him. There's more to this than you think, my worthy nurse!"

"But, Peaches!" I wailed. "When did you tell him to meet you, and where? Oh, why did I ever suggest such a thing?"

"How did you ever do such a stunt as walk that gutter? That's what gets me, old thing!" she retorted. "Free, you—you little gutter snipe! And as for my date, it's for one o'clock at the fountain."

"One o'clock!" I said. "Why, everybody will see you."

"Then they'll have some eyes!" said she. "I mean one o'clock to-night. And you are to come along with me, dear confidential companion, and listen in on the whole thing."

"Well, if you are determined to do it, of course, it is my duty to accompany you," I replied. "But I am beginning to be more and more convinced that you have simply let yourself in for a situation which is going to have dreadfully embarrassing consequences. If I had talked with that man before I delivered your note I would never, never have consented. You are merely making a fool of yourself."

"Suppose I am mistaken?" said she with a sudden fierceness, the irises of her golden eyes contracting as if she were a female tiger cat. "Suppose I am? Isn't it worth risking? Heavens, how I have suffered these six years! You don't know! You can't know! And now perhaps—a miracle! I feel, I know without proof, that this man is my man. I could no more stay away than I could stop breathing. And if you refuse to go with me I swear I will go alone—yes, if I go by the same route you took last night!"

"Alicia!" I exclaimed, shocked at this strange and unladylike upheaval. "Of course I will go with you and make it as little improper as the circumstances permit. If nothing develops—er—nothing need be said, if you understand what I mean."

"I get you!" said Peaches with sudden weariness.

And a few moments later the gentlemen joined us, preferring to take their after-breakfast tobacco in the open air, a habit which I trusted Peaches would encourage when she became mistress of the mansion, as most beneficial for her rugs and hangings.

At any rate while they chatted and smoked, my charge maintaining a most casual, undisturbed exterior, I bent my energies upon the problem of just how Wilkes had reached the ground the night before, scanning the service wing of the house with critical eye, though ostensibly engaged upon my crochet work, for I was completing a handsome set of table mats which I intended as a wedding gift to Peaches. But being skilled in the art of crochet I could do it automatically, a gift which now served me well. But study the wall as I might I could not discover how he had come down it, much less returned by the same route. He simply must have gone in at another window. But why? It was a puzzle.

Somehow—I scarcely know with what series of small incidents—the day was passed. To me, and no doubt to my charge, it was but a channel to the goal of our midnight tryst. I kept, as it were, mentally upon tiptoe, hourly expecting that some word would come from Wilkes; that he would show some sign signifying that he knew of the impending meeting, or perhaps send a note, his opportunity for answering Alicia's missive being so infinitely greater than had been ours in conveying it to him. Indeed all he had to do was to choose a moment when she would be comparatively unobserved, and present his own note upon a silver salver. As a matter of fact I fully expected some such incident, but the day passed without any occurring.

Of course there was not much time offered for such a trick, inasmuch as we were out in the motor all morning, lunched at a hospitable neighbor's who entertained in Peaches' honor, while during the afternoon Peaches and Sebastian played golf together, remaining on the course until almost dinnertime.

During the dressing hour which preceded that function, which was to be held at the house next door but was to terminate early by agreement because of Mr. Markheim's having a most important appointment in the city at nine o'clock the following morning, I ran into Peaches' room to inquire if any developments had occurred unknown to me. She replied in the negative.

"Haven't even seen him all day," she replied. "Have you?"

"No," said I. "And I wish I never might again! I am terribly upset about the whole thing!"

"You don't look upset!" said Peaches, unexpectedly coming over and kissing me through the golden cloud of her loosened hair. "You look sweet in that gown. I'm glad you put it on again."

"Our hosts were not here last night, so I thought it would be all right!" I declared. "And I thought it was good and dark to wear later," I added significantly.

(Continued on Page 163)

Another Period of Silence Went By. Then Came the Sound of a Step Upon the Gravel

HANSEN

GLOVES

Essential

To the well-dressed man of today the right glove is an essential, rather than an accessory.

It is no longer an insignificant detail; it can make or mar the personal appearance; it can help or hinder the hands.

This is largely due to the efforts of Hansen builders who, long ago, arrived at the place of authority in the field. Their scientific and specialized methods have proved that gloves can be comfortable, helpful and durable as well as elegant.

For semi-dress wear let your choice be the Hansen worn by the figure on the left. It is conservative with a touch of smartness; serviceable and absolutely correct.

The photograph below shows one of our most popular designs for motoring wear. This Soft Cuff style assures the protection and elegance of a Gauntlet with the freedom and flexibility of a wrist glove. Made unlined and lined.

Write us for the Hansen Book of Gloves — for motoring, driving, work, etc. Select your favorites, then see your dealer.

O. C. HANSEN MANUFACTURING COMPANY
100 E. Detroit Street, Milwaukee, Wisconsin

TAKING people for their first ride in a Franklin Sedan is always a satisfaction to its owner. The more accustomed he has become to Franklin performance, the greater his enjoyment of their surprise and pleasure. It brings to mind his own first experiences with the car.

THE FRANKLIN

20 miles to the gallon of gasoline
12,500 miles to the set of tires
50% slower yearly depreciation
(National Averages)

THE performance of the Franklin Sedan is surprising, simply because it differs from what a motorist has grown to expect.

Its comfort remains even when good roads end; its reliability does not vary with the seasons; its economy is inherent.

Franklin light weight, flexibility and direct air cooling are the reasons behind this. Eighteen years of uniformly fine service and 50,000 satisfied owners are the proof.

No car but the Franklin can show such owners' results as those quoted above.

FRANKLIN AUTOMOBILE COMPANY
SYRACUSE, N. Y.

Franklin Sedan Features:

Wide Observation Windows, allowing unobstructed outlook—

Two Wide Doors, giving easy access to a roomy interior—

Slanting V-shaped Windshield, permitting broadest driving vision—

and Sloping French-style Hood.

(Continued from Page 159)

"I've decided we will leave not later than eleven o'clock," Peaches announced, choosing a black dinner gown, doubtless with the same end in view as that with which my own costume had been selected. "I'll have a headache—and that will give 'em two hours to go to bed and settle down to sleep before the fatal hour. Here, hook me up, will you?"

"I understand that watchman has never shown up," I commented as I obliged her. "I hope to goodness he won't be round to-night!"

"It's a merciful providence that he chose this for a night off!" was her reply.

And then presently we descended to the world and a hollow pretense of careless gayety, including a game of bridge, at which I was rapidly becoming an adept under Mr. Pegg's kind tutelage, and must confess to a hearty enjoyment of. And if I did win a few dollars at it occasionally, I always turned the money right over to the home mission, so nobody could have accused me of gambling in any moral sense, the more so as Mr. Pegg always most gallantly insisted upon paying my losses. But I digress.

Promptly at eleven Peaches' headache developed according to schedule, and presently we four of the villa found ourselves walking the short distance which lay between the two houses, the night being uncommonly fine and the moon on the river a sight to see.

"Isn't it wonderful?" I breathed as I clung to Mr. Pegg's arm, the lovers, if so I may call them, walking ahead, much to Sebastian's ill-concealed disgust.

"Pretty nifty," replied Mr. Pegg reluctantly. "But you ought to see the moon in Calif— of course, that is, you must admit it's not a patch on California."

"Oh, I'm not so certain!" I replied. "The moon is the moon, you know, and I am addicted to it. It—er—renews my youth, as it were."

"You said it!" replied the dear man.

But unfortunately we reached our own door at this juncture, where Peaches and Mr. Markheim were waiting for us, and there was nothing left, under Peaches' firm direction of matters, but to say good night and separate at the foot of the stairs.

For what seemed hours Peaches and I waited in my room listening to the low rumble of the two men as they sat upon the terrace and indulged in a final smoke; and then, presumably, in another final smoke and another.

"Will they never go to bed?" Peaches asked more than once, keeping her voice down to a whisper, however, as we had extinguished the lights and opened the windows in both rooms in order to give the appearance of having retired. Across the court the servants' wing showed an occasional lighted window, including that of Wilkes, the valet. Of course he would not be free until Markheim dismissed him for the night. It seemed as if our vigil would never end. But at length we heard a crisp voice below articulate the fact that the owner was going to bed, and three-quarters of an hour later the light in the valet's room snapped out. Our time had come.

Never in all my born days had I imagined that a well-built staircase could make so much noise when trod upon by two of the gentler sex as did that stair in the Markheim mansion as Peaches and I made our stealthy—or at least comparatively stealthy—descent of it. Nor could I have believed it possible that the floor of that majestic hall was so ill laid as to squeak; but it did. As for the French windows of the library, which we selected as our means of exit, they appeared, to our hypersensitive consciousness, to be one mass of rattles and groans. Unbarring them was simple enough even in the dark, for we did not dare to use any lights save that from Peaches' pocket flash, and once outside we took good care to close them after us, first making sure that the latch was open.

The garden was glorious in the moonlight, even though the barrenness of early spring was still upon it. A wealth of hyacinths sent up a heavy sweetness upon the still night air, and on the lawn toward the river crocuses were whiter than the moonlight itself. Keeping close to the wall Peaches led the way to the fountain—a lovely thing, brought, like most of Sebastian's treasures, from overseas, and nestling against the wall, as perfectly set as if in the place for which it had originally been intended. A group of cedars, tall and dark, stood in a martial row on either side of it, casting a black shadow which afforded us perfect shelter from any prying eyes, and the water from the pipes of the ancient little Pan against the ivy-covered wall fell into the basin below with a sound that was music. A perfect night, a perfect spot, a perfect ladylove, Alicia—her face a white blur against the darkness—detached, ethereal, utterly lovely. And what of the man?

Was he going to prove the ghost of a dead romance, or common clay? I fairly ached to know, being for once so absorbed in her love that I forgot to feel old and out of place.

But advancing years will manifest themselves, and often in the most annoying manner and at times least convenient. And as time went by and no lover appeared upon the scene I grew very, very tired.

"What do you suppose is the matter?" I asked at length.

"Something has detained him," Peaches replied. "Have patience. He can't be long now!"

Another period of silence went by, punctuated only by the hoot of a night boat going up the river like some great golden water beetle, and the occasional rustle of the budding branches overhead as a cool breeze sprang up and sent little clouds flecking across the wide face of the moon. Then came the sound of a step upon the gravel.

"There he is!" whispered Alicia, seizing me by the arm. Her hand was hot and trembling.

But the sound was not repeated, and no one approached, though we waited with straining ears.

"It's past the time now," said Peaches at length.

"Oh, Peaches—let us return!" I besought her. "I don't believe he's coming. Besides, I'm getting so tired!"

"Nonsense! Of course he'll come!" she said. But now there was a note of defiant doubt in her voice. "Wait—you must wait. There's a bench somewhere."

Fumbling about presently she found it, and together we sat down and again waited in a silence that seemed as if it would never end. The wind was growing more brisk and the clouds were thickening, hurrying across the irregular roof of the house like frightened sheep over a wigwag fence, and herding together in a rapidly growing mass beyond. There was a storm brewing; I could feel it in my bones. At length, when more than an hour had passed I could bear it no longer.

"Do you intend to wait all night for that—that servant?" I at length demanded in a fierce undertone.

"I'm going to wait a hundred years!" replied she. "If he got that letter he will come, servant or no servant."

"Peaches, you're a silly goose, and you have no consideration for me," I said. "My feelings are deeply wounded, and I'm quite worn out, what with two such nights in succession!" And with that I felt in my pocket for my handkerchief preparatory to beginning to cry. As I did so my fingers seized upon quite another object. I drew it forth with a sickening sense of what I had done—or rather of what I had most miserably failed to do, for the object which I drew forth was nothing less than the letter which Peaches had intrusted to me the evening before!

"Peaches!" I gasped painfully, confession coming hard. "Peaches, I climbed out of my window and risked my neck last night ——"

"Yes, yes, I know," she said soothingly. "I appreciate it."

"But you don't!" I said. "I crossed those terrible ledges and endangered my reputation, to leave a set of directions for making a slip-on sweater in his room!"

"You what?" said Peaches, now thoroughly alive.

"Galadia sent them!" I endeavored to explain. "And it was my mistake. Here was your letter all the time!"

For a long period of silence I awaited the storm of her wrath. But it didn't come. Instead she drew a long sobbing breath of relief.

"Thank heaven he didn't turn me down!" was all she said.

And then slowly we made our way back to the house, our footless errand ended. Peaches stepped inside and feeling for the electric button flooded the room with light.

"No need for secrecy now," she remarked, "so we don't have to break our necks over the furniture as we ——"

Her voice broke off into a shrill little scream, and raising her hand she pointed to the mantelpiece. The frame was there, but the Madonna of the Lamp was gone!

XIII

AT FIRST I could scarcely believe my eyes—but there was the space where once the beautiful picture had hung, the gape showing the paneling behind all too plainly. Aghast I turned to Peaches, who continued to stare.

"What has happened to it?" I asked in an awed tone. "Has it been stolen?"

"You bet your life it has!" she replied, recovering herself. "People don't lock oil paintings up for the night with the silver spoons, you know. Gosh! What a shame! Such a pretty picture, too, and worth a young fortune. Won't Mark be wild though! Do you suppose it was gone when we came through in the dark?"

"Dear me, how should I know?" I demanded. "Though, of course, they will ask us that."

"Yes—sort of awkward, our not having made any light on the way out," she replied. "I suppose we ought to wake Sebastian up right away though, don't you?"

"Certainly!" I responded. "Those men I saw last night, the missing watchman—it's all too suspicious to be allowed to wait another moment."

"I'll say it is!" replied Peaches vigorously. "You wait here while I run up and pound on the door!"

"Oh, Peaches! Send a servant!" I implored. "The burglars might be out there in the hall!"

But before the words were fairly out of my mouth she was gone, lighting the house as she went, and in an incredibly short time I could hear her pounding and shouting in the upper hall with a noise that was fit to wake the dead. Shivering with fatigue, but enlivened by the amazing turn which events had taken, I occupied myself with switching on all the lights and making sure that the picture had not simply been lifted down for some reason and left in the room. But this was not the case—indeed I acted merely automatically and not because I really expected to find it. In a very few moments Peaches was back, a trifle flushed and breathless.

"They will be right down!" she announced. "I stirred up pa as well. Now, Free, old thing, what's our story when they do appear? We've got to stick to the same lie, you know, and we've got to say something plausible, because here it is two-thirty in the morning and it's quite obvious that we haven't been to bed, though we went up long before they did."

"Well," I responded hurriedly, for already the two men could be heard on the stairway, "though I deplore the use of untruth I fear we shall have to resort to it in this case. We will say—what on earth shall we say?"

"I had a headache and couldn't sleep," suggested Peaches. "So we came down!"

"Rotten!" I whispered fiercely. "In these clothes? Bah! We sat up late talking and came down intending to get something to eat, and you remembered a book you wanted. Here it is! Sh! They are here!"

Hastily I seized at random a volume from one of the shelves and laid it beside her on the sofa, and an instant later Markheim came bouncing into the room, a purple satin dressing gown flapping about his heels, his scant hair disordered. Closely following was Mr. Pegg, a lean but majestic figure with nightshirt tucked into his dress trousers and a raincoat thrown jauntily over one shoulder—presumably the first garments at hand—his magnificent shock of curls giving him somewhat the look of a lion roused from slumber.

"What's all this, what's all this?" cried Sebastian, running up to the mantelpiece. Then he clasped his hands over his bald spot in a gesture of despair. "Oh!" he moaned. "How perfectly terrible! How perfectly terrible!"

"Great Snakes, ain't that too bad!" observed Mr. Pegg. "Lucky thing you got them picture post cards of it, Mark! Where d'you s'pose the sons of guns got in anyways? And how comes it that you girls are burglar-hunting in your party clothes when you ought to be tearing off a little beauty sleep?"

"We talked so late!" explained Peaches, gazing into her father's eyes with a wonderful, direct, innocent look. "And we got so hungry that we came down to forage—and on the way I dropped in for this book"—she held it up toward him—"and, of course, we noticed right off the bat that the Madonna was gone."

"She ran right up and got you," I added. "And now you know as much as we do."

"Humph!" said Mr. Pegg, still looking at the book his daughter had offered him. "Couldn't sleep without it, eh?"

"This is terrible, this is terrible!" exclaimed our host, paying no attention. "Ring the bell! Summon everybody! Where is Wilkes? I told him to come down at once."

"You told him?" asked Peaches swiftly. "Where was he?"

"In his room, of course!" snapped Markheim. "Spoke to him on the house telephone! What did you suppose? Oh, my precious painting! This is outrageous—outrageous! Did they take anything else?"

Peaches and I exchanged a glance of relief. He had been in the house. Whatever his mysterious mode of egress, the step we had heard in the garden was no evidence that he had used it to-night.

This thought passed between us in a flash as she replied: "Haven't the faintest idea, old boy. Let's have a look!"

"I want to make sure!" he said. "But first let's see how they did it."

Climbing upon a footstool which he dragged forward for the purpose, Markheim then proceeded to an examination of the picture frame, while we gathered about curiously.

"Can't understand it!" he puffed after a moment of silence. He shook his head like a Japanese doll.

"Can't understand what?" I asked.

"Why, the whole canvas has been removed—stretcher and all!" he cried. "Extraordinary! Extraordinary!"

"Why?" Peaches wanted to know.

"Shows they took their time!" Markheim explained. "Able to unmount the canvas—and it takes skill to roll an old painting! By Jove, yes! Usually simply cut it out of the frame, like the Mona Lisa, you know. Only way, really, if you are in a hurry. Yes, they took their time!"

"Then the frame—I mean the stretcher—may be somewhere," suggested Mr. Pegg brightly.

"Nonsense—utter nonsense!" exclaimed Markheim, climbing down. "And now let's give a look round. Heaven only knows what else may be gone!"

He preceded us into the corridor, an absurd figure in his gorgeous negligee, and I could not help but note how much better Mr. Pegg appeared by comparison. It is not only women whose appearance is governed by clothes, and, as my dear father used to say, clothes may not make the man but, thank the Lord, they hide him.

Well, at any rate we two timid females followed the stronger members of the exploring party out into the main hall, where we encountered Wilkes. He was fully dressed, perfectly composed, and the very picture of quiet correctness.

"You wished me, sir?" he said.

"Yes. Why the devil were you so long?" snapped Markheim, wishing to vent his annoyance on someone.

"Sorry, sir, I was dressing," replied the man.

"Well," snarled the master, "there's been a burglary. Most valuable picture in the house's been taken. Call police headquarters and tell them to send someone out at once. Then get every servant in the house down into the front hall and see that no one leaves the premises. Meanwhile, we'll take a look about."

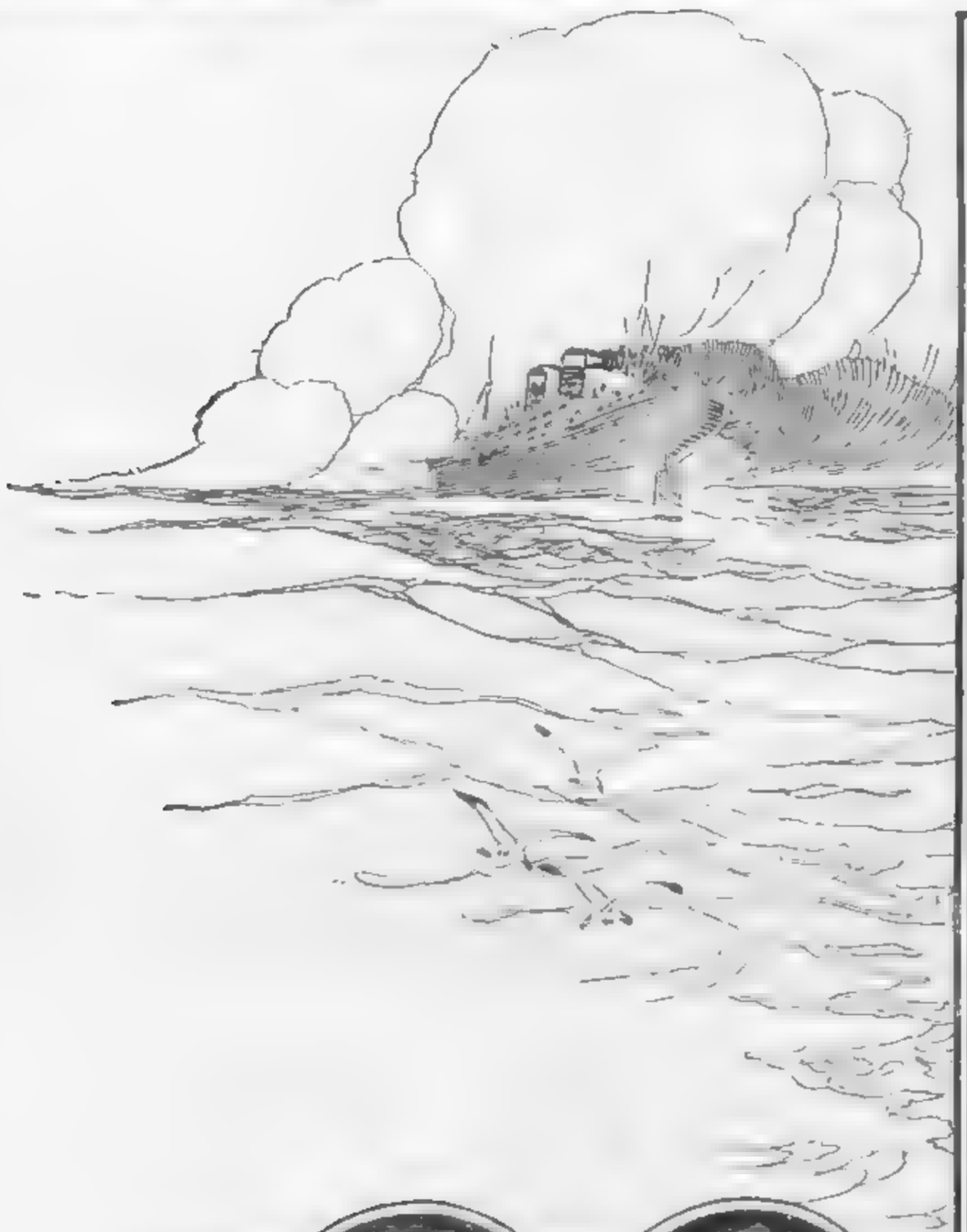
"Yes, sir," replied the man, after a little gasp of surprise. "Nobody hurt, I trust, sir?"

"No," said Markheim briefly. "I expect it's the same gang you thought you heard last night. Anything heard from Pedro?"

"Nothing, sir," said Wilkes. "I'll telephone at once."

He retreated through the servants' hall entrance, where I assume a telephone was placed, and the door swung silently to behind him. I stared after him hard, feeling that I would like to watch him through the thick oaken paneling if only I might. To be sure, the man's demeanor had been perfect; and yet somehow I was not satisfied. My mind kept straining at something half forgotten, as if I were subconsciously endeavoring to hitch him up in my memory. To all appearances this was no concern of his. He had been in his room when Markheim called him on the service phone. He had been just about long enough in making his appearance to tab up with the completeness of his toilet. To have at once answered the ringing of his bell he must have been in his room before Peaches and

(Continued on Page 166)



A Test You Can Make

The "Two-Violin" Test

ALBERT SPALDING, with his brilliant, joyous, singing Guarnerius, has made a RE-CREATION *of an "Ave Maria" for the New Edison. Carl Flesch, Europe's greatest violinist, has also made a* RE-CREATION *of an "Ave Maria" for the New Edison. His violin is a Stradivarius, rich, profound and mellow in tone.*

Go to your Edison dealer and let him play these two "Ave Maria" RE-CREATIONS *for you. Ask for the "Two-Violin" Test. Contrast the tone of the* RE-CREATED *Guarnerius with the tone of the* RE-CREATED *Stradivarius. See whether the New Edison brings out the subtle distinctions between them. Get acquainted with these two famous violins.*

Do You Know any Violins?

YOU quickly recognize a friend by his voice. Just as quickly a musician recognizes the voice of a violin he knows. Every good violin has a tone-quality that makes it different from every other violin. The fundamental violin tone is given an individuality by minute differences in the over-tones.

This tone individuality is inherent in the instrument itself; it is independent of the player; it gives each fine violin something that in human beings we call "personality."

Tone Characteristics RE-CREATED

The New Edison's success in RE-CREATING these over-tones prompted the test pictured above.

We wanted to know if, to the super-critical ears of experts, the New Edison RE-CREATED, not only the fundamental violin tone and the artist's execution, but also the individual tone characteristics of a violin, so fully and absolutely, that those who knew the instrument would immediately recognize it by its RE-CREATION.

From actual photograph, taken in the Edison Shop, Fifth Avenue, New York City. Standing next to the New Edison, Mr. Albert Spalding, America's greatest violinist. Behind the screen, Mr. Cecil Burleigh, the eminent American composer; Mr. Berton Braley, the poet and song-writer, and Mr. Henry Hadley, who wrote the opera, "Cleopatra's Night."

The test was made in the Recital Hall of the Edison Shop, Fifth Avenue, New York, just before Mr. Spalding sailed for his tour of Europe and South America. Spalding played his Guarnerius in direct comparison with one of his RE-CREATIONS. This Guarnerius is a rare, old, highly treasured violin, noted for its brilliant, joyous, singing tone.

How the Test Was Made

Behind a screen were Henry Hadley, whose opera, "Cleopatra's Night," was performed last season at the Metropolitan; Cecil Burleigh, one of the best of American composers, and Berton Braley, who has written many song lyrics. They could not see either Spalding or the New Edison. Their judgment was formed from the only positive musical evidence—sound.

Mr. Spalding stood beside the New Edison and played a selection. Suddenly he lifted his bow. The New Edison took up his performance and continued it alone. Thus they alternated, Mr. Spalding and the New Edison. The test ended. The experts of the jury were asked two questions. First, could they detect any difference between Spalding's technique and its RE-CREATION? Second, could they note any difference between the tone-quality of his Guarnerius and its RE-CREATION?

Decision of the Jury

Unanimously they declared that they could not. The New Edison, they agreed, RE-CREATES absolutely, not only the individuality of Spalding's art, but also every tone-quality of his wonderful Guarnerius. The New Edison gives *everything* that Spalding gives with his great Guarnerius.

Mr. Edison has spent more than three million dollars in perfecting the New Edison to a point where it will RE-CREATE even the subtle tone-qualities that distinguish one violin from another. After a thorough investigation, we believe that the New Edison is the only instrument capable of sustaining this test.

The "Two-Violin" Test, described on this page, will enable you to determine the New Edison's Realism for yourself. Ask your Edison dealer to give it to you.

Since 1914

The price of the New Edison has gone up less than 15 percent. This includes War Tax. Mr. Edison has kept the New Edison within reach of every pocketbook by absorbing more than half of the increased cost of manufacture out of his own pocket.
Thomas A. Edison, Inc., Orange, N. J.

The NEW EDISON

"The Phonograph with a Soul"

Photographic Reproduction of Sta-so Slate on Building

Home of Milwaukee Y. M. C. A. roofed with Sta-so Surfaced Shingles

It's Steady Sunshine that fades roofs fastest

But Sta-so's Indelible Colors Will Never Fade

All summer long, the sun has shone its steadiest. And how the colors of the nation's roofs have suffered from it!

From many roofs that only a few months ago were distinctive and beautiful, the colors have faded and fled, never to return to the full bloom of their original beauty.

But not from Sta-so'd roofs.

The colors of Sta-so laminated slate roof surface have suffered not a whit from the steady, penetrating rays of the sun.

On over 350,000 buildings, Sta-so continues to charm with all its original color-beauty. Sta-so's rich, nature-given tones of deep Indian red and cool sage green have steadfastly baffled the sun, the whole summer through. *Because Sta-so will not fade.*

Sta-so'd roofing is widely used on dwellings and churches for its beauty and color-permanence; on farm buildings for its fire-resisting qualities; on commercial buildings for its general utility; on all buildings for its economy.

You can readily identify Sta-so when purchasing roofing. Look for, and insist upon finding, the Sta-so label on the slate-surfaced roofing of the following manufacturers. It guarantees you a fade-proof roof.

Amalgamated Roofing Co. . . . . Chicago	National Asbestos Mfg. Co. Jersey City, N. J.
Barber Asphalt Paving Co. Philadelphia, Pa.	National Rfg. Co. . . Tonawanda, N. Y.
Barrett Co. . . . . New York, N. Y.	B. P. Nelson Mfg. Co. . . . . Minneapolis
Beckwith Dawson Rfg. Co.	Pioneer Paper Co. . . . Los Angeles, Cal.
Intl. A[illegible] Ltd. . . . Hamilton, Ont.	R[illegible] Shingle Co. . Grand Rapids, Mich.
[illegible] & Son Inc. . East Walpole, Mass.	Richardson Co. . . . . Cincinnati, Ohio
[illegible]p Carey Mfg. Co. . . . Cincinnati	Safepack Mills . . . . . Boston, Mass.
Dutkote Co. . . . . Boston, M[illegible]	Sa Ko Products Co. . . . St. Paul, Minn.
Ford Rfg. Products Co. . . t. Lou[illegible] Mo.	[illegible] . . . . New York, N. Y.
The Heppes Rfg. Division	Usona Mfg. Co. . . . . Aurora, Ill.
The Richardson Co. . . . . Chicago, Ill.	H. F. Watson Co. . . . . Erie, Pa.
Keystone Roofing Mfg. Co. . . . York, Pa.	A. H. White Rfg. Co. . . . New Orleans, La.
McHenry Millhouse Mfg. Co., South Bend, Ind.	Wilberite Rfg. Co. . . . . Cleveland, Ohio

STA-SO
NON FADING SLATE
ROOF SURFACE

(Continued from Page 163)

I returned to the house, and our position in the garden, coupled with our alertness while there, seemed to warrant the supposition that we must have observed any unusual activity either at the service wing or at the library, through which we had passed an hour and a half earlier.

It was plain that sooner or later questions would be put to us, and to others, which would give rise to the problem of confession or of withholding of the facts concerning our exact movements between the time of our returning and of the announcement of our discovery.

For example, if the police were allowed to work on the supposition that the theft had been committed between twelve and two-fifteen, some clew of inestimable value might easily be discounted by them, for it seemed more than likely that the time was really that between our entrance into the garden and our return to the house. Moreover, there was certainly someone moving about on the garden path while we were concealed by the fountain. Of that there was now no reasonable doubt. Both Peaches and I had distinctly heard a footstep which we thought to be that of Wilkes, while we still expected him to join us; we had even commented on it. And now it was going to be extremely difficult to convey this information without involving ourselves in a very delicate but entangling mesh of complications. As I was turning these facts over in my mind and wondering what course a Talbot ought to pursue under the circumstances Mr. Markheim was taking charge of affairs in a masterly manner, and giving orders with the assurance of a Napoleon in negligee.

"You stay here with Miss Freedom, Peaches," he commanded, "while your father and I make the rounds of the place. Sit right there on the big sofa and tell the servants to wait, as they come down. Don't let any of them go out of the hall."

"We better take a couple of shooting irons along," remarked Mr. Pegg, producing a revolver from each pocket of his raincoat in a nonchalant manner. "Never can tell but what there may be an ambush some place."

"All right!" agreed Sebastian, accepting one. "No harm, no harm to have it. Where's that man Wilkes?"

Again, as though in answer, Wilkes appeared from under the stairs.

"The police will come at once, sir," he reported. Then, seeing the revolvers: "Shall I go along with you?"

"No," said Markheim. "Get the other servants down, and count noses, damn quick. Then tell Jorkins to make a double shaker of cocktails and some sandwiches and bring them here. We will be back as soon as we can."

The three men then departed upon their several errands, leaving us alone for the moment.

"What'll we do—'fess up?" asked Peaches. "I have a feeling that there's going to be the devil to pay."

"Alicia!" I remarked. "No lady uses such language, as I have reminded you at least a hundred thousand times! No, I don't think we will say a word about our futile adventure—or, to be accurate, our attempted adventure. At least not unless something brought out by the police seems to demand that we do."

"Have you been taking a good look at him?" she then wanted to know.

"Who? That man Wilkes?" I said.

"No—my ex-fiancé," responded Peaches calmly.

"Which one do you mean?" I demanded.

"Mark," said she.

"Alicia Pegg, what did you say?" I said severely.

"I said did you take a good look at Sebastian in that purple dressing gown?" she repeated patiently.

"How could I help doing so?" said I with indignation.

"That's just it," she remarked in a tone of finality. "That finishes it!"

"Finishes what?"

"Our engagement," she said firmly. "The combination of temper and dressing gown."

"But with all due modesty you must have expected to see him in a dressing gown after you were married," I protested as delicately as I could.

"And he not only looks like the devil in it but stands there and tells me to sit quiet until he comes back, just as though I wasn't a better shot than he is! Ugh—that dressing gown!"

"Well, what did you expect?" I asked helplessly.

"Sandro is dressed," she retorted with apparent irrelevance.

"Don't call him that!" I exclaimed, fairly exasperated with the girl. "You have absolutely no proof that it's Sandro."

"I'll get proof," she said. "You wait—I'll get proof."

"Nonsense!" I said. "Hush up! Here he comes."

But it wasn't the creature after all, but the cook—a distressed and excitable Frenchman in a pointed nightcap and an unconquerable belief that the house was on fire; and for several minutes we were fully occupied with dissuading him of the idea. And after him came the rest of the crew—a straggling, shivering, sleepy, indignant lot, in varying degrees of dishevelment, appearing in twos and threes and huddling in a little group at the foot of the stairway, ready to dart back through the swinging door to their own quarters at an instant's notice, and no doubt planning to give notice as soon as anybody appeared to whom it could be given.

One Irish girl, a kitchen maid, I think she was, had somehow got the idea that a murder had been committed, and called upon her patron saint, whose name seemed to be Ochsaveus, at irregular but emphatic intervals. I think I cannot convey a sense of the complete demoralization of these underlings more clearly than by stating that the chambermaid whose duty it was to take care of my room was wearing one of my own boudoir caps without the least particle of self-consciousness. The only one who had shown any poise at all was Wilkes, who had not reappeared. I was beginning to wish he would come back and set a good example, when at length Sebastian Markheim and dear Mr. Pegg returned unharmed, and announced that they had discovered nothing out of the way.

"And not a trace of the horse thieves, either!" said Mr. Pegg. "It's clouded over outside—rain before long, and no use going off without a trail of any kind before morning. Better wait for the sheriff."

"I'd say so, pa," said Peaches. "I wish you'd speak to the help, Mark! They act like a bunch of scared steers."

"Sit down!" commanded Mr. Markheim to his household generally, his hair wilder than ever, his eyes fairly popping out of his head with anger. "Nobody to leave the hall until I give permission. Where the hell is that food I ordered?"

Somebody rang a bell for him, and after a very short wait Wilkes entered, accompanied by one of the footmen, who bore a tray containing some most welcome refreshment. Peaches and I declined the drink, but Sebastian took three in quick succession.

"Terribly upset, terribly upset!" he remarked as he set down his glass and refilled it. "Somebody going to pay for this. Where the devil are the police?"

"They are coming a long way pretty late at night," remarked Peaches. "I don't know that I'd come at all in their place, Mark."

He simply glared at her and bit into a cheese sandwich. And then we settled down more or less restlessly to a quarter of an hour of waiting, dividing our attention between the sandwiches, repetition of the obvious facts of the situation, and glances at Markheim's wrist watch.

At length we heard the siren of an automobile at the gates below the hill, and in a few moments more Wilkes, still the most self-possessed servant present, opened the door to admit the inspector from headquarters, who came accompanied by an officer and a third man in plain clothes—presumably a detective.

"Good evening—or rather good morning, inspector!" said Mr. Markheim, rising to greet him. "Sorry to have brought you out, but it's not a common burglary at all."

"It's usual to report such things in the morning," replied the inspector. "But we came as quickly as possible. Nobody hurt, was there?"

"No," said Markheim. "But a picture has been stolen."

The face of all three newcomers expressed a disgust that was so transparent as to bring a smile even to the face of our profoundly troubled host.

"Wait!" he said. "Did you ever hear of the Madonna of the Lamp, inspector?"

"Can't say that I did," the police official admitted. "And I'm a pretty good Catholic myself."

(Continued on Page 169)

A day seldom passes without affording beneficial uses for Listerine

Use a Listerine Mouthwash After Motoring

A Listerine mouthwash and gargle, after motor trips, serves as a precaution against infection by cleansing the mouth and throat of the dust and bacteria breathed in during the trip.

It also prevents the development of bacteria which attack the teeth and gums. It helps to keep teeth sound and gums healthy.

In addition, it is useful as an antiseptic wash for cuts, scratches and skin abrasions.

Listerine should always be kept at hand for use as a part of your daily hygiene and for prompt application in case of minor injuries.

Manufactured only by
LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., SAINT LOUIS, U. S. A.

LISTERINE

the safe antiseptic

What would you call such a man?

—A man who drove his automobile with the top down in a pouring rain?

Isn't he deserving of the same name if he neglects to put on Weed Tire Chains when roads and pavements are wet and slippery?

What *do you* call such a man?

Write it on the line below and mail it to him or to us.

AMERICAN CHAIN COMPANY, Incorporated

BRIDGEPORT CONNECTICUT

In Canada: Dominion Chain Company, Limited, Niagara Falls, Ontario

Largest Chain Manufacturers in the World

The Complete Chain Line—All Types, All Sizes, All Finishes—From Plumbers' Safety Chain to Ships' Anchor Chain

GENERAL SALES OFFICE: Grand Central Terminal, New York City

DISTRICT SALES OFFICES:

Boston Chicago Philadelphia Pittsburg Portland, Ore. San Francisco

(Continued from Page 166)

"Well—it's a painting," Markheim explained, concealing his impatience as best he could, which in point of fact is not saying a great deal for his power of self-control. "It is not only a painting but a very famous one."

"Kind of an antique, eh?" suggested the officer.

"Not only an antique but one of the most famous and valuable paintings in the world. I paid five hundred thousand dollars for it."

At length officialdom seemed impressed.

"And it's been stolen?" said the spokesman of the law.

"What else under God's heaven did you think I sent for you about?" Markheim exploded. "You don't seem to understand this at all."

"Italian, eh?" said the man in plain clothing. "International complications very possible if the thing gets too much publicity. That's about the idea, isn't it?"

Markheim turned on him in some surprise.

"You seem to know a lot about the Italian Government's theories of ownership!" he snarled.

"So it was brought into the country illegally?" commented the detective. "Captain," he went on, addressing the now frankly bewildered officer, "you see this picture is not only far more valuable than most great jewels but it has a past almost as complicated as the Hope diamond. It's not unusual that a world-famous work of art should find its way out of Italy in spite of the Italian law, which forbids the export of such things, but the theft is far more remarkable than that of any jewel could possibly be, inasmuch as the supreme difficulty of disposing of the painting once it was stolen—that's right, isn't it, Mr. Markheim?"

"You explain it very well, very well," replied Markheim, nervous and excited—and truth to tell not a little affected by the cocktails he had imbibed. It was most precarious, taking so many upon an empty stomach, as he should have known. "You have a very clear idea, young man—though allow me to make it plain that I was in no way involved in the original affair of bringing this canvas into the United States. I had nothing whatsoever to do with it—nothing."

"You merely paid five hundred thousand for it after it got here," remarked Peaches. "I see."

The remark, however, seemed to pass unnoticed by anyone save myself.

"Have you any suspicion as to who the thief might have been, Mr. Markheim?" asked the inspector, visibly impressed by the huge sum at which the picture was valued.

"Not a very clear suspicion," replied Sebastian.

"Then there is someone?" queried the officer.

He took out his notebook and pencil in an important manner.

"We had some trouble last night," replied Mr. Markheim. "Miss Talbot here thought she saw two men in the garden, and came downstairs."

"Ah!" remarked the inspector, scribbling. "Did you get a good look at them, Miss Talbot?"

"Just a glimpse," I replied.

"And where were you when you saw them?" he went on.

For a moment I was nonplused. Then I recollected that I was not under oath, and told as much of the truth as I deemed warrantable or indeed necessary.

"I was at an upper window," I returned with dignity. "I had gone upstairs for the night."

"Ah!" said the inspector, writing it down. "Could you identify them?"

"Well, one had a funny hat," I said. "I think I would know it again. It was straw—like this young man's." I pointed at the detective, to whom I had taken a dislike—he was altogether too clever to be comforting. At once everybody stared at him with suspicion, and the fact gave me considerable pleasure. Even the inspector glanced at the young man unpleasantly as he wrote down "Straw hat."

"Did you see anything else?" the inspector went on.

Again I hesitated, for Peaches' eyes were upon me, forbidding me to speak. I could plainly discern that if I told of the circumstances under which I had come upon Wilkes in the library she intended to have what she would have called "an all-round show-down"—a card term, I believe. And so on second consideration I decided to hold my tongue. After all I was not a professional detective; let those who were go ahead and detect.

"I merely met one of the menservants who had also seen the intruders," I replied. "And together we roused, or rather found, the watchman and informed him of what we had seen."

"Where is this manservant?" asked the officer. And Wilkes stepped forward.

"Now what did you see?" asked the inquisitor.

"I was awake late, sir," replied Wilkes, "and fancied I heard an unusual noise. It might have been Miss Talbot, sir, but I rather think it was the men she speaks of, sir. The watchman, Pedro, and I went the rounds together but found nothing. He hadn't heard anything, it seems."

"That will do for now," said the officer. "Now for Pedro—is he present?"

"He has been missing since this—I mean since early yesterday morning," put in Markheim. "Very good man, very good man—I can't understand it, really!"

"Well, perhaps you will understand when we locate him!" replied the law grimly. "And now, if you please, is there any other member of the household missing?"

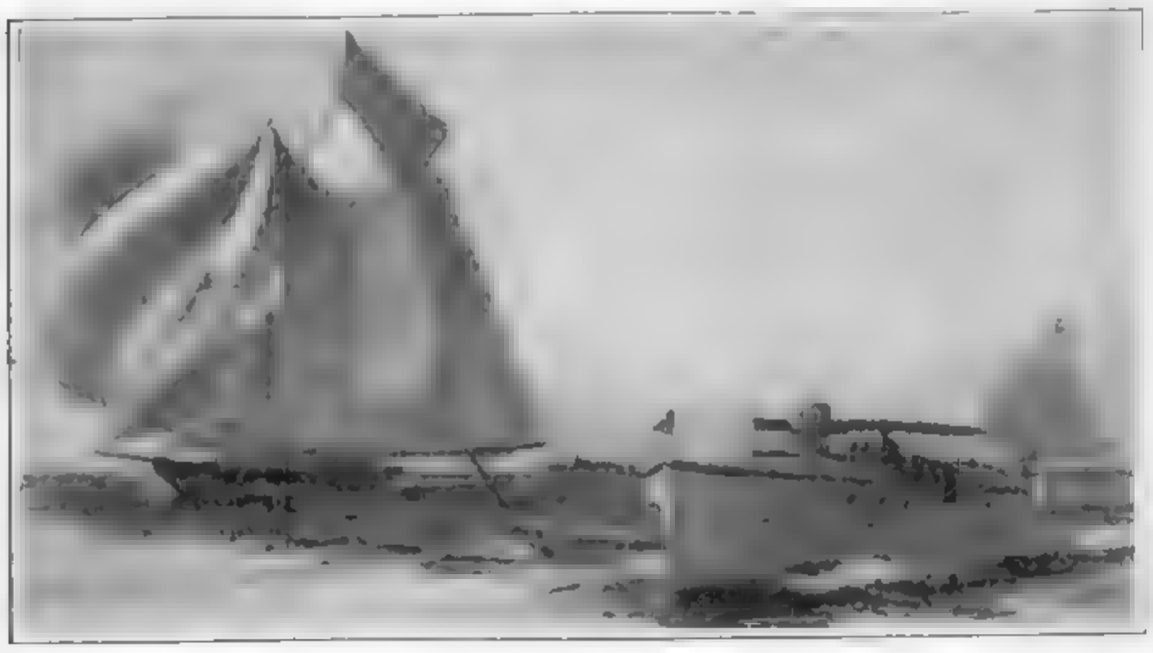
"No—all here," replied Markheim. "Would you care to take a look now at the room from which the picture was stolen, Mister Inspector?"

"If you please," said that official. "If you will just show me."

Without more ado Sebastian Markheim led the way down the corridor to the library, followed closely by the police and that nasty smart little detective, while Mr. Pegg, Alicia and myself brought up the rear. I noticed that Peaches scrutinized Wilkes' face with a long, searching glance as she passed him, but the man remained motionless and expressionless as a wooden image. I could have slapped her for her behavior! But I was not fated to have the opportunity for any such chastisement, or even to think to rebuke her properly, for a cry from Sebastian Markheim's lips as he entered the library door sent us all hurrying after him pell-mell.

And no wonder he had called out in his amazement, for upon entering, lo, there was the Madonna of the Lamp smiling down from her frame as serenely as if she had never been disturbed from it at all!

(TO BE CONTINUED)



FEDERAL ONE-TON TRUCK

—in addition to Federal Trucks,

MULTIBESTOS BRAKE LINING

is used exclusively by some, extensively by others, as factory equipment on the following motor cars and trucks:

✓ CHECK YOUR CAR ON THIS LIST

PASSENGER CARS
Begga
Biddle
Briscoe
Chandler
Cleveland
Columbia
Commonwealth
Crow-Elkhart
Cunningham
Daniels
Detroit-Electric
Duesenberg
Dodge Bros.
Dorris
Hanson
Haynes
Hupmobile
Jones
Jordan
Liberty
Maibohm
Marmon
Maxwell
McFarlan Six
McLaughlin
Milburn Electric
Mitchell
Moore
Noma
Olympian
Owen Magnetic
Pan-American
Piedmont
Pierce-Arrow
R. & V. Knight
Re Vere
Saxon
Seneca
Shaw
Simplex
Standard
Stanley
Studebaker
Texan
Velie
Westcott

TRUCKS
Acason
Ace
Acme
All Power
American La France
Armleder
Atco
Atterbury
Available
Beaver
Brockway
Buffalo
Capitol
Clydesdale
Collier
Concord
Conestoga
Dart
Day-Elder
Dearborn
Dependable
Detroit
Dodge Bros.
Dorris
Fageol
Ford
Gabriel
Garford
G-M-C
Guant
H. R. L.
Hahn
Hall
Hendrickson
Hewitt-Ludlow
Huffman
Independent
Jackson
Kalamazoo
Kelly-Springfield
Kissel Freighter
Kleiber
Luppard-Stewart
Luedinghaus
Maccar
Mack
Master
Maxwell
Menges
Menominee
Mutual
National
Netco
Norwalk
O-K
Oneida
Packard
Parker
Patriot
Pierce-Arrow
Rainier
Selden
Seneca
Service
Signal
Standard
Standard Oil Company of Ohio
Sterling
Studebaker
Sullivan
Super
Texan
Tiffin
Tower
Velie
Watson
Wilcox Trux

TRACTORS
Avery
Bates
Boring
Chase
Dauch
Emerson-Brantingham
G-O
Hart-Parr
Illinois Super Drive
Indiana
Liberty
Massey-Harris
Moline-Universal
Monarch
National
Parrett
Samson
Waterloo Boy

AXLES
Peru
Salisbury
Spacke
Standard
Timken-Detroit
Wisconsin

MOTORCYCLES
Excelsior
Harley-Davidson

SUPPOSE you were asked to select a jury to determine the best brake lining. Wouldn't you choose America's foremost automotive engineers? Wouldn't you have most confidence in their knowledge and experience? You could be sure they would have every facility for investigation, analyses and tests. And wouldn't you, as a motorist, be willing to abide by their decision?

On this basis, you should choose MULTIBESTOS to reline your brakes. Automotive engineers have chosen it overwhelmingly—the makers of the leading American automobiles use it as factory equipment. Probably your car is among them—check the above list and see.

Don't take chances on a matter of such grave importance. For safety's sake—for lasting satisfaction—reline your brakes with MULTIBESTOS.

Send for valuable free booklet, "The Care of Your Brakes"

MULTIBESTOS COMPANY
WALPOLE, MASS., U. S. A.

BOYCE MOTOMETER

A GOOD car is worth keeping good. No matter how well the car is built, what you get out of it depends on how well you treat it.

Engine temperature and temperature control are vital factors in automobile operation.

Boyce Moto-Meter tells you at a glance if your engine is running too hot, too cool or at its safe normal temperature. It eliminates engine troubles, lengthens the life of your car and adds to your pleasure in driving.

Radiator Cap Models $2.50 to $15.00
(In Canada $3.75 to $22.50)

Dash Board Type - $18.00 to $50.00
(In Canada $27.00 to $75.00)

Radiator models can be installed in ten minutes

THE MOTO-METER COMPANY, Inc.
LONG ISLAND CITY NEW YORK, U. S. A.

A SENATOR'S STORY

(Concluded from Page 23)

estate was mostly squandered. The man who had died leaving a fair competency for his widow little knew that his own brother-in-law was going to help put into office a man under whose jurisdiction his earnings would be squandered and his widow robbed of her just rights.

At the time he told me this story my friend was supporting his sister, the widow, and she was living under his roof. He had committed an act which if it had been done in business would have been almost criminal, and yet because of partisanship he sacrificed his self-respect, his own good judgment and his sister's welfare in order to put a man into an important position simply because he was a Republican.

I had an old schoolmate who was an active Democratic politician. He lived in the manufacturing district of one of our Midwestern States. This county contained a great many foreigners, and each class of these foreigners was engaged principally in some particular manufacturing line in the county. There were steelworks, glassworks, pottery works and other manufacturing industries. The county was very close between the Republicans and the Democrats. After my friend had been in business in the county for some time, and while he was still considered one of the young progressive Democrats of the county, he and several others determined they would make an attempt to overthrow the Democratic machine in the county. The old bosses and leaders only laughed at them, but these young fellows got together, and in order to get a delegate from the county seat of the county they united on a candidate for a county office. To the surprise of everybody they elected their delegate. They pursued the same tactics that the old war horses had pursued, and immediately began to make trades with delegates from other parts of the county who were interested in the candidacy of other candidates for other offices.

Among other trades that they made was one with a few country precincts that were favoring a farmer candidate for some local office. They agreed to deliver a certain number of votes in the convention to this candidate if his backers would furnish them a stipulated number of votes.

Always Party First

The agreement was made. They went into the convention. They nominated candidates for various offices, and finally they came down to the minor office where they had agreed to furnish their portion of the votes in favor of the farmer candidate. The representatives of this candidate came to my friend and asked him to nominate their man.

He had never seen him, and did not know him, but he consented to make the nomination speech.

There were several candidates for the same office. Some man made a very patriotic speech in behalf of a candidate who was a German. He told how many German voters there were in the county, and how if his man was nominated the entire German faction would vote the Democratic ticket, and that the nomination of his man therefore meant the success of the whole ticket. His speech was received with tremendous applause. Another man got up and named another fellow because he was an Irishman. He told about the Irish vote, and how they held the balance of power between the two parties in the county, and said that if his man was nominated the Democratic ticket would get the entire Irish vote and thus insure them success. He was greeted with great applause, but not so great as the first speaker.

Then came a man who wanted to nominate someone because he was a Pole and there were lots of Polish votes in the county. Another man was nominated because he represented some other nationality, and so it went through the list of nationalities. The applause, however, grew less as the various candidates were named.

My friend waited until all the others were through, but not a word had been said about an American candidate. So when he took the floor he paid a glowing tribute to the German candidate, the Irish candidate, the Polish candidate and others, but wound up by saying this was America and he proposed to nominate a man who was an American. He told how many American votes there were in the county, and how if his man was nominated all the Americans would flock to the Democratic ticket, and therefore assure success to the party.

The nomination he made received at the convention a greater outburst of enthusiastic applause than any other.

All these speeches were made in behalf of the party. There was very little said about the qualifications of the candidates. The only question was to have the party successful. No one thought of the business of the county. No one cared about the country. It was the party in every case that was above everything else. The ballot was taken, and my friend's candidate received a majority of the votes. The convention adjourned.

A Pig in a Poke

A committee representing the candidate he had nominated called on him, and after thanking him for the great speech he had made in behalf of their man told him they wanted him to meet the candidate he had nominated. He went with the committee to a back room of a saloon, where there was a hilarious crowd drinking beer. He was introduced to the man he had nominated, and he discovered to his amazement that instead of nominating an American he had really nominated a German—one who could hardly speak the English language. But the great Democratic Party had been saved. The county and the county interests, the interests of the taxpayers and the public generally, probably suffered, but there was harmony in the party.

The things that happen in municipalities, the counties, the districts and the states are the same in principle exactly as the things that happen in the nation. Presidents are nominated, even when it is known by those who nominate them, that the people of the country would repudiate if they could. But they rely upon the party spirit to carry the thing through, and hope that the other party, in following the same course, will make as big a mistake as they have made so far as the country's interests are concerned. Political bosses are opposed to the eradication of partisanship, even in small affairs, because they know that if the evil of partisanship can be eradicated in localities it will grow until the same reform will happen in the nation, and therefore political bosses are just as careful to see that the little offices are kept within the realm of partisanship as the big ones.

The fight over the little office, sometimes over the bigger ones, may be a sham battle. It may be that the bosses control both parties, and are therefore safe, but the training is good for the followers. The sham battle is necessary for practice, in order that the same thing may control in the real fight.

If a party spirit can be engendered, kept alive and active, then men can be induced to follow blindly in the path that the bosses have laid out.

It is refreshing to know that the independent voter is increasing, and that he is beginning to learn his power; and when he does fully realize it he will not only overthrow the reign of existing bosses and machines but he will see that fundamental laws and facts of government, both state and national, are simplified so that the power shall rest directly in the hands of the people, thus giving them the opportunity to overthrow and keep out of office the public servant who serves the bosses rather than the states and nation.

Editor's Note—This is the second of two articles on the public life of a senator

Sunshine Biscuits

Everymeal – Everyday

Good for Children

You want your children to have clean, simple, wholesome food—the best that you can get. Pure, nourishing, appetizing, Sunshine Biscuits are good for active young bodies. The wide variety suggests many uses for *every*meal *every*day.

From the tiniest tot to the eldest member of the family, Sunshine Graham Crackers are sure to please. For they are sweet enough, with a real Graham flavor—good with meals or between them. Youngsters like them with a glass of milk.

Keep a supply of Sunshine Biscuits and give them to your children often.

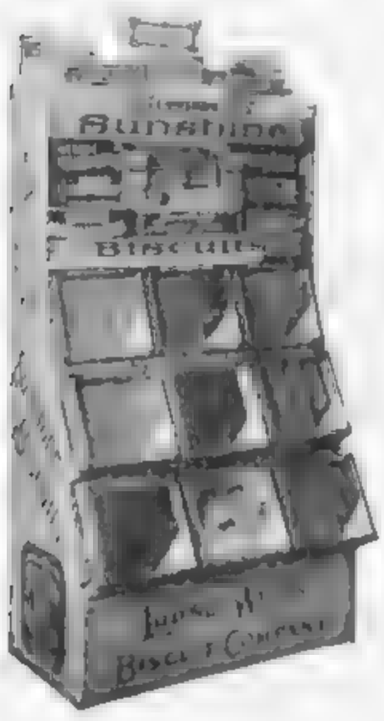
Individual packages and in bulk.

Fairy Tale Pictures and Cunning Verses are packed in most Sunshine cartons

LOOSE-WILES BISCUIT COMPANY

Bakers of Sunshine Biscuits — Branches in over 100 Cities

Look for the Sunshine Biscuit Display Rack—it is your guarantee of biscuit goodness.



We have prepared a Fairy Tale Book of Rhymes, handsomely illustrated. To partly cover cost of preparation and mailing, send 5c in coin (no stamps accepted) to this company, Dept. B, 815 Commerce Building, Kansas City, Mo

Sunshine Fig Bars with Tea

Sunshine Butter Thins with Pineapple and Cheese Salad

Sunshine Matinee Biscuit with Fruit Punch

LOOSE-WILES BISCUIT COMPANY
Dept. B, 815 Commerce Building,
Kansas City, Mo.

Please send me a copy of "Sunshine Hints for the Hostess," illustrating scores of delicious biscuit uses

Name

Address

Grocer's Name

Grocer's Address

Wilson dependable MOTOR TRUCKS

Wilson
—That's Haul

"Wilson Trucks will Transport their Rated Capacity, Plus Body Allowance, Over Any Road on Which an Automobile Can Travel"

The standard of nearly every commodity has, by custom or law, been definitely established. When you buy a barrel of flour you get 196 pounds, a definite quantity. A barrel of cement means 400 pounds of 16 ounces. A bushel of wheat weighs 60 pounds. These weights and measurements are standard and specific.

The rating given today to many motor trucks means nothing more than a peg on which to hang a selling price. Some motor truck ratings include the weight of the body, while others consider capacity to mean only "live" or "pay-load."

Sooner or later, the motor truck industry must, in its obligation to the public, establish definite standards for capacity ratings, and such official rating will mean as much to truck buyers as the word "Sterling" does to purchasers of silver.

When you buy a Wilson truck of any rating you are protected in your purchase by the Wilson Standard written above. It seems a simple one. It is. It is as free from ambiguity as we know how to make it.

Wilson dependability rides on the seat beside the driver of every Wilson truck—on paved streets, on gravel roads, on desert sands, over hills, through swamps and muskegs; in mud, gumbo or adobe. In short, wherever an automobile can get through, the sturdy Wilson will carry the load for which it is rated.

Men are everywhere getting down to fundamentals. They demand to know just what they are buying in haulage equipment. Wilson policy is to sell haulage equipment that is *standardized on performance*, and with a *definite* capacity rating with every truck.

We invite an expression of your opinion on motor truck standardization.

There are Opportunities for Distributors Available NOW. Wire, Phone or Write for Particulars

37th Year

1½—2½—3½ and 5 Ton—All Worm Drive

J. C. WILSON COMPANY, DETROIT, U. S. A.

London *Export Office:* 100 Broad Street, New York Paris

COMMERCIAL VEHICLE MANUFACTURERS

Young America Safety First Club

Bulletin

The time is rapidly drawing to a close when you may enter your essay in our competition for cash prizes, announced in last month's Bulletin of the Club.

Any essay which shows, by the postmark on the envelope, that it has been mailed on or before August 31st, is eligible for the prizes, but you will be disappointed if you wait too long.

So many of our members have been and are on vacation that it is possible the conditions were not completely noted, so for the convenience of those who did not see the last Bulletin of the Club we repeat the rules.

The J. C. Wilson Company offer three prizes for the best three essays, not over 200 words in length, written by young people under 16 years of age, on the subject "What Safety First Means to Me".

Any active member of the Club may enter the contest, either those members already enrolled or those who join within the next two weeks.

1st Prize $25.00 in Cash
2nd Prize $15.00 in Cash
3rd Prize $10.00 in Cash

RULES

Competitors must be under the age of 16 years.

Essays must be written on one side of the paper, in ink

Length of essay must not exceed 200 words.

Name, age and address of child must be plainly written on each essay.

Contest closes August 31, 1920.

Awards and names of successful "Safety-Firsters" will be printed in Saturday Evening Post for October 9, 1920.

The decision of Stanley C. Wilson, President, will be final.

This little competition is designed for children. You may have help if you feel you need it, but we would prefer essays written entirely by the contestants. Neatness in transcription, correct spelling, will have a bearing on the awards.

Yours for Safety First

Stanley C. Wilson, *President*
Young America Safety First Club

MEMBERSHIP COUPON

J. C. Wilson Company
15th and Warren Avenues
Detroit, Michigan

I hereby apply for free membership in the Young America Safety First Club. Please send me the free button and free pamphlet. It is understood that there is no expense to me in becoming a member. No dues and no fees.

Name

Street No.

City

Aug 14 *State*

THE STYLE IN HATS

(Continued from Page 17)

After lunch he put a question to the girl who gave him his hat.

"Nelly," he said, "if you were going to have a hat from the very top-notch milliner, what label would be on the box?"

Nelly may not be of society, but she is in it—twelve hours a day because of our intolerable laws as regards women's work—and she took at once a tone that would scarcely have disgraced Mrs. Morpont.

"My mother dislikes to have me receive presents from gentlemen. But if you must, Mr. Hatch, I suppose you must."

She twinkled at him a moment, then she went on more quietly: "Seriously, sir——"

"Why shouldn't I send you a hat, seriously? I admit I hadn't thought of it."

"Of course not, sir," said the girl. "We must have our joke in here—that's all."

"Yes, but, by Jove, Nelly, I will send you one! I want an excuse to go to the very best milliner's in all New York, and if you can tell me who that is it's worth a hat."

"Well," said the girl, "it's hard to resist you—it is, sir. From all we can judge from the talk in the cloakrooms here, it would be Cosma's, in Fifty-seventh Street."

Cosma's was indeed all one could have hoped for. There was there a golden and perfumed dusk, just as one had read about in the Sunday supplements, and in this languorous gloom the loveliest women in the world, with blackened eyes and rouged lips, moved slowly to and fro displaying the latest gowns and hats, worse even than those we had seen at lunch.

I regret to say that Arthur recognized a friend or two.

We asked for Cosma herself, but obtained at first an interview only with Mme. Eugenie, a majestic, dark woman in the forties, who if she had had her rights could have been nothing less than an Empress of Byzantium. Had we an appointment? she asked. Cosma was engaged.

"Taking her afternoon hashish, I imagine," I muttered under my breath, "or having a few Eastern slaves beheaded."

Arthur scowled at the Empress of Byzantium.

"Perhaps you'll at least take her my name—Arthur Hatch," he suggested with just that touch of astonished hauteur needed to convince her that the name meant something in New York.

It evidently meant something to Cosma, for almost immediately we were in her private lair. She was a haggard and passionate creature with the drawl of Mayfair. I remembered reading in some highly colored article that her mother had been an Italian noblewoman and her father a Polish prince. But she was English of course, she said, and we didn't dispute her. She asked us to be seated, and without inquiring our errand chattered on:

"I'm so glad you saw a few of my models while you waited. Lovely, lovely creatures, aren't they now? But they scarcely stay with me six months after they arrive from London. They have an enormous *succès* with you American men. Perhaps it's the clothes. I do know one thing about my frocks; whatever you may think about them, they are *troublants, très troublants.* You remember Ada Adams of the Gaiety—you know your London of course. She's the one, you know, that Lord Elderbrook has been so very, very kind to for several years. I dressed her—that is, I began to—about six years ago. And Elderbrook told me that until then he'd never noticed her at all. I'm really most awfully proud of that—really most proud."

"I came to see you about hats," began Arthur almost bluntly.

"My friend," I began, "is a rich eccentric——"

"Oh, I know about Mr. Hatch. Dear Lady Mary Mainstruthers often talked about you, I remember, the last time you came over to play polo at Ranelagh. I'm delighted to do anything for any friend of yours. I'll make her quite irresistible."

"My friend," I began again, "is, as I said, a rich——"

But Arthur took the words out of my mouth.

"Don't try to understand him, madam, or pay any attention to him," he said. "He's only an assistant something at Harvard. As for me, just try to think that I've made a very strange bet."

Then he explained to her with quite fair clearness that he was prepared to spend some money if the styles could be made simple and pretty. The idea amused her.

"How, may I ask. Is it your idea that we should get designs that are simple and pretty?"

"I don't know." Arthur hesitated. "I thought perhaps one of those artist fellows, if he had any sense—I see, you mean he wouldn't have any. Then you yourself——"

"I think there's something rather attractive in the idea of a hat's being simple and pretty. We try merely to make them new and smart, and everyone's plans were made that hats should be more elaborate this spring.

"To change would be rather a wrench. Yet I believe I could launch a sweet-simplicity craze. On a business basis, I believe I understood you to say."

Arthur bowed.

"Of course we should have to enlist one or two of the big Paris people. I'm sure it could be done, always on a business basis," pursued Cosma, haggard but alert.

"My friend, though rich," I began again, "is not inclined——"

But as usual Arthur shut me up.

"I'm inclined to have my own way in this, now I've started," he said.

Many will remember that spring. Simplicity received an amazing impetus. Cosma and five or six of the New York authorities and almost half the great Parisians seemed simultaneously to catch the vision of a lost Arcadia. As the first buds swelled on the bushes in the park it seemed for a moment likely to be a shepherdess' spring and New York to be washed in the dews of the morning of the world. And if women with the face and figure of Mrs. Barfax looked ridiculous when they went in for the new style hats and frocks, those younger and fairer more than restored the average.

Yet there is a vast difference between being a fad and being a style. After the famous day which marked the beginning of history I returned to Cambridge and Boston, where the waves of fashion's tides wash upon the social shore at least a few weeks later than in New York. It was perhaps a month before I could again be in the metropolis, but I arranged by telegram to lunch with Arthur at Blank's, and to my astonishment he looked grim.

As I waited I had sighted a few of the new Arcadian models and I pointed them out to Arthur with enthusiasm. But at that moment Mrs. Morpont entered. That she would be topped off by something rococo I might have expected and that she would have greeted Arthur with a smile of cloying, mocking honey sweetness I might have known. But I had not realized that there obviously was opposed to Arcadianism a counterfashion of great virulence. As the crush of lunching ladies became more aggravated the shepherdesses turned into a minority and in the end were hopelessly swamped. If a month earlier the hats had been bad, then the language afforded no word to describe them now. They were sheer madness. I caught my friend's gloom.

"To me," he said, "it is no pleasure to lunch where you see so many women making fools of themselves."

"Let's go to a lunch room," I cried with a sudden inspiration. "There is a steamed corned-beef hash with poached egg which is quite edible and we'll see the nice shop-girls living on a modest salary and wearing sensible hats."

"Shall we?" he asked darkly, but he turned to go.

I prefer not to linger over the scene. We ended by lunching at a club.

"They have none of the Arcadian models," I half whispered in frightened tones when we had escaped.

"Couldn't afford them perhaps," he answered.

Couldn't afford them? The tumultuous rich hats which we had seen on the heads of the honest working girls had roused in me already the gravest doubts.

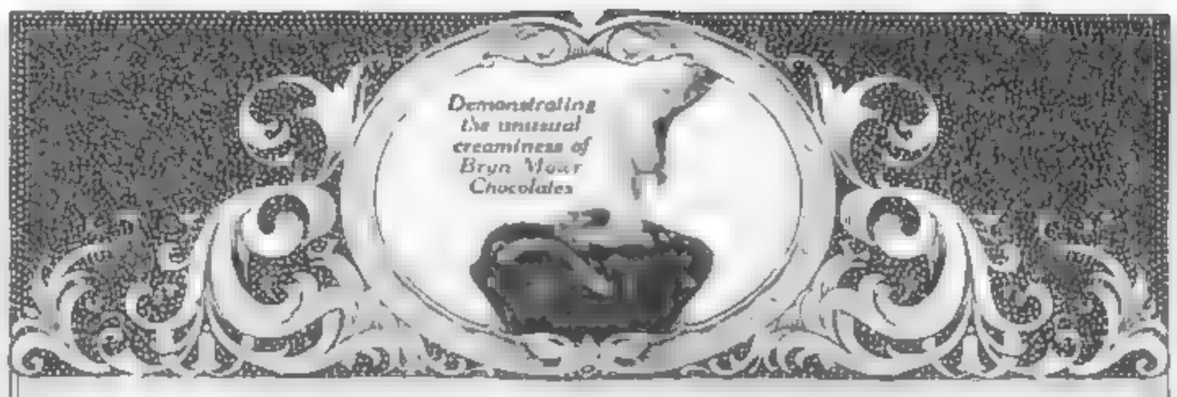
"Do you understand it at all?" I asked in a corner of the club dining room.

"I think I do."

Who was this new grave Arthur Hatch who thought he understood anything at all?

"Is it Mrs. Morpont?"

"Not much! No! Listen! I've learned a lot lately. This style in hats isn't just a



Pause before this duo of exquisite flavours

AS A TOUCH of satire sharpens humour, so the delicately blended Bryn Mawr Chocolate coverings make a perfect duo with the rich cocoanuts, the saucy peppermints, the liquide crêmes and the other flavours you know so well. The rare assortments of Bryn Mawr Chocolates — fifteen in all — comprise *thirty-three* different packagings to charm and entice the devotee.

We suggest by way of imitating your taste to exceptional at this that you send $ .40 for a package of Old Time Bitter Sweets"

Bryn Mawr Chocolates

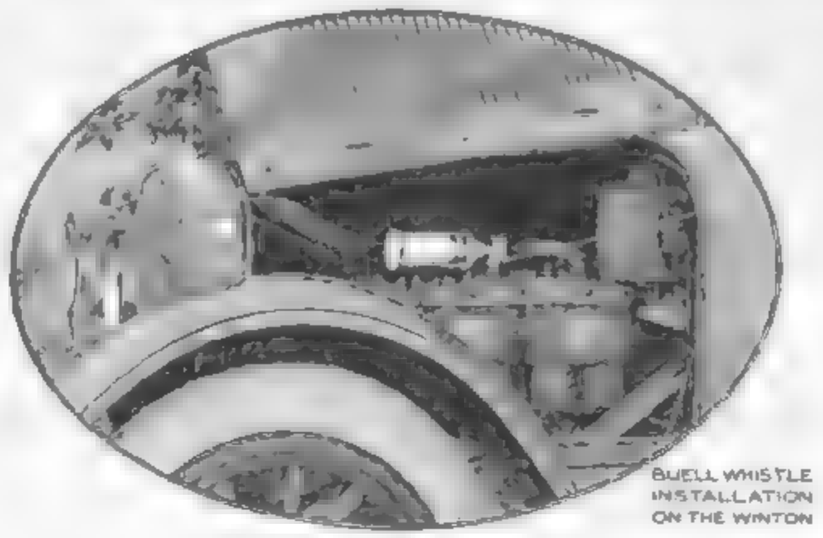
F. M. PAIST COMPANY
Dept. H, Philadelphia, Pa.
"The Home of Better Confections"

PARIS GARTERS
NO METAL CAN TOUCH YOU
Supreme for Value, Comfort, Service

The famous PARIS kneeling figure is on the box to identify the genuine.

Imitations - at any price - cost you too much

A. STEIN & COMPANY
Chicago New York



BUELL WHISTLE INSTALLATION ON THE WINTON

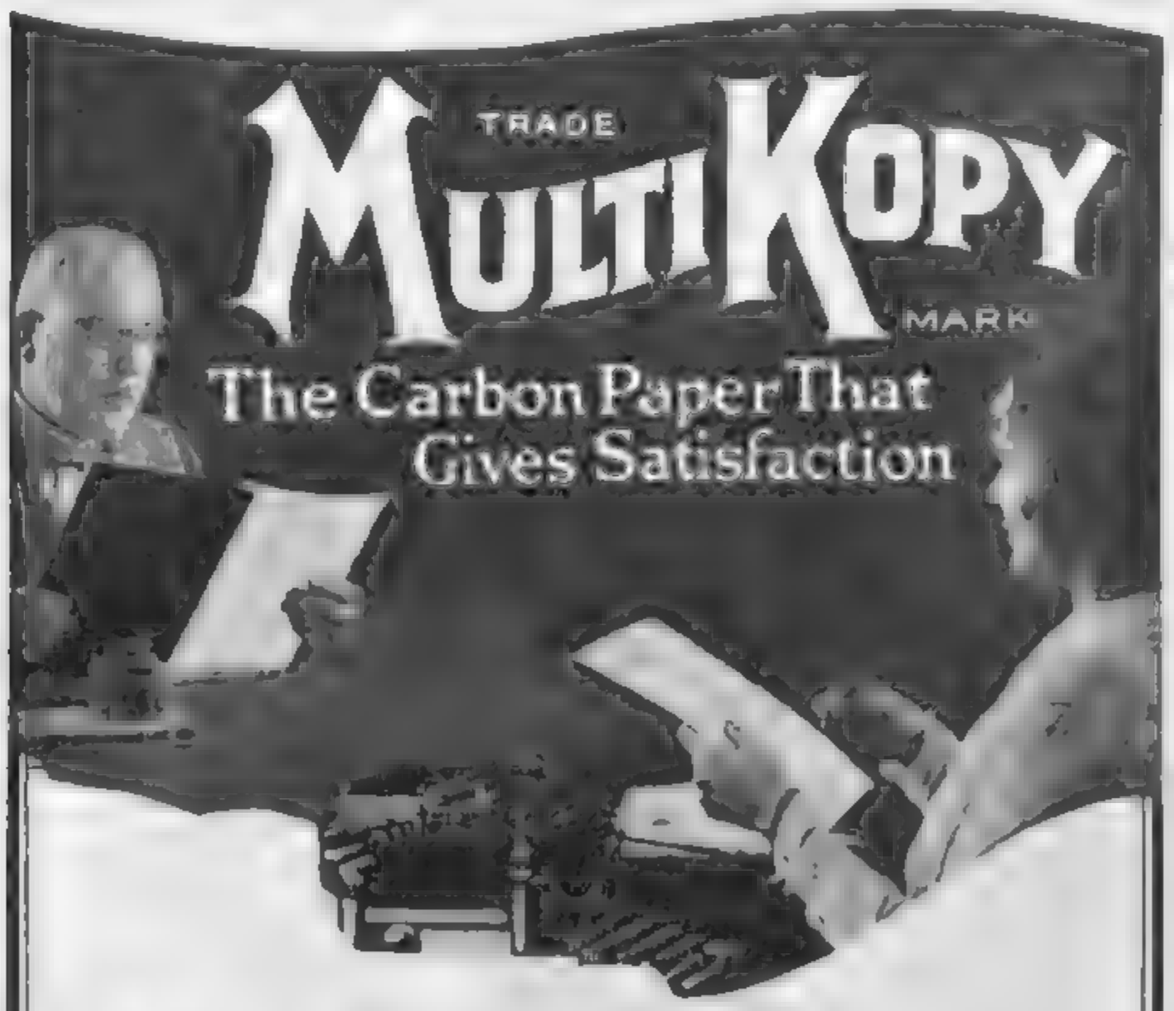
Knowledge that your warning signal will operate with absolute certainty brings with it more than a sense of personal safety.

The Buell means to its owner not only self-protection but protection to others.

And because it dispels needless worry and removes the tensity of nervous strain it gives to the driver an ease of mind that contributes vastly to the joys of motoring.

BUELL MANUFACTURING COMPANY
-- Chicago --

BUELL
EXPLOSION WHISTLE
WARNS EVERY TIME



MULTIKOPY makes wonderfully clean-cut carbon copies, and more of them at one typing. It is clean to handle, and so are the copies it makes.

Economical because every sheet does much more work. Want to prove it?

Send for Samples of MultiKopy Carbon Papers

Write and get the sample sheets. You will be glad you did. MultiKopy Carbon Paper, and the equally superior Star Typewriter Ribbons, sold by principal dealers the world over.

F. S. WEBSTER CO., 335 Congress Street, Boston, Mass.

joke for lunch at Blank's. It's big business. It's money invested. Cosma and those people are only fleabites. Ninety per cent of the women of America buy their hats at department stores, and the shapes and the trimmings and the whole damned fashion for the season is settled by the big manufacturers."

"I thought that Paris ——" I began meekly.

"That's all understood between the Paris people and the manufacturers here. Everything was set this spring for the kind of hats you saw to-day. Cosma got us a few Parisian pikers. But the real boys over there stood by the hat manufacturers here and the spring stocks that had got to be sold. All they did when sweet simplicity lifted its head was to swat it hard with styles that were worse than ever, but all of them—mark you—to be made out of what was ready for the early summer trade. Darned interesting, isn't it?" he asked; "and oddly enough"—almost cheerfully—"I'm beginning to know my way about."

"Are you going on with it?"

"I am," he said.

"I didn't suppose you cared so much about hats."

"I don't care anything about them, really." He grinned more like the old Arthur. "They're women's muck. But this is a big game."

"I don't recognize you, Arthur."

He hesitated, almost blushed.

"Well," he said at last, "my grandfather made all his own money—what's mine now. I—I suppose I begin to smell blood."

"But you've got money enough—always enough for lunch at any rate," I said lightly.

There was cold lobster and a cider cup well fortified with brandy. It was better than the hash would have been.

"Oh, it isn't the money." Arthur took on almost the shy air of one making a confession. "You—and various others—have always said I couldn't do anything in the world. I thought I'd show her," he added with what might have seemed to a grammarian irrelevancy.

"And so?" I asked.

"And so," he answered me, "I'm thinking of buying a few hat factories. The fact is, I have an appointment this afternoon about it."

He lit a cigarette with elaborate carelessness, as if to indicate how comic through it all his old self found his new. Then the old Arthur grinned.

"Want to come?"

"You don't suppose, you darned fool, you helpless babe, that I'd let you go alone?"

"Helpless babe?" he queried.

"I don't suppose you read the papers," I went on. "I don't suppose you know that there is a strike threatened in the hat factories at this very moment. Someone's trying to unload a very shaky business on you."

"I thought that was why I could get a business cheap."

"And the strike?" I asked.

"I think I can deal with that. In fact I've an appointment with the chief lady striker this afternoon too. But I'm going to stand no nonsense from her."

There was a steely glitter in his eye and his jaw seemed to snap like a trap. He looked dangerous, and eminently competent, as if his stern grandfather had come back to deal with a strike. So do we men, poor misguided, fatuous fools, read each other. At that moment neither of us knew Rose Dimmocker.

She is familiar enough to-day to everybody; that clear-cut profile, that waved black hair—literally like the raven's wing, as the pleasant old phrase goes—that proud lift of the head have all adorned the rotogravure supplements time and again. But she was then just dimly apprehended in certain circles as a Polish girl with perhaps a remote strain of Jewish blood who had emerged from the turmoil of the great East Side and was organizing women with a combined passion and executive ability rarely enough met with. As we went to keep the appointment with her I began to recall vaguely that I'd heard of her in the professional reforming and labor circles which I sometimes as assistant professor frequented—when I was not asked to lunch at Blank's. One reactionary employer had called her a dangerous woman, a red. Another, however, had said darkly that she had a great business head. But I was not prepared for her.

When she came in, with her proud dark head lifted high in the way I now know so well, all I could think of was that she was like an eagle. She brought with her a suddenly wider horizon, upon which she bent those divine blue eyes. As she came it was as if a great wind followed her, blowing from new continents and uncharted seas. I do not know whether it was the sheer beauty of her that made this effect upon you or whether it was that she had made herself the personification of some new love of liberty. I looked sidelong at Arthur, who with the aid of that reawakened spirit of his grandfather was to stand no nonsense from her.

I intend to make no attempt to reproduce the interview.

"I am thinking of buying the Durstein & Hillox hat factories," said Arthur gravely. "But I want, before I do it, to understand what it is you are going to try to get from me by striking."

And she told him, sitting there quietly. I had heard that kind of story of the workers' grievances before, but I suppose to Arthur, as to so many of his kind, it was wholly new. Slowly she made me see the East Side, the slums, and the kind of life it was to work in the hat factories that were to be his, if you were young and wanted a chance for happiness. She had statistics too and figures on the cost of living and the tables of tuberculosis victims in the various trades where women worked. Perhaps, printed, what she said would read like half the dull reforming pamphlets I have seen so many of. But on her lips it was for me at least vivid, strangely moving. At last in a voice that grew a little hard she summed up and gave the hat workers' ultimatum. Arthur looked at her an instant in silence. I thought his face hardened too.

"In spite of what you say, I'm going to buy the factories," he said.

"Then we deal with you."

Rose Dimmocker tossed her head as she spoke.

"With me—yes."

Then to my astonishment Arthur slowly grinned at her, just in the old polo player's simple, engaging way.

"And I'm going to do everything you want done. If all you say is true, it doesn't seem to me you're asking half enough."

The next morning was to be singularly busy with Durstein & Hillox and lawyers. But I persuaded Arthur that we ought to ask Mrs. Morpont to lunch with us and tell her the news. She was comparatively free, so she said to Arthur over the telephone. That is to say, she would have to break only three engagements to come, which of course she could easily do.

"You may as well know who you're lunching with, Eva," was his greeting to her as she joined us with Miss Fram in the Palm Garden lobby. "I'm now a hat manufacturer from the Lower East Side. At last I'm going to control the style in hats."

"Are you really, dear Arthur? It seems almost a pity that we women wear hats; it puts you to such a lot of trouble."

She seemed to meditate, though I couldn't guess on what.

"Talbot, darling," she cried at last to Miss Fram, "I don't believe my hat's on right. Come with me while I look."

She sprang up, and then she looked quizzically at the hat manufacturer, Arthur.

"Why do we wear them, Arthur dear? Is it just to support hat factories like yours?

"It's a silly fashion, isn't it?"

Arthur was just saying how really sensible Eva could be when she and Miss Fram reappeared.

You saw their pictures of course the next day. The papers got photographers to Blank's within a half hour, and as these two abandoned young women, having sent their motors home, walked up Fifth Avenue the afternoon became sensational. It was in the air somehow that a really new fashion had at last been set. The legend is that Stella Barfax threw a Tapdel creation out of the window of her car at Fifty-third Street and emerged at the St. Regis hatless even before the pioneers, Mrs. Morpont and Miss Fram, had progressed that far north. Mr. Grenville Fram, in the window of the Union Club, had what seemed like a light stroke of apoplexy as he saw his daughter's red head go by. Only this and club traditions prevented his dragging his offspring into the building itself

(Concluded on Page 177)

Helping McDonald Pumps perform their daily tasks

THE A. Y. McDonald Manufacturing Company of Dubuque, Iowa, had observed its fiftieth anniversary when Thomas Ferry perfected his ingenious method of making screws. With an enviable reputation already established, with a half-century of experience behind him, McDonald still sought a means of improving his product—and found it in Ferry Process Screws.

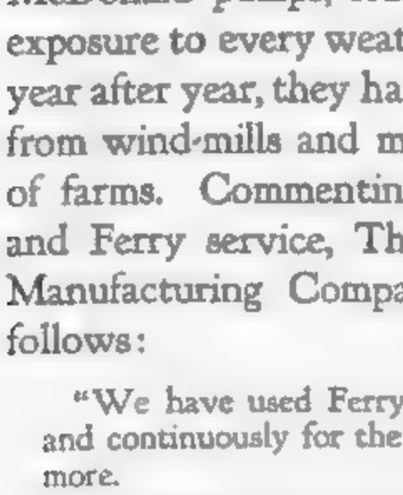
Ever since that time these screws have been performing their daily tasks in McDonald pumps, sturdily living through exposure to every weather. Day after day, year after year, they have borne the shocks from wind-mills and motors on thousands of farms. Commenting on Ferry quality and Ferry service, The A. Y. McDonald Manufacturing Company has written as follows:

"We have used Ferry products exclusively and continuously for the past twelve years or more.

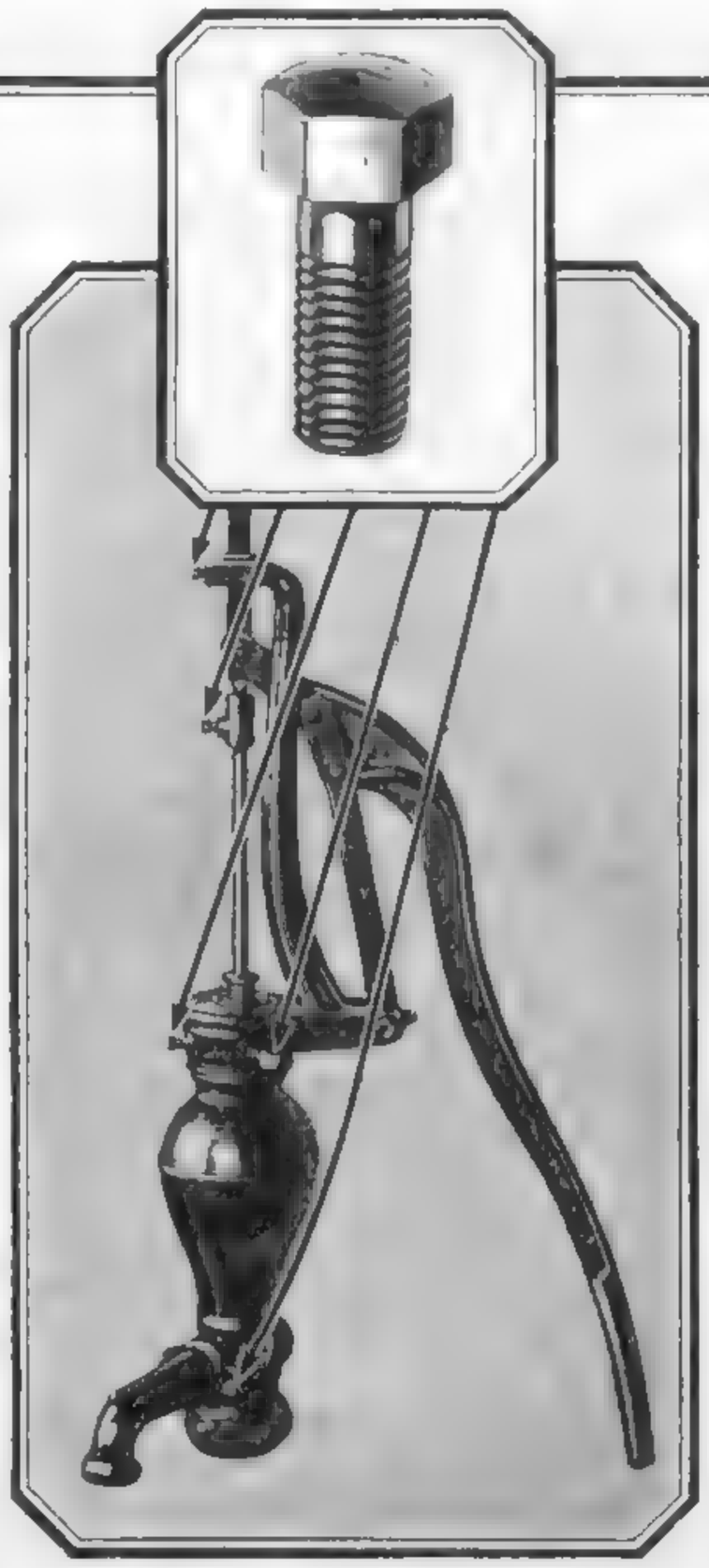
"Uniform excellence of quality coupled with satisfactory service at all times is what has appealed to us.

"We expect to continue being numbered among exclusive users of Ferry products, as our past relations have been uniformly pleasant and profitable."

* * *



Since 1907, when Thomas Ferry came forth with a wholly new principle in screw making, Ferry Process Screws have won an enviable reputation in the manufacturing world. Many other leading manufacturers besides McDonald have put the stamp of their approval upon Ferry methods and Ferry products.



What is this new principle in screw making? The diagram at the bottom of the page gives graphic answer to this question.

Under the old method, a bar of steel the size and shape of the head, not of the shank, is used—and then the shank is formed by milling away the steel until the right size is obtained. This comparatively slow and tedious method represents a considerable waste in raw material.

The Ferry Process completely reverses the old method. Here a bar of steel is used—its size *not* that of the head—*but of the shank*. The waste of raw material is inconsequential.

The matrix-compression principle

But the real problem was to form the head. To batter on a shapeless knob, and then to cut it to size and shape, would disturb the molecular structure of the steel. Out of this problem came Thomas Ferry's ingenious invention—a matrix, or die, in which the head is formed by proper compression.

This head is finished, the end pointed, the shank threaded to micrometer exactness, with Pratt & Whitney gauges as standard. The Ferry heat treatment insures uniformity in strength. These steps are performed by patented Ferry equipment—high speed automatic machines and special tools. The result is the Ferry Process Screw—as perfect as modern science can make it.

Ferry Process Screws are used in vast quantities and for varying purposes, by many of the largest manufacturers in American industry. In many cases their use was specified only after the most thorough tests and comparisons.

Ferry Process Screws will meet your requirements just as they are meeting the requirements of these prominent manufacturing firms. Whatever your needs, standard or special—in cap screws, set screws, milled studs, connecting rod bolts and screw machine products—an opportunity to consider your specifications will be appreciated.

Other manufacturers whom Ferry serves

American Seeding Machine Co
Buffalo Forge Company
Buick Motor Company
Chain Belt Company
Chandler Motor Car Company
Dodge Steel Pulley Corporation
Eberhard Manufacturing Company
Federal Motor Truck Company
Gendron Wheel Company
B. F. Goodrich Rubber Company
Hinkley Motors Corporation
Hudson Motor Car Company
Holt Manufacturing Company
Maxwell Motor Company
Oakland Motor Car Company
Oliver Chilled Plow Works
Paige Detroit Motor Car Company
Scripps-Booth Corporation
Stewart-Warner Speedometer Corp.
Studebaker Corporation
Timken-Detroit Axle Company
The White Company

THE FERRY CAP AND SET SCREW COMPANY, 2151 Scranton Road, Cleveland, Ohio

FERRY PROCESS SCREWS

FEDERAL
Double Cable Base Tires

FEDERAL TIRES—"Rugged" white tread (extra-gray fabric), "Traffic" and "Cord" black treads—have this exclusive construction.

Fundamentally Right

UPON Roads everywhere Federals are writing tire history. And behind them the splendid Federal institution is continually working to outstrip all previous records in achieving greater tire service.

Motorists who receive excess mileage in one set of Federals are not surprised because they have learned to expect surplus miles in all Federals.

The Double-Cable-Base, an exclusive improvement over ordinary construction, eliminates all friction between tire and rim and increases road mileage.

THE FEDERAL RUBBER COMPANY
of Illinois
Factories, Cudahy, Wisconsin

Mfrs. of Federal Automobile Tires, Tubes and Sundries, Motorcycle, Bicycle and Carriage Tires, Rubber Heels, Horse Shoe Pads, Rubber Matting and Mechanical Rubber Goods

(Concluded from Page 174)

and sending her home a prisoner in charge of the hall porter.

Mrs. Morpont, whose previous inaccessibility to the gentlemen of the press was notorious, welcomed a drove of them when she arrived home. Indeed she almost led them into the Morpont palace on the corner.

"Why not?" she asked them with a bewildering smile. "My hair is lovely and Miss Fram's is very pretty too—don't you think so? We look better without hats. What will women who haven't so much hair do? Buy Easter wigs instead of hats, I suppose.

"In any case this is so much better for the hair and for the health generally. Besides," she went on demurely, "it's doing something against extravagance, I hope. I think we all ought to these days."

I don't suppose she had ever spent half an hour thinking of economic conditions, but now she seemed by some devilish woman's instinct to have guessed at Rose Dimmocker and social reform.

"Why," she asked, "should we make thousands of women in the slums work to produce these totally unnecessary things for our heads? Especially under such brutal creatures as I understand the employers now are."

There was no strike of course in Arthur's factories. But there was in the others. Public sympathy was with the girls and so Mrs. Morpont's move to penalize the manufacturers by wearing no hats had a real popular appeal. If Arthur, copiously advertised in the press, became a popular hero, his lovely friend became no less a popular heroine. And as in the next fortnight, under the driving of Rose Dimmocker, the now infatuated and reckless young man purchased—at most advantageous prices, it may be said—factory after factory connected with the hat business in New York, so did hordes of lovely hatless females streaming up and down the Avenue seem to endanger the very existence of his purchases.

If things went on this way the strikers would all be reinstated, but there would be nothing for them to do.

It was an emergency and I dealt with it as best I could—I asked Mrs. Morpont, Miss Dimmocker and Arthur to lunch. It was a little like getting the delegates to a peace congress together, but after some backing and filling they all accepted. Blank's seemed almost traditionally indicated, but they gave me a quiet little private room at the side. I ordered a good lunch—about three courses, with again a light white wine. But, oh, how different life seemed compared with its aspect that first day only so short a while ago!

At the very beginning I saw, however, that everything was going more peacefully than in some peace congresses. Rose Dimmocker came without a hat! And Eva Morpont, who had felt the same delicate instinct of courtesy, wore one, but of Arcadian simplicity! I was radiant at once. They were, I was convinced, the two most beautiful creatures in the world and it was almost enough in one humble man's life that both of them should be his guests. I know now that they were also quite the nicest things in the world.

"Miss Dimmocker," said Eva at once, "I want to thank you for the strikes. I've learned a great deal about my fellow women. I can't think why I didn't know it before. Association with people like Mr. Hatch must have dulled my faculties, I suppose. I believe that styles in women's hats are probably less interesting and less important than styles in women's work and women's happiness."

She held out her hand.

"I believe if you'd let me help you I'd be some good. You see what a lot of silly people follow my lead. Why shouldn't I lead the right way?"

Her eyes were, I swear, dewy. If I had been Rose Dimmocker I should have kissed her. Instead she just took the other's hand.

"Partners!" she said solemnly. Then she went on: "I knew that Arthur would never have liked you so much if you hadn't been all right."

"Arthur!" repeated Mrs. Morpont softly. "So it's come to that!"

"I've asked her to marry me, Eva," said Arthur, his color deepening slowly.

She hesitated the fraction of a second. I thought she swayed the thousandth part of an inch, as if with a little blow. Then she turned to Rose Dimmocker.

"Take him, my dear. The man is a fool, but he has a heart of gold."

"I was a fool, Eva. I'm a little less of one now."

"Don't say that, Arthur. Because you remember that day at lunch that I said if you ever waked up and took to doing things I might fall in love with you. Of course it's much better that I shouldn't, on account of Jack Morpont and the children—and now on account of Miss Dimmocker. So I'm not in love with you, Arthur, and I wish you all happiness."

"I think I shall take him," said Rose Dimmocker.

She smiled, but I think her eyes too were dewy.

"And we're going to get this hat business right," cried Arthur with an energy that I guessed was meant to hide his emotion. "I'm going to make things in my factories the way Rose thinks they ought to be if I go bankrupt doing it."

He meant it, and it was indeed the height of his regeneration, the climax, so I quite justifiably supposed, of this story. But then suddenly the story began to go wrong. I was thinking of how the revolution was really here and imagining a wedding at Cooper Union with Lenine and Trotzky as ushers when I suddenly became aware of Rose. Somehow she wasn't the eagle any more. She was blushing a bright red and she finally said haltingly, "I wonder ——"

She stopped almost as if she were afraid to go on.

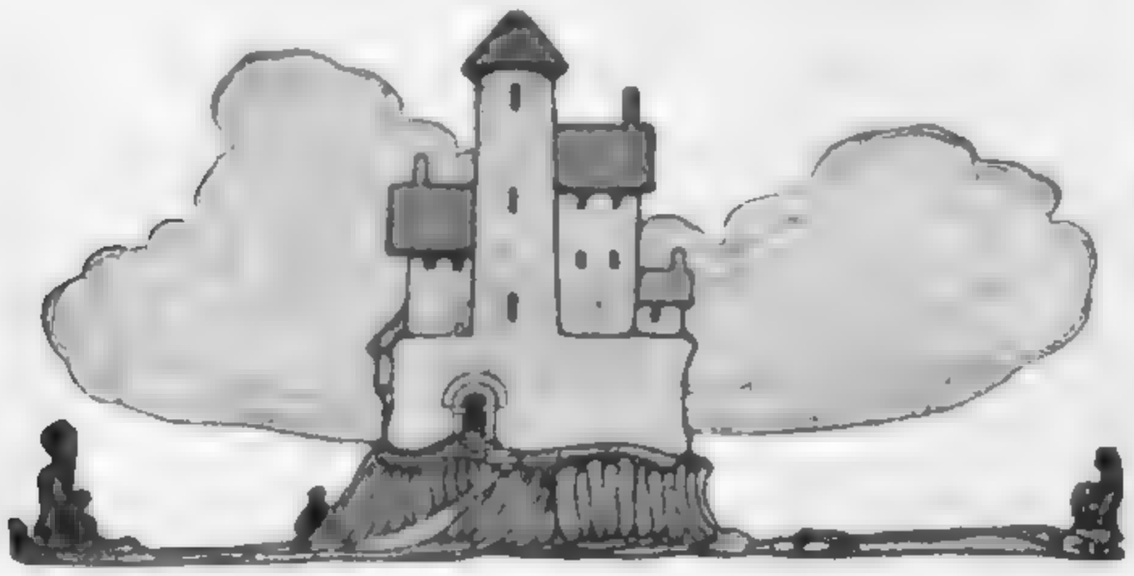
"I wonder if I really want you to go bankrupt—now?"

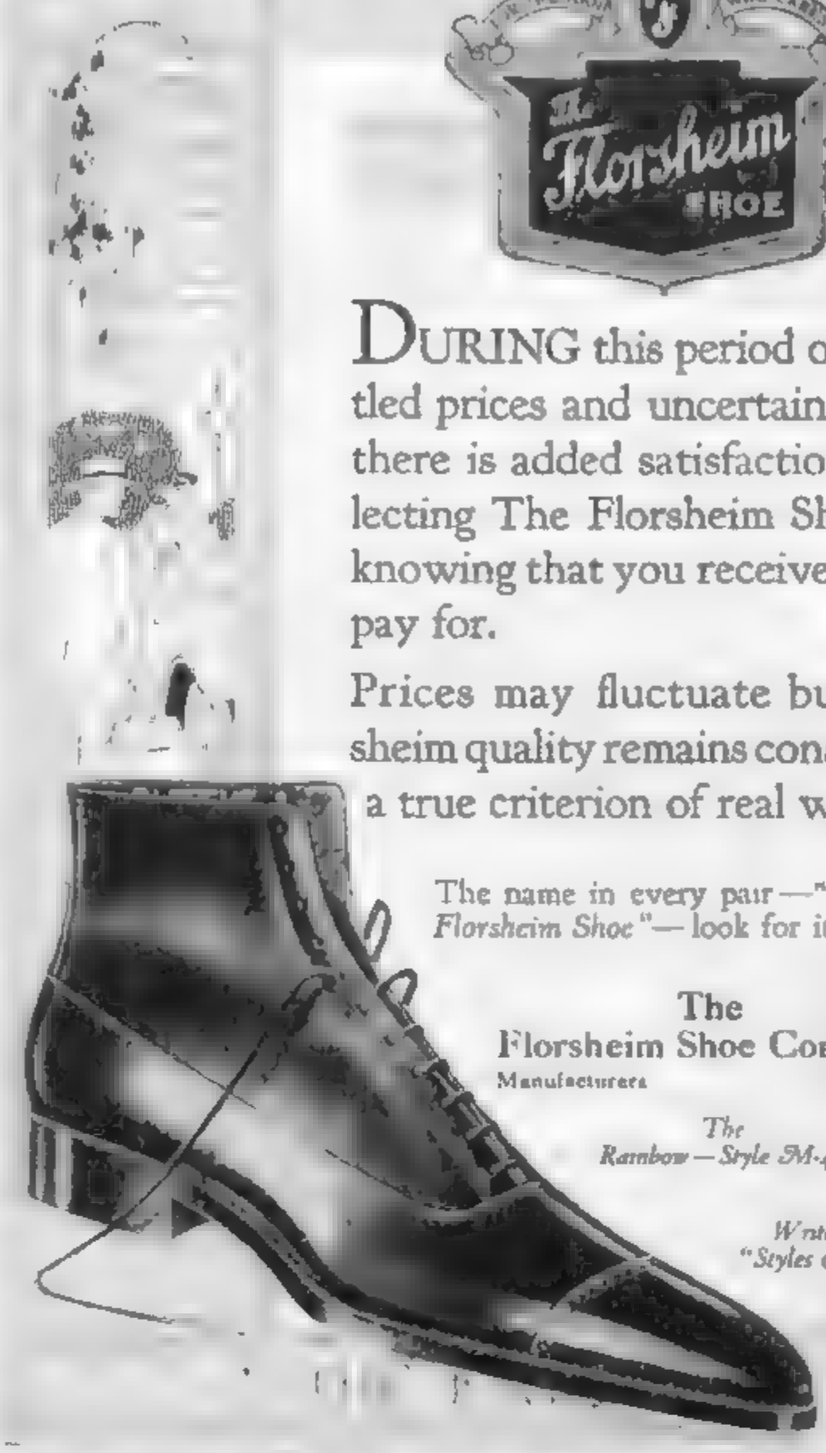
"Oh, my dear! My dear!" cried Eva. "You're not really as much of a radical as I!"

"I'm a renegade, I suppose," said the poor embarrassed eagle. "Isn't it intolerable that there should ever be two sides to a question? With his fortune he can run so many factories and run them the right way. We'll have such a tremendous chance to do good. Ought I to let him throw it away?"

"We might get your radical friends to allow us a one per cent dividend. That isn't excessive, and we can live on that. You know," pursued Arthur, "we're going to live down there near the hats. And Rose is a wonderful cook, she tells me."

This is the end of the story, though perhaps it is only the beginning if you think of Arthur and his wife and Mrs. Morpont and all the things they are doing now. I lecture about them to my classes. The style in hats doesn't much matter of course, though a lot may come out of it. So perhaps all the story proves—if it proves anything—is that lunch is almost always a good idea.





The Florsheim Shoe

DURING this period of unsettled prices and uncertain values, there is added satisfaction in selecting The Florsheim Shoe and knowing that you receive all you pay for.

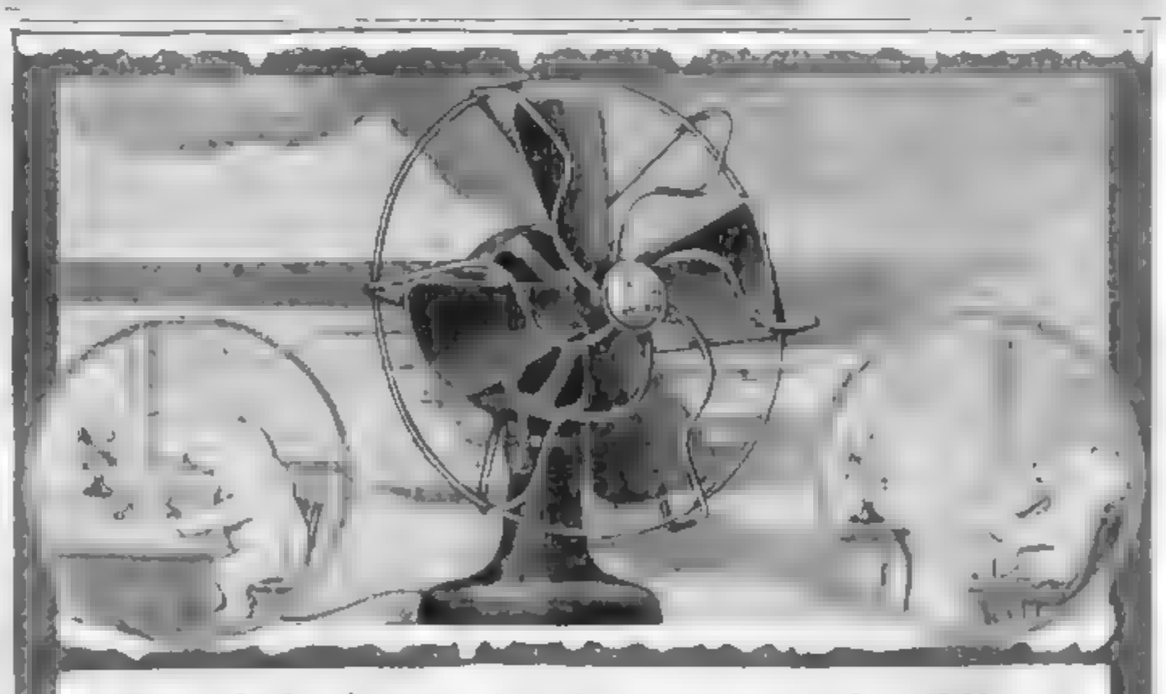
Prices may fluctuate but Florsheim quality remains constant—a true criterion of real worth.

The name in every pair—"The Florsheim Shoe"—look for it.

The Florsheim Shoe Company
Manufacturers Chicago

The Rainbow—Style M-45

Write for Book "Styles of the Times"



Banish heat in home and office

Don't wait until the thermometer is in the nineties and you're ready to drop with exhaustion and misery on account of the baking, scorching, withering heat.

Get a Polar Cub and laugh at the heat when it comes. He will keep you cool in your office and in your home. He will enable you to enjoy refreshing sleep on the hottest night.

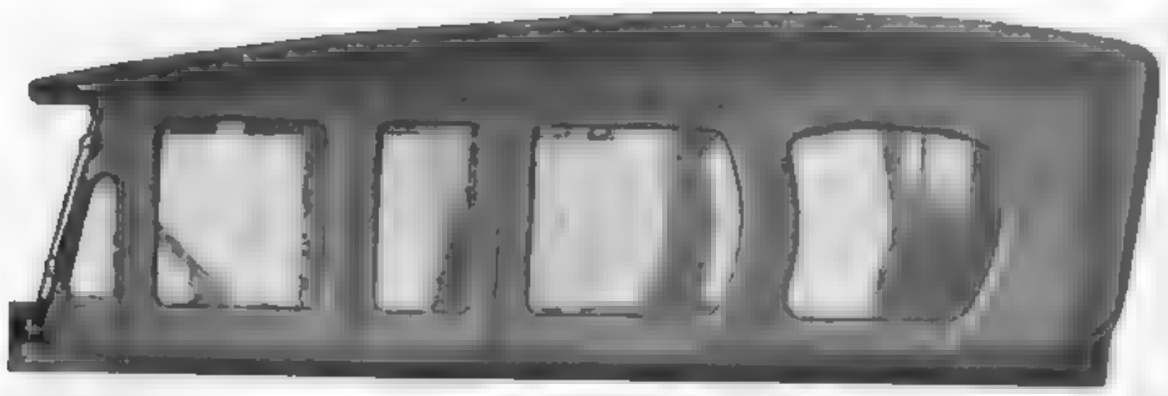
This powerful little fan uses but one cent's worth of power in six hours. Two speeds—giving you a light or strong breeze. Handsome nickel-plated motor, adjustable to any angle. Equipped with 7 foot cord and plug, only $7.50 (Canada $10.50).

Go to your hardware or electrical dealer today and get Polar Cub. Get one for your office and one for your home. If your dealer hasn't it write us and we'll tell you where to get it.

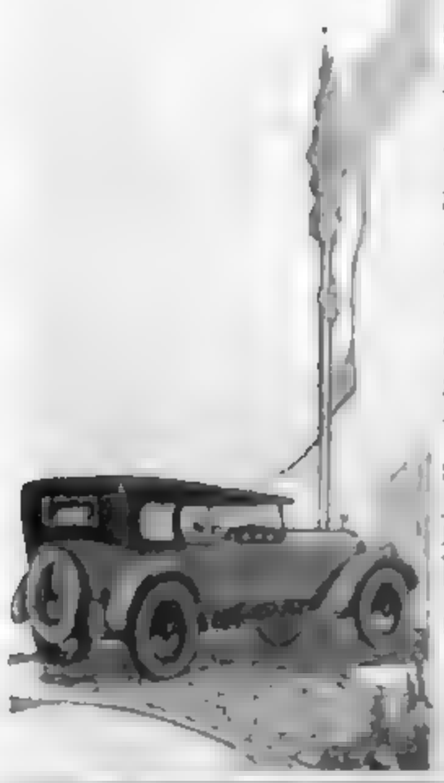
The A. C. GILBERT CO., 320 Blatchley Ave., New Haven, Conn.

In Canada: The A. C. Gilbert-Menzies Co., Limited, Toronto.
In England: The A. C. Gilbert Co., 125 High Holborn, London, W. C. 1.

Polar Cub Electric Fan $7.50



Badger De Luxe All Season TOPS



STRIKINGLY beautiful in finish—California design—workmanship of the finest—securely and permanently attached to your car—free from rattles and squeaks—the Badger DeLuxe Top provides a closed car at a touring car price.

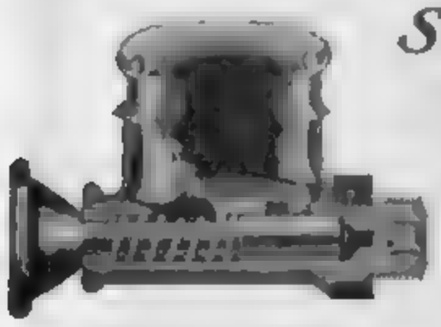
In Summer with the top open—on rainy days, in Spring or Fall, with shower curtains attached—or snug and warm in winter with glass windows up—it will give comfort supreme, in all weather.

Now built for Buick, Nash, Studebaker, Hudson, Essex.

Write for descriptive literature and dealer's name.

McAVOY BROS. & CO.
Racine, Wisconsin
Makers of Fine Tops for Automobiles

Because they ease steering immediately



Cut-away view of Model "K" Oil-Kipp for Spring Pins and other horizontal positions. Kipp Adapters fit Oil-Kipps to any make of truck or car.

Cut-away view of Model "H" Oil Kipp for Steering Knuckles and other vertical positions.

If your car is difficult to steer, replace the grease cups on the steering knuckles with Oil-Kipps.

Fill the Oil-Kipps with *light* oil; snap the spring plunger until the light oil has been shot out.

The caked and gummy grease that makes steering difficult will be shot out with the light oil.

Then fill the Oil-Kipps with *heavy* oil and snap the spring plunger five or six times.

Then start your car—you will be amazed at the ease with which it steers.

After that, an occasional snap of the plunger will keep steering easy.

The Oil Kipps need filling only about once a month, for they hold twenty or more shots of heavy oil.

MADISON-KIPP CORPORATION
Madison, Wisconsin

Oil-Kipps
KEEP CARS NEW

Madison Kipp

If your dealer does not carry them as yet, send for the free bulletin, "Silencing the Chassis."

DOG TOWN

(Continued from Page 13)

dropped in the terrapin's path. Again the journey was arrested as the long neck and blunt head were drawn within the sheltering case, while the beady eyes regarded the beak-snapping apparition that blocked his way. He recognized the feathered comedian with his exaggerated bows of false courtesy, and he went on his way. The owl rose with a flying hop and stationed himself on the glistening shell, reaching down to drive his powerful beak at the opening through which the ugly head had so lately protruded. The terrapin was a placid creature of unhurried ways. Delay meant nothing to him. He simply waited with unruffled patience for the owl to depart.

The horned toad moved and the owl's sharp eyes picked him out from the mottled gravel that matched his horny back. As the toad raced away the owl launched in pursuit and drove savage claws into his prey before it could gain the shelter of a dog hole. All through Dog Town the winged appetites were killing. One feasted on a very young dog which had strayed too far from home. Another winged back from a brackish pond with a big crawfish. Still others were feeding on the grasshoppers that pitched from one patch of prickly pear to the next with crackling, bright-flashing wings. For perhaps an hour the pillage went on, but strangely enough it created no particular excitement in Dog Town. This was a regular daily program, and the dogs had evidently come to accept it. There sounded an occasional angry barking as an owl hovered low over some burrow that housed a litter of young or made a swoop at some incautious pup, but there was no general concerted barking such as greeted the entrance of any alien intruder into the village. The old dogs went about their work and warned the pups to take cover whenever one exposed itself outside a burrow.

In the main, the food of the owls consisted of insects, crawfish, mice and lizards, with only now and then a dog thrown in for variety. The owl tribe, after gorging, became inactive and sat stupidly on their mounds, stuffed to repletion, and the pups came once more from the burrows and frisked in the open. Peace and contentment brooded over the village for a brief period, and Dog Town made the most of it.

Dogs visited from one burrow to the next and greeted old friends. Pups romped and chased one another from hole to hole. Weekin set forth and called at the home of a neighbor. The old couple had a vacancy in the family, one pup less than on the occasion of Weekin's last visit. An old rattler that had taken up his abode in that end of the village was responsible for this disappearance. After a brief parley the old dog moved on to another home. The two proud parents displayed a full family of seven youngsters almost half grown, reporting not a single casualty during the spring season.

The clamor of many voices sounded again through the village as if all wished to be heard at once. The girl on the hill crest, a hundred yards from the edge of town, swept the neighborhood for signs of approaching enemies, then gazed aloft to determine whether the menace came from the sky, certain that the commotion must have been occasioned by some fresh danger. But the man knew that such was not the case. He recognized the difference in tone. This was but the care-free chatter of contentment, Dog Town voices raised in good cheer and play. The steady, monotonous bark of stormy times was absent, and from portions of the community rose a voluble excited chatter, while individual voices frequently rose above the rest, pealing out and running the whole range of prairie-dog scale in a whistling trill.

Weekin traveled from mound to mound in an irregular loop, and on his way his trail crossed and recrossed those of other visiting dogs. The circuit was almost completed, and he set out across a bare, gravel-flecked expanse for home. All through the day the nighthawk had nestled on the two mottled eggs. Her broad face was relieved only by a ridiculously short bill that protruded but a quarter of an inch from the head which had gained her the name of bull bat.

The old prairie dog rambled carelessly on his way, heading directly down upon the nesting bull bat, whose feather scheme rendered her almost indiscernible among the grayish flint scraps dotting the wind-scoured flat. She watched him come, and when within two feet of her it was apparent that he would gallop straight across her unless summarily challenged. The short beak opened and the wide head seemed split apart by this simple move, for the beak, though protruding but a fraction from the face, slanted well back and traversed the whole of it.

Weekin planted his feet and halted in awful fear as a gaping red maw confronted him. From this fearsome throat issued a horrible crackling hiss, accompanied by a ruffling of feathers and limp tremor of half-spread wings. In one awful split second Weekin thought of the gaping mouth of the weasel, the hiss of the rattler and a host of other gruesome things. He rolled over backward in his haste to escape from the dread creature, which seemed about to spring upon him. He dashed off as he regained his feet, looked back to see if he were pursued, and—recognized the harmless little nighthawk. From near-by dog mounds came the derisive mirth of neighbors. Weekin turned and strolled back past the threatening red mouth with its terrifying hisses.

On each of three consecutive afternoons he had been thrown into a panic by this same bird. By the following day he would forget it and experience another severe shock as he passed the same spot; the next day likewise, and the next.

When he reached home and took up his stand on his own observatory the terrapin came to life. For the better part of two hours the sluggard had meditated about the dangers of life. It now occurred to his prehistoric mind that the owl which had pecked at him some hours before might very probably have departed. The ugly head was thrust from the casing for a survey. The long neck writhed about, then the armored hulk lumbered into action and headed straight for Weekin's door.

The old dog barked warningly as the terrapin showed no sign of changing his course. When within a foot of him an explosive note caused a withdrawal of the head, and for perhaps a minute the little eyes sized Weekin up with grave scrutiny. Then the interrupted journey was resumed. A few hitches and the terrapin reached his goal, which was the mouth of Weekin's burrow. He slid over the edge, tumbled down the first sheer drop and scrambled away down the sloping tunnel. Far within the house his good mate Weechi was ministering to the wants of the hungry pups, and her surprised clamor announced her discovery of the unwelcome guest.

He was entirely harmless to the dog family, merely an inconvenience, and Weechi considered him in much the same light that a housewife would regard a restless barrel in her nursery. It was entirely possible that the terrapin, feeling secure in this sheltered retreat, might lapse into happy slumber and visit them for a week. Weechi scolded till she grew hoarse, but the terrapin refused to stir.

Weekin sat erect on his mound and took an active interest in all that transpired within his field of view. A friend left a burrow some fifty yards away and started toward him across the gravel flat. There came again the crackling hiss as he neared the bull bat, and his antics were much the same as Weekin's own a few minutes past. From all sides rose the jeering cachinnations of Dog-Town wags, and Weekin chattered as merrily as the rest at his friend's discomfiture.

Twenty yards from Weekin's door stood a deserted burrow. The edges were crumbling and showed long disuse. A spider web blocked all but the lower portion of the entrance, evidence that the deserted mansion was not even visited by dogs in play. This old ruin was shunned by the inhabitants, its status in Dog Town identical with that of the old house which sits alone in nearly every village of man—house of tragedy which rumor has peopled with haunts. Weekin's family had originally consisted of six pups, but one of them when very young had frisked inside the forbidden opening and never rejoined the family circle.

A sinister head was thrust from the crumbling entrance, its beady eyes staring wickedly. As Weekin watched it the long sinuous body followed the head, and a

(Continued on Page 181)

No 8 Special Oak, Mahogany or Walnut finish. Covered in Spanish Brocaded or leather. Equipped with De Luxe seat
Showing Leg Rest Concealed
No 6 Special. Oak, Mahogany or Walnut finish. Covered in durable Imitation Spanish Leather. Equipped with De Luxe seat.
Showing Leg Rest Concealed
PUSH THE BUTTON · BACK RECLINES
FOOT REST SLIDES BACK OUT OF SIGHT

"MAMMA, why do you always come and sit in *this* chair?" asks little Ruth, wonderingly.

"Because," says her mother, "this is the most comfortable chair in all the world. It is a Royal!—famous as the 'World's Easiest Easy Chair.'"

All the world says the same thing, and you will say so, too.

In a Royal you can sit upright or gracefully recline. In no other easy chair can you find such perfect relaxation, such perfect rest, such nerve-resting super-comfort. Nor can you find in any other easy chair such sheer quality, comfort, artistic merit and lasting service all combined.

Royal Easy Chairs

TRADE MARK

"PUSH THE BUTTON—BACK RECLINES"

ROYAL super-comfort is due, first to the luxurious upholstery; and secondly to the Push Button and Leg Rest, which are patented features and can be found only in Royal Easy Chairs.

The Push Button, concealed in right chair-arm, enables the occupant to change from an upright to a full reclining position without moving from the chair.

When lightly pressed, it releases the back, which either drops gently with the weight of the body to the position desired, or automatically rises. In any position the back securely locks when the button is released.

Leg Rest, concealed when not in use, draws out—affords rest for the feet and limbs without recourse to other furniture.

Made in handsome modern overstuffed Colonial and Period designs. Mahogany or Oak finish. Richly upholstered in Tapestries, Velours and Leather, real and fabricated.

For sale at all leading furniture dealers'. To get the genuine, look for name "Royal" on Push Button. See the two special values shown above.

They are being demonstrated by possibly 5,000 furniture dealers in co-operation with this advertisement. Meanwhile write for our booklet, "Conscious Rest." It pictures the most popular Royals.

ROYAL EASY CHAIR CO., STURGIS, MICH., U. S. A.

(25A)

The perfect grace characterizing the famous statue of Mercury has been embodied in the design of Auburn Beauty-Six—the car of utility

If you desire a motor car of proved dependability at a moderate price, the Auburn Beauty-SIX will be your first consideration. Long life and low cost of use and upkeep are qualities inbuilt in the Auburn. It is only natural that satisfied owners everywhere bear witness to this car's enduring worth. Five Models: Touring, Sedan, Tourster, Coupé and Roadster.

Catalog giving complete specifications and prices sent on request

AUBURN AUTOMOBILE COMPANY, Auburn, Indiana

Automobile Engineers for Twenty Years

AUBURN Beauty-SIX

AUBURN Beauty-SIX

(Continued from Page 178)

giant rattler advanced into the open with a horrible, writhing glide. The thing moved but a few feet, and drowsed in the heat of the sun, the thick body stretched in a wavering line. Occasionally the blunt head was elevated a few inches as the monster peered nearsightedly about him.

An owl hovered above him and screeched. The long body was galvanized to convulsive action with the sound, and drew into tight coils by a sucking contraction, the head upraised and darting in all directions. The tail was erected above the coil and vibrated with fury, the warning rattle reaching the ears of every dog within a radius of seventy yards. Three feet above his head the little owl screamed again and snapped his beak, then dropped to the ground and capered before the big serpent.

The hen owl took his place in the air. The feathered warrior spraddled and bowed a few feet from the vicious head, while the hen lashed the rattler to stupid fury by her screams and beak snaps close above him. Then the coil was released with the snap of a coiled spring as the rattler struck. The savage head was driven straight at the bobbing owl with incredible speed, but the blow fell short. The hen owl swooped with the strike and drove her powerful beak at the base of the broad head as it flattened on the ground. If the snake had been smaller the two little owls would have slain it, but the rattler was a giant of his kind, a formidable enemy, and it would have required hours of constant fighting to vanquish it, with a good margin for chance of a mishap to themselves. For three days in succession the feathered pair had beset the snake as soon as it appeared outside the deserted burrow, and it was within the bounds of possibility that they would batter out the evil eyes and kill it at their leisure on the next such event, its size and strength notwithstanding.

The old rattler wriggled back to the sheltering burrow, and the two little owls stood and peered down the entrance, bobbing grotesquely, as if indulging in mutual congratulations over having driven the enemy from the field.

The meadow larks had built their nest outside the confines of the village and the male lark crossed and recrossed Dog Town, flitting a few feet above the mounds with his peculiar mode of flight—a few swift flaps and a short coast, another series of wing beats and another ten-foot sail. On each crossing he swept up to the snag and fluted a few glad bars before going on his way.

Two range cows wandered into the village and pressed against the slanting trunk of the ancient pine as they rubbed the shedding hair from their coats. The lone tree was a favorite rubbing post for all stock passing through Dog Town. A wide saucer-shaped depression ringed it. Day after day for many years the feet of range animals had trampled round the tree, and the winds had scoured away the dust raised by their hoofs, leaving this queer hollow.

The sun's rays were slanting, the heat less intense. The cows left off their rubbing and bedded at the foot of the tree. Weekin straightened with a snap as a single sharp note sounded from the far edge of town. The ears of man could have detected no difference between this note and the rest, but all Dog Town knew it for a signal that danger was abroad. The careless chatter ceased abruptly. Dog Town was on guard. The sharp-eyed dog which had sounded that first warning now followed it up by the monotonous "Week! Week! Week!" at regularly spaced intervals. Others took it up, and it spread throughout the town as more and more of the dwellers spied the arch villain of the wild.

Burrows could provide no shelter against the one who came now, for the assassin's body was of less thickness than that of the big rattler and he could follow through a tunnel a quarter the size of the smallest dog hole. His speed was greater than that of the paunchy prairie dogs. When the weasel came to Dog Town it was but a question of which victim he would choose.

A pair of fighting owls hovered over him, but with this able slayer they failed to light in his path and how as they had done with others. The lithe weasel was of deadly temper and quick as the owls themselves. The hen owl snapped her beak above him, and the little killer's mouth opened with a flash of fangs as he emitted a spitting snarl. As the owl sailed over him again the slender body was launched in the air to meet it, flipped upward as if propelled by a spring. He missed the owl by six inches, and went on his course.

The weasel dipped down a dog hole, and there was a general exodus of the panic-stricken dwellers from the mouth of another opening twenty feet beyond. Every well-ordered family in Dog Town had its back door, and frequently more than one. The deadly little animal meandered through communication tunnels from one burrow to the next, and his course was marked by a swarm of prairie dogs popping from near-by exits and streaking for the doubtful safety of a distant hole. Three times he appeared on the surface, coming from one burrow only to stroll a few feet and dip once more underground by way of the next, and each time he appeared he was drawing nearer to Weekin's home.

He was in no hurry, and seemed to enjoy the stark fear his entrance had created in the heart of every villager, playing with them before making his kill. But it was not the way of the weasel to play with his victim or withhold his strike. He was all business, and his business was to kill. His lust for blood was too intense and uncontrolled to allow of his holding back, once his prey was sighted. His failure to fasten himself on the throat of a dog came not from a catlike spirit of play, but from indifference, for he was barely conscious of the scurrying dogs, his nose and eyes questing for some sign of a cottontail, his favorite prey.

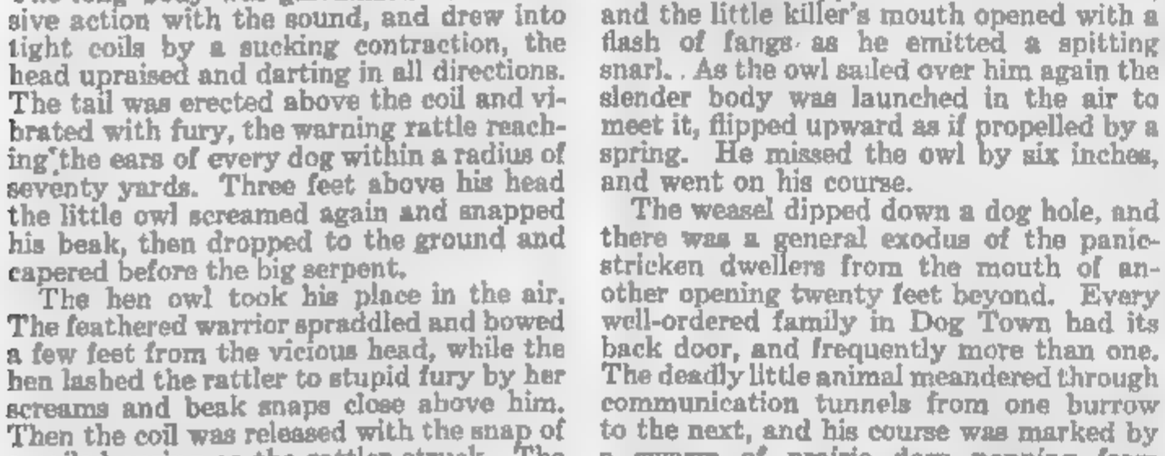
Weekin peered from his burrow, only his nose visible above the mound. The weasel's head was raised from a hole twenty yards away. Then he moved out into the open and headed for Weekin's door. The old dog watched him come, his heart thumping with sheer terror. One more second and he would have dropped from sight and raced along his tunnel for another exit, but the little killer changed his course.

His air of casual strolling was transformed into one of deadly eagerness to kill as he darted for the mouth of the hole in which the cottontail family made its home. Four baby rabbits made hasty exit as he disappeared within. Two cowered down at the roots of a sage. One fled down the mouth of the crumbling burrow of fear from which those which entered nevermore returned—the lair of the giant rattler. The fourth squeezed past Weekin and took refuge in the big room with the trembling pups.

A dull thumping sounded from underground, the drumming feet of the mother rabbit as she died with the killer fastened on her throat. For half an hour the town was wrapped in the silence of fear except for the occasional screams of the dauntless little owls.

Then the killer emerged from the burrow, a smear of blood on his sinister face, and moved on out of the village.

The pine tree cast a shadow that stretched to the eastern extremity of the village as Dog Town resumed business. The two mourning doves commenced their plaintive cooing in anticipation of coming night. The meadow lark took up his stand on the snag and waited in silence. As the first rays of the rising sun had touched him there in early morning, so now the last tongue of light set off his bright colors as the sun pitched behind the hills. He faced now to the west, where in the morning he had



Mail this Order for the most expensive Candy in this world

No matter what your chocolate past has been, you have a perfect future in Smith's Chocolate Dream Jewels. So clip and use this entire ad as an order.

J. GEORGE SMITH, St. Paul or Minneapolis, Minnesota, U. S. A.

Please parcel post, all carrying charges prepaid, the box of SMITH'S CHOCOLATE DREAM JEWELS, marked X below, at $2 per pound.

To _____

Street _____ City _____ State _____

Put X here		Put X here	
___	$2 Smith's Chocolate Dream Jewels	___	$10 Smith's Chocolate Dream Jewels
___	$4 Smith's Chocolate Dream Jewel	___	$5 Yard of Smith's Chocolate Dreams
___	$6 Smith's Chocolate Dream Jewels	___	$10 Yard of Smith's Chocolate Dreams

for which I enclose $_____ even bill, check, money-order, or stamps.

Your Name _____

Address _____

Your card enclosed if desired.

Tear Out and Use as an Order

Send $100. for a pound delivered every week for a YEAR to the dearest one on earth. Address subject to change. World-Round Service. All labels and designs protected in all principal countries. Canadian orders accepted at par.

Each delicious item is individually conserved. As the delicious almond chocolate shell of each piece is crushed in the mouth, a cooling cream in combination with luscious surprises delights and allures as no other candy in this world. $2.00 the pound, delivered anywhere.

Send $5 or $10 for a Yard of Dreams, either box 36 inches long

J. GEORGE SMITH
St. Paul or Minneapolis, Minn., U.S.A.
Maker of World's Finest Candies
$2, $3 and $5 per pound prepaid.

A Yard O'Dreams

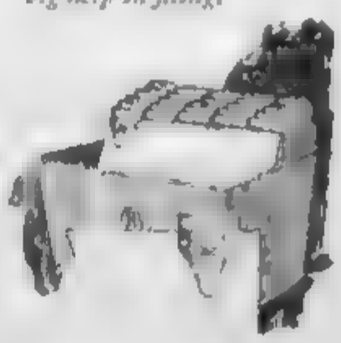
J. George Smith Chocolate Dreams

How do you hire men?

You can't hire and hold a good bookkeeper for $15.00 if he's worth $40.00. Good men that stay are worth lots more than transients.

Buy your office equipment in the same way—good things that last always pay.

Baker-Vawter equipment and supplies are not the cheapest, but see how well they serve.



These metal tipped guides are very well made. They're a big help in filing.

To facilitate deliveries we maintain production at these points:

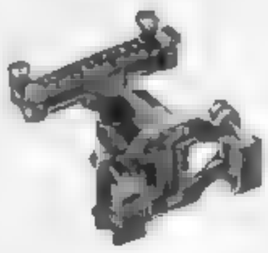
Benton Harbor, Mich.,
San Francisco, Calif.,
Holyoke, Mass.,
Kansas City, Mo.

BAKER-VAWTER COMPANY

Originators & Manufacturers Loose Leaf & Steel Filing Equipment

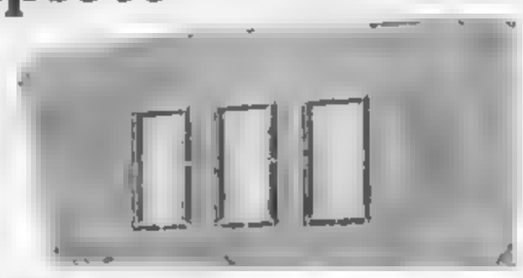
Canadian Distributors: Copeland-Chatterson, Limited, Brampton, Ontario

Make Your Ford Complete



Hastings Stabilizer

Makes your Ford drive like a car equipped with a worm and sector steering gear. It gives you safe, steady, comfortable control of your Ford. Always brings the wheels to a straightaway. Protects against accidents and adds greatly to the pleasure and contentment of driving. Increases mileage on front tires. In extensive use for five years. Price $6.00.



Stylish Glass Rear Curtain Lights

Give the Ford this smart look—Protect from weather—Outwear celluloids several times—Will not tear nor sag curtain. The glass fits present opening; metal sashes, one on each side, are clamped tightly to reinforced edges of opening with eight screws. $2.50 buys set of three

Lite-a-ford Gives Five Intensities of Light

When meeting oncoming cars a turn of the knob gives choice of five merging degrees of light. Prevents glare yet gives clear view of the road at any engine speed

Lite-a-ford provides as good driving light at ten miles as at eighteen without it. It avoids burning out lamps and gives better lights for meeting on country roads than are found on the higher priced cars. Easily attached to any Ford model in fifteen minutes. Price $5.00.

Hastings Expansion Tire Carrier

Gives a smartness to your Ford. Fits the Ford Touring Car, Roadster, Sedan, and Coupé, both *old* and *new* models. It is instantly adjustable to any Ford size of inflated tire or rim; grips tightly from inside and is instantly removed by easy pull of lever; equipped with our exclusive locking device

Rear Single, $6.00. Rear Double, $8.00.

At your dealer's or sent prepaid if he cannot supply you immediately. Satisfaction on each article guaranteed or money refunded.

HASTINGS

Manufacturing Co.

334 E. Mill St., Hastings, Michigan

Dealers: Order Hastings Automobile Necessities of Your Jobber.

He Needed More Money

Some years ago Mr. Alexander Heath, of Massachusetts, came to the same conclusion that you yourself have doubtless reached, that "just enough money to get along on" isn't enough, that it takes more than that to buy real comfort and happiness. He made up his mind right then that *he must earn more money.*

There Were Three Good Reasons

The three good reasons why he needed more money were becoming more forceful reasons every day. For a family of five, food, clothing, furniture, rent, all cost money, even in those days before the war. And Mr. Heath was determined that at least three American youngsters should want for nothing that he could supply.

How He Got It

Knowing that the Curtis publications, *The Saturday Evening Post, The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman*, were popular everywhere, he obtained our cash offer and set out locally to build up a profitable subscription business. The results were more than he had dared expect. With Curtis profits, he has bought a fine farm home, a summer cottage, a motor boat, a car, and has built up an assured income of thousands of dollars a year.

Here's Your Chance

If YOU need more money, just clip this coupon and send it to The Curtis Publishing Company, 791 Independence Square, Philadelphia, Penna. We will help you to earn—in your spare time—all the cash you desire.

Name _____

Street _____

Town _____

State _____

faced the east. With uptilted head he ushered out the sun and gave thanks for a day well spent.

The crisp cool that follows the dry heat of the foothills made itself felt immediately after sundown, fresh breezes seeming to steal out across the parched flats from the breaks of the adjacent hills, where the sun's glare had driven them earlier in the day.

A rasping cry drew Dog Town's collective gaze aloft. The nighthawk had taken to the air. The insects of the early night had come forth from hiding and the bull bat preyed on them, soaring above the village with spirals and loops, side slips and eccentric darts and dips as her wide maw gathered in her prey. Others joined her, their white-banded wings flashing against the sky. Two bats, straying far from timber, wheeled and maneuvered among the nighthawks.

As the little owls had hunted near the surface, so now a general hunt was on in the higher air, and the rasp of the bull bats had replaced the earlier shrieks of the owls. The young dogs had been summoned within and only a part of their elders remained on the mounds.

A pointed black muzzle split by a white streak was thrust from a hole at the upper edge of the village. A big prairie skunk moved into the open and a host of smaller shapes swarmed out of the den at her heels. These youngsters were scarcely larger than the ground squirrel which had met his fate at the hands of the badger earlier in the day. The big narrow stripe marched proudly, displaying her gorgeous plume. The eight kits frisked and sported in her wake.

The settling cool of night had chilled the active hoppers that had flashed above the village with racheting wing, and they now rested, dormant and sluggish, at the roots of the sage. The prairie mother was already instructing her offspring in the art of self-support. She sought out the hoppers and gave them a single bite before leaving them for the kits, which fell on them with tiny snarls. There were frequent disputes, and their voices when raised resembled closely the squeals of rats. A few, more precocious than the rest, were foraging for themselves and ferreting out their own hoppers without maternal aid.

When the family neared Weekin's home there was a sudden upheaval of loose earth directly in the path, a tossing and bulging of the surface as the badger roused from his nap and made his way to the open air. He found himself facing the family of skunks. Merely by way of warning him to steer clear of her young, the mother skunk thumped out the danger sign. This action was not the heavy thump of hind feet as executed by rabbits or hares, but performed with the broad padded forefeet. She stretched her forepaws far out toward the badger, then drew them back with a clawing, scraping motion till her back was arched high, all four feet planted in a group, following it up with two sharp thumps of the forepaws with the whole weight of the body behind the blows. Three times she repeated this move.

Weekin had retreated to his burrow as these two met. Directly over his head the thumps boomed hollowly as if his dwelling were a natural drum. The badger stared at the plumed leader of the striped family, then turned and waddled the opposite way.

The old prairie dog went to his front door for one last look round before holing up for the night. Objects at a little distance were blurred and indistinct. Night was shutting down on Dog Town. A great shape floated silently overhead as the great horned owl winged toward the snag. Weekin could see him silhouetted against the sky as he ruffled his feathers after lighting.

The darkness thickened till the form on the snag was but a shapeless blot swimming in obscurity. Only Weekin's nose appeared outside his burrow. Four gruff hoots summoned the night workers of the flats to come on shift. Weekin padded off down his tunnel and curled up for the night.

Up on the mesa the man and the girl had headed toward their horses, picketed in a blind basin farther back.

"Do you still believe that life in that little parched town is monotonous and devoid of interest and events?" he asked.

"No," the girl confessed. "I'll take it back. Weekin must be a nervous wreck after a day like that."

"That's Weekin's regular lot in life," he said. "It was no more than an average Dog-Town day."

From far down in the flats an eerie soprano voice was raised, a pealing, shrill, staccato ripping up and down the scale. Voice after voice joined till it seemed that the music issued from a thousand throats as the coyote chorus sounded the Dog-Town taps.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

IS fully protected by copyright. The use of our articles or quotations from them for advertising promotions and stock-selling schemes is never authorized.

Table of Contents

August 14, 1920

SHORT STORIES	PAGE
The Starter—*Gerald Mygatt*	8
Dog Town—*Hal G. Evarts*	12
The Style in Hats—*Harrison Rhodes*	16
A Gilded Telegrapher—*Garet Garrett*	20
SERIALS	
Julie—*Frederick Orin Bartlett*	6
The Rose Dawn—*Stewart Edward White*	24
It Pays to Smile—*Nina Wilcox Putnam*	26
ARTICLES	
The Conflict Between City and Country in Europe—*Alonzo Englebert Taylor*	3
The Drive Industry—*James H. Collins*	5
Diamonds Flush—*Edward H. Smith*	10
Childhood Impressions—*Princess Cantacusène, Countess Spéransky, née Grant*	14
Clipping the Wings of the Eagle—*Benedict Crowell and Donald Wilhelm*	18
A Senator's Story	22
Business in Diplomacy—*Will Irwin*	29
Easy Dollar! Shoot it Quick!—*Stewart Edward White*	32
A Buyer's Market—*Charles Gilbert Hall*	42
DEPARTMENTS	
Editorials	28
Everybody's Business—*Floyd W. Parsons*	37
Small-Town Stuff—*Robert Quillen*	40
Sense and Nonsense	107

A Request for Change of Address must reach us at least thirty days before the date of the issue with which it is to take effect. Duplicate copies cannot be sent to replace those undelivered through failure to send such advance notice. Be sure to give your old address as well as the new one.

The most efficient tool I have is this tube and its handy spreader

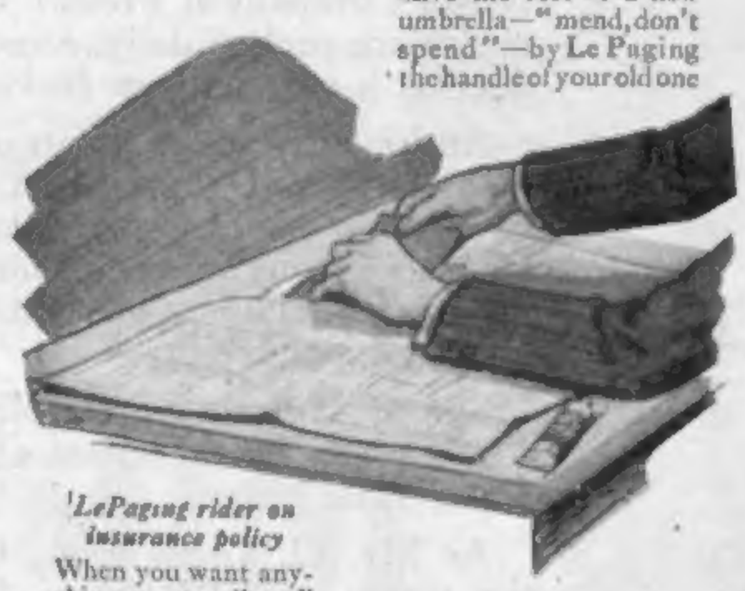
The strength in this little tube, that's yours to employ, is really wonderful. The breaking tension of a joint made of one inch square wood, LePaged with a drop or two of LePage's Glue, is 2340 lbs. per square inch. Stronger and better than nails, even where nails will do—and where nails *will not do*—you can LePage it "for keeps" with this mightiest of all adhesives.

The "LePage's" improved Tube and Spreader make it so easy to use. It's economical. You apply little or much. The Spreader reinserted in the Tube, sealing it without sticky drip or waste—is always there when needed. As handy as a hammer for efficiency—anywhere—workshop, home, office or store. Never be without a tube ready for instant use.

Sold *universally* by department, hardware, stationery and drug-stores. LePage's Glue is the one thing you can get *anywhere* that helps you make and mend *and not spend*.

RUSSIA CEMENT COMPANY
Laboratory and Factory, Gloucester, Mass.

LePaging umbrellas
Save the cost of a new umbrella—"mend, don't spend"—by LePaging the handle of your old one



LePaging rider on insurance policy
When you want anything to *stay* "put" LePage it. LePage's has many uses in the office where nothing else will do as well

LE PAGE'S GLUE

LePaging veneer on piano
This Universal Mender has universal uses in the home. It's the handiest "tool" you can have around the house

Drawing made from photograph taken at the California Associated Raisin Co. plant, Fresno, Cal., showing G. G. Watson, Operating Manager, explaining the efficiency of Robbins & Myers Motors

160,000 Tons of Raisins—and R & M

Power reliability is a first requisite of volume production. For instance, the conveying machinery in a plant like that of the California Associated Raisin Company at Fresno, Cal., where 725 tons of raisins are packed daily, must run smoothly or production is cut and costs increased.

And in the various plants of this company, where 160,000 tons of "Sun Maid" Raisins were packed in 1919, as in many other efficiently operated factories throughout the country, Robbins & Myers Motors were chosen on vital power drives, for their known dependability.

Smooth-running, reliable, economical, R&M Motors have never caused a moment's delay in the "Sun Maid" plant.

As Mr. G. G. Watson, Operating Manager of the plant, says: "Robbins & Myers Motors were recommended by our consulting engineers, Hunter & Hudson. We took them on faith. How well they have justified our confidence is shown by our steadily increasing installations. They deliver the goods."

This same service reliability which has made the R&M Motor the favorite in leading industrial plants of all kinds has also caused the leading manufacturers of electric-driven appliances for the store, office and home to equip their product with R&M Motors. Such manufacturers and the public who use their products depend in an unusual degree upon the R&M name plate as a guarantee of reliability.

This name plate appears on all genuine Robbins & Myers Motors. Look for it on the motor whenever you buy a motor or a motor-driven appliance.

The Robbins & Myers Company, Springfield, Ohio

For Twenty-three Years Makers of Quality Fans and Motors

Branches in All Principal Cities

Robbins & Myers Motors

Vivomint Destroys the Cause of Tooth Decay

Vivomint is the result of scientific research covering several years—an entirely new kind of dentifrice that nullifies the effect of the foreign agents in the mouth that discolor the teeth and form tartar. It *whitens* the teeth and *prevents* discoloration.

A visit to your dentist and the regular use of VIVOMINT will insure perfect teeth.

The Twofold Function of Vivomint is Cleansing the Mouth as the Teeth are Brushed

The refreshing foam into which Vivomint is whipped as the teeth are brushed with it carries the most effective germicide known to modern science. It carries this antiseptic into every tiny fold of the membrane of the mouth, bubbling into the hiding place of every enemy of sound white teeth in those membrane walls. And when you have finished, the mouth has a clean, refreshing coolness that will be a delight to you in these warm August days.

Fill Out the Coupon Below!

Mail it today, then try the sample which you receive and experience for yourself the satisfaction of knowing that you are doing everything in your power to preserve one of the greatest assets you possess—teeth as strong and useful as the day they "came in."

VIVOMINT

THE NEW DENTIFRICE

Vivaudou's Preparations for Men

Shaving Cream

Take home a tube of Vivaudou Shaving Cream today. Its cool, soothing freshness will make you enjoy your morning shave. For sale at most druggists'.

After Shaving Talcum

Most men consider Vivaudou's After Shaving Talcum a refreshing essential. Delightful to use, it will start you off on your day's work with a smile. Ask for it today.

Dealers, Send This To Your Jobber

Address_____

Ship me a trial order of_____tubes of Vivomint Tooth Paste.

Name_____

Address_____

VIVAUDOU
PARIS NEW YORK

Send for This Sample!

V. Vivaudou, Times Bldg., New York

Please send me a sample tube of Vivomint Tooth Paste. I am enclosing 6c to cover postage and packing.

Name_____

Address_____

KODAK

as you go.

If it isn't an Eastman, it isn't a Kodak.

Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N. Y., *The Kodak City.*